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WHERE THE RED VOLLEYS POURED

CHARLES W. DAHLINGER

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He compelled the unwilling brute to leap the hollow.

Frontispiece. *Page 174.*

WHERE THE RED VOLLEYS POURED

BY

CHARLES W. DAHLINGER

"Where the red volleys poured, where the clamor rose highest,
Where the dead lay in clumps through the dwarf oak and pine,
. . . . . .
. . . . . .
He rode down the length of the withering column,
And his heart at our war-cry leapt up with a bound."

Edmund Clarence Stedman

ILLUSTRATIONS BY

CHARLES GRUNWALD

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(Issued July, 1907)

Where the Red Volleys Poured

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He compelled the unwilling brute to leap the hollow 174

With skillful fingers she washed the ragged wound 230

Riding rapidly among the men, he tried desperately to check the retreat 324

WHERE THE RED VOLLEYS POURED

CHAPTER I.

THE BOY.

In July, 1849, at the time he fled to Switzerland with the beaten army of Baden, Paul Didier was still little more than a boy, having passed his seventeenth birthday only in the preceding September. He was an attractive youth, of graceful figure, with blue eyes and fair hair. Judged by the name, he might have passed for either German or French; the Didiers were common in both Germany and France. Paul, however, first saw the light in Heidelberg, where his father was a professor in the university. His mother was a woman of rank, and had married the humble teacher against the bitter protests of her aristocratic but equally poor family.

Frau Didier was the daughter of Baron von Rochlitz, formerly major in a Baden infantry regiment, who, at the time of his daughter's marriage, had already retired from active service, and was living on his slender pension and the rents of a small estate in the Odenwald. Baron von Rochlitz never forgave his daughter her mésalliance, and when she died, which event occurred when her child was three years old, tried by every art known to his diplomatic nature to induce the boy's father to surrender the infant to his care.

Professor Didier absolutely refused the request. He was a man of spirit, and the contumely with which

he had been treated for years was too fresh in his memory. When the baron sent his old servitor—the steward of his estate, himself a man of education—who in the suavest words explained, over the glass of wine which had been set before him, that the grandfather was old and yearned for the boy, his only grandson, hinting that the baron might even be reconciled to his son-in-law, the professor replied quietly, with the least suggestion of scorn in his answer: "Tell your master, the major"—he never spoke of his father-in-law as "baron"—"that while I live my son remains with me."

The years passed away. The professor and his son made their home with the former's sister, a childless widow whose husband had also been an instructor in the university. The boy was ever surrounded by an atmosphere of culture and refinement. His father himself undertook the child's education, being ably seconded by the sister. At a time when most boys have hardly learned their letters, Paul was already studying history, composition, and the intricacies of the French grammar.

Clouds began to gather over his young life. The aunt who had been so patient with him and so kind, died suddenly. Then, as if his cup of bitterness were not yet full, his father sickened. The best physicians in Heidelberg, the professor's lifelong friends, were called in, and one and all pronounced the disease incurable. The professor was told of their diagnosis, and received the verdict with the resignation of a Stoic. Friends flocked to his bedside, relieving each other so that one was always in attendance, until death released the soul from the suffering body.

Paul was eleven years of age when this great sorrow overtook him. The memory of the sad times became a nightmare to him. For days and nights the weird

funeral procession passed before his eyes. Waking or sleeping, he lived over again that gloomy night in early spring; again and again he saw the sable plumes nodding over the black hearse, and his gray-haired grandfather, the baron, and himself walking behind it as chief mourners, and students carrying torches on all sides and following in the rear.

At last the stubborn old aristocrat had relented, but not until his son-in-law was on his death-bed. He had hurried to Heidelberg, but arrived only when his daughter's husband was already cold in death. The day after the funeral the baron took his grandson back with him to Carlsruhe.

A few of Professor Didier's friends were at the train to speed the boy on his way. There was no embracing, no tears. A spectacled teacher uttered a few words of hearty cheer, and the old family servant provided a package of sweet-cake for the journey. The engine pulled out, and Paul was left alone with his grandfather.

The baron, proud and self-important, was yet kind. The boy was generous, and responded quickly to his grandfather's advances, and soon the awe in which the child had at first held the baron gave way to a feeling of trust.

Set at his ease, the boy became absorbed in the new sights passing before the car-window. The towns and villages and strangely dressed peasants working in the fields were a never-failing source of interest. Owing to the fact that the railroad had been open less than a month many difficulties of operation were experienced, and the train was continually stopping at all sorts of out-of-the-way places. Paul's curiosity was awakened, and he plied the baron, who was as ignorant as himself of the real cause, with many questions in regard to the

delay, keeping the old soldier quite busy inventing answers which should maintain his grandfatherly prestige. If the halt was of exceptional duration, Paul would be for leaving the coach and investigating for himself. The door of the compartment being locked, he was prevented from carrying out his design. By the time his patience was exhausted, the bell on the engine would ring and the train move on once more.

In ascending the steep grade a short distance out of Durlach the locomotive began to puff vigorously, then very rapidly, like a man whose breath comes short and fast after a quick run up a hill. The wheels spun round and round, but the train ceased to move. Several times the shrill "Tschoot! Tschoot! Tschoot!" alarmed the passengers, as a start was attempted. The wheels slid on the rails again, the engine began to emit quick snorts, pulsating with the swiftly revolving wheels. But the train seemed to be fastened to the rails. A few minutes more and the guards unlocked the compartment doors, and every one was told to get out. The load must be lightened.

The incident proved a diversion to the travelers. Laughing and shaking their heads incredulously, they commented wisely on the much-heralded mode of propulsion, being unanimously of the opinion that steam locomotion would never be successfully operated on land. A few growled out their displeasure at the added labor imposed as they walked sulkily over the ties to the next level stretch. They complained until all the passengers were ordered to get into the cars again, and a new start was undertaken.

The close atmosphere of the compartment, after the cool, pure air of the track, depressed Paul. His heart became heavy again; his mind reverted to his isolated

condition, to the father and mother lying in their graves on the hill above Heidelberg. Try as he would, he could not shake off his sadness.

The baron was infinitely patient. He attempted in many ways to interest the boy, but without success. It was some minutes since they had passed Durlach. On the left a large, rambling house came in view. The baron hastened to relate that here the great Napoleon Bonaparte had once spent a night. Paul's eyes sparkled. The baron concluded to follow the lead unconsciously thrown out. Perhaps now he could help the child forget his sorrow.

They were the only occupants of the compartment, and the baron talked freely and without restraint. He began deliberately. "You know, Paul, Baden belonged to Napoleon's Confederation of the Rhine, and his victories were our victories. Our people rejoiced as much at the result of Jena and Friedland as the French themselves." Seeing how completely absorbed the boy had become, he hurried on: "That was the time when glory was to be gained. I can never forget the pomp with which Napoleon visited Carlsruhe, with the Empress Josephine, to arrange for the marriage of his wife's niece, Stephanie Beauharnais, to Crown Prince Karl." The remembrance came back more vividly as he continued: "What a row that marriage created! The Margravine Amalia, Karl's mother, proud of her son's seven hundred years of princely descent, opposed the match bitterly, treating Napoleon and all his relatives as upstarts. Nothing, however, could move the great emperor, and, brushing aside all opposition, he adopted Stephanie and raised her to the rank of Princess of France."

"Were they married, grandfather?" asked the deeply interested boy.

"Oh, yes, and Stephanie is still living, although her husband has been dead these many years. I know her well," the baron concluded, with a self-satisfied smile.

He became more autobiographical. "In the grand review which Napoleon held of our army, I paraded before him, and with the other officers was afterward presented to him and the empress." Fired by his enthusiasm for Napoleon, which had been growing for more than thirty years, the baron proceeded, talking with almost fervid eloquence: "The next time I saw the greatest man of modern times was after the glorious victory of Wagram, when Marshal Massena's command, to which my regiment was attached, was sent in pursuit of the defeated Austrians. The emperor himself ordered us forward."

Paul was captivated; the gray-haired man at his elbow had become a demigod. "Did you go to Russia with him?" he inquired, with flushed cheeks. "And did you secure any of the jewels and gold and silver and fine things which his army found in Moscow?" His mind had become enkindled, and he recalled his father's stories of the sack of the churches and palaces of the Russian capital.

"Yes, I was in the Russian campaign, but did not reach Moscow," answered the baron. As he saw the look of disappointment on the boy's face, he almost wished he had been in the fatal city.

"My regiment was in Marshal Victor's corps," the baron proceeded, "which was held in reserve far south of the capital. I was serving in a hussar regiment at the time, and when the army came back, defeated and demoralized, we helped to hold the Russians in check at the bloody battle of the Berezina. In charging a Russian square we were much cut up, and my colonel was cap-

tured. A painting of our attack is now in the art gallery at Carlsruhe. I will take you to see it some time."

As the baron paused, the boy looked up breathlessly. "And you never saw the emperor again?" he inquired.

"Not afterward," was the reply, "but the day before the battle I had a glimpse of him as he sat in his state carriage, pale and moody, crossing the bridge that had been hastily thrown across the river, fleeing back to France."

"How did you get home from Russia, grandpapa?" asked Paul earnestly.

"Three months later a remnant of us—a few hundred, all that were left of six thousand—with limbs frozen, sick, starving, in rags, arrived in Carlsruhe," was the dramatic reply.

The baron had completely won the boy's confidence. Paul was still gazing at his grandfather in wondering admiration as the train drew up at the station on the outskirts of the capital of Baden.

Here, in the shadow of the little court, with its modest imitation of kingly grandeur, Paul spent six very happy years among kindly relatives.

His grandmother was charming, and he adored her. His mother's only sister, the wife of Baron von Radt, an officer in the civil service of his Royal Highness, the Grand Duke of Baden, had much influence in molding his character.

The Baroness von Radt had an only daughter, the Baroness Paulina, brown-eyed and rollicking, who was of Paul's age, and became his fast friend and constant companion. The two children studied the same lessons, recited to the same governess, were in the same mischief, and received the same punishments, which were never severe. Together they attended the children's

dances and parties and amusements. On Sundays they accompanied Paulina's mother to the Protestant Court Church, where the family worshiped in a dignified, aristocratic way.

The first summer was like a pleasant dream to Paul. When the heat and languor of August came, Baron von Radt took his wife and daughter to Baden-Baden, Paul going along at the expense of his grandfather. The event marked an epoch in the boy's childhood.

A few hours' travel brought them into a veritable fairyland. For the first time Paul saw the gaiety and splendor of the great world of fashion. Away from Carlsruhe, Baron von Radt always stopped at the best hotels, living as befitted a man of his station, even though, as a result, it became necessary to stint himself and his family the rest of the year. To a child like Paul the contrast between the gorgeous hostelry and the simplicity of his grandfather's home was very marked. He was amazed at the extent of his uncle's expenditures.

The handsomely frescoed Trinkhalle, with its fountain where the world-famous waters gushed forth, was the center of attraction for the delighted children. Here all Baden-Baden congregated. In the jostling throng were German royalty, Parisian fashion, English society, distinguished representatives of art and literature, as well as noted characters in the underworld. Mingling with the people of birth, and wealth, and learning, and the unmentionables, was a sprinkling of Black Forest peasants, men in wonderful hats and red waistcoats with large silver buttons, women in huge butterfly head-dresses.

Every morning, promptly at seven o'clock, Paul and his cousin sallied forth from the hotel, hand in hand, to watch the crowd and to drink the warm waters. On the first visit Paul made a desperate effort to drink as much

of the sparkling liquid as he saw the grown people do, but failed, after forcing down six glasses. Paulina, with a grimace of disappointment, gave up the task after the third.

In the evening the children would pore over the *Badeblatt* to read the names of the prominent personages who had just arrived, and to look at the announcements of coming events.

Baron von Radt humored the boy and girl in every desire. On Paulina declaring that she and Paul wished to see the games of chance, he even took them to the Conversations Haus, where gambling was conducted. On their return the children were overflowing with knowledge. They had been in the salon less than an hour, but they gave the Baroness von Radt a minute account of all that had occurred. Paul rolled out "Rouge et Noir," "Trente-un," "Roulette," with the glibness of an old gambler. He related, as a matter of much moment, that Monsieur Benazet, the French lessee of the gambling privilege, paid annually forty-five thousand florins for the right to run the games.

"Fifty-five thousand," corrected Paulina. "Ten thousand additional for being allowed to open up a few days before the regular time. You know he opens before the regular time every year," she concluded, a little triumphantly. "And," she hastened to add, "I heard all about Monsieur Benazet. He is very rich, and the colonel of a regiment of the National Guard in Paris, where he lives in winter. He is a great gentleman."

"Yes," commented her mother, with a grave smile, "a gentleman of the green cloth."

Both children stared at the Baroness von Radt blankly, until a sudden look of comprehension flashed into Paulina's face, and she clapped her hands. "I understand

now," she declared, and proceeded to enlighten her less worldly wise cousin.

Each evening found the entire family in front of the Corinthian-columned Conversations Haus, listening to the Austrian military band from Rastatt playing in the kiosk opposite. One pleasant Saturday night they attended the weekly ball in the Salon of Flowers. While the baron and his wife participated in a dance or two, the children sat demurely in a corner. The sprightly Paulina's little feet kept time with the rhythmic strains of the entrancing music, as the lovely women and handsome men moved over the floor. Paul gazed like one enchanted at the luxurious furnishings, at the roses and violets painted on the ceiling, at the daisies and carnations and camelias in the panels on the walls, at the orange-trees, and the roses blooming on the bushes standing about in receptacles of rare elegance. The children never afterward tired of talking about the magnificent dance.

The ever-recurring seasons rolled rapidly one after another. Paul had arrived at the age when higher education became necessary. The baron desired to make a soldier of him. To this end he was in favor of giving his grandson's studies a martial turn, and he did all in his power to inflame the boy's military ardor. He was especially free in conjuring with the name of Napoleon, a name which had once so signally served his purpose.

But Paul had his own views on the matter. One morning, much to the baron's surprise, he came to him at breakfast, and protested against entering the army. "Why should I become a soldier?" he declared sturdily. "I am not a noble who will be pushed forward by powerful friends. I would remain a lieutenant, or at best a captain, as long as I lived. I have been thinking deeply,

and have made up my mind. I want to enter the Polytechnic School and become an engineer."

The baron was pained. But at the time when he brought Paul home from Heidelberg, he had resolved to allow the boy to choose his vocation in life for himself, reserving only the right to use persuasion in favor of his own ambitions for his grandson. He consulted his wife and daughter, but they gave him little hope. "The child's decision is final," they both asserted. "Even if you force him into a regiment, he will stay only until the law sets him free." So the baron swallowed his chagrin, and when the winter semester began at the Polytechnic School, Paul was enrolled as a student in the engineering department.

Henceforth life had a soberer tinge. The pleasant days with Paulina were foregone. The students in the Polytechnic School were mainly from the middle class. To keep pace with the hard-working sons of the small officials and tradesmen it was necessary to strive energetically. He devoted nearly all his waking hours to his books.

But on the close of the summer semester he felt free to indulge in pleasure again, and hastened to rejoin the family on the estate in the Odenwald. Once more he and Paulina lived together in the green fields and under the bending fruit trees. They never tired repeating what they had done each summer for the last three years. On the adjoining estate was an old Schloss. Through this they wandered, scaring the owls and the bats, reveling in the romance and poetry which surrounded the ruin as with a halo. When the horses were not otherwise in use, they galloped bareback over the fields and along the Bergstrasse, Paulina riding astride like a man.

In the evening they always sat in front of the steward's

office listening to the tales of his adventurous life. He would tell of days spent in America, how, as a young man, he had arrived in New Orleans at a time when the war of 1812 with Great Britain was in progress. He would describe the preparations made to resist the English invasion. With hundreds of other foreigners he had volunteered, serving under Andrew Jackson, when that rough-and-ready soldier fought and defeated Pakenham.

The old man still retained his love for the United States. The event of each summer was the treat of cakes and fruit which he prepared for the cousins on the Fourth of July. From dawn until late at night the beautiful flag of red, white, and blue waved over the office, as the steward again celebrated the anniversary of the birth of American independence, and discoursed of days gone by.

The daily routine of the school which followed the summer's pleasure always seemed like a cold winter night succeeding a bright sunshiny day. But Paul rarely allowed the attractions of society to take him from his work. The exceptions were the little subscription dances arranged by the young ladies of Paulina's set. His cousin insisted on taking him with her once a month, arguing that there was no one else to act as her escort. He was popular with the girl countesses and baronesses. They loved to look at the handsome student; they enjoyed whirling across the floor with the agile dancer; he had at least half a right to move in their sacred circle. He was the envy of his classmates for a week afterward.

In 1848 all Germany flamed with revolution. But Paul's time was too much occupied and his relatives were too reactionary for him to be carried away on the current. In 1849, however, after the occurrences of

May 13, when the grand duke fled from Carlsruhe and was succeeded by a revolutionary government, and the Polytechnic School was closed, he was drawn headlong into the vortex.

His grandfather and his uncle, with their families, left the city the day after the outbreak. They had vainly urged Paul to fly with them. Paulina was the intermediary. With tears in her eyes, she begged him to accompany them.

"Your last semester has only two months more to run," she pleaded. "You must not throw away all chance of graduation by attaching yourself to the rabble."

Her appeal was in vain. He had cast the die. His democratic classmates should jeer at him no longer. Even though it led to a break with his relatives, he would take the side of the people.

The whole town became a drill-ground. Paul laid aside his school books and looked into volumes on military science. He joined the Fugitive Legion, and later accepted an appointment on the staff of Colonel Becker, the commander of the National Guard.

Then followed the short campaign.

On the departure of Becker from the city, Paul went with him, fighting under his orders in the Odenwald. On a warm Sunday morning, while passing through Heidelberg, Becker introduced him to Colonel Woynitzki, the Polish commander of one of the Baden regiments, who had come from Paris with Mieroslawski, the commander-in-chief. The same day he fell in with Captain Weber, the commandant of one of the students' legions, who had been a Roman Catholic theological student, but had discarded the ancient faith and gone over to the German Catholics. The three became fast friends.

The campaign opened auspiciously, but the tide soon turned. Disaster followed.

Becker acquitted himself admirably. Paul was with him protecting Mieroslawski's rear in the brilliant retreat from Waghäusel, when the Baden army was saved from capture. He commanded one of the legions at Durlach, and again at Rastatt. At Oos he led a company of volunteers against the Nassau division of the allies, and received a bullet in his leg, which necessitated his being carried on the retreat in a wagon. In this plight he reached Switzerland. He gradually drifted to Geneva.

CHAPTER II.

ACROSS THE SEA.

On Christmas eve, 1849, in the city of Geneva, the streets were covered with snow, which the bitter cold wind blew about with such fury that the holiday shoppers hardly ventured out of doors, and the brilliantly lighted stores were almost deserted. The inclement weather, however, failed to deter the exiled leaders of the great political movements, which had racked continental Europe for the last two years, from leaving their warm abiding-places in the city, and attending the levee, which Frau Schmidt, the widow of a wealthy Frankfort banker, was giving in their honor. In the little party which gathered in Frau Schmidt's hospitable villa, were men whose deeds had been heralded far and near in their own countries, and whose fame had echoed over the whole of Europe. Among the guests was Paul Didier, still limping from the effect of his wound. Colonel Woynitzki, middle-aged and smiling, and Captain Weber, who had both reached Geneva only that morning, had been prevailed upon by Paul to accompany him.

The gracious hostess had provided a Christmas-tree; there was a present for each guest, and the face of every one became radiant when his gift was pointed out. The guests burst out into song. They sang of the glad Christmas-time, of peace, of war, of love, and, above all, of their native lands. For hours the wave of song rolled on. And now, in the icy air of the early December morning, Paul, with Colonel Woynitzki and Captain

Weber, hurried to Paul's room, in a house fronting on one of the streets intersecting the Quay du Mont Blanc, near the Hotel L'Angleterre.

It was a small chamber, scantily furnished, but warm and cheerful. Paul's sword hung on the wall beside a gaudily colored print of Hecker bidding farewell to his friends in Strassburg on his departure for America. Woynitzki surveyed the room with an amused smile.

"The sword is all I have left to remind me of our great failure," Paul explained genially. "The Swiss allowed us to retain our horses and our swords, but the horse was sold long ago to obtain ready money; the picture was here when I came."

They sat down before the stove and lighted their pipes, preparatory to a leisurely discussion of the evening's pleasure.

Paul's Christmas-gift consisted of an envelope which was still unopened. Now he tore off the end. A second envelope was revealed. Drawing out the enclosure, he saw that the superscription was in his cousin Paulina's handwriting. The letter was several pages long. But what made his eyes glisten with pleasure was the sight of a draft.

Holding up the long, blue paper, he exclaimed exultingly, handing it to Woynitzki: "A draft for a thousand francs! If you will pardon me, I will read the letter." He hastily skimmed over its contents. It began:

"DEAR PAUL: For weeks we have been thinking of you almost constantly. We all want you to come home. Grandpapa has been able to so arrange matters that you can return in perfect safety. He went personally to the grand duke, and you have been fully pardoned. Grandpapa sends the enclosed draft as a Christmas-present. He says the amount is more than sufficient to enable

you to equip yourself properly with clothes, and to bring you back to Carlsruhe."

Paul gave the letter first to one friend then to the other, and asked their advice. "I do not consider," he said, "that I have been guilty of any act for which I require a pardon." A moment later he added: "Nor would I care to go back and live under the present reactionary government, much as I desire to be with my relatives." His face had become thoughtful, but suddenly brightened, and he continued: "I have a plan. Let us all go to America. I will get my grandfather's consent to use the money for that purpose. What do you say?"

"But we have no money," exclaimed the smiling Woynitzki and Weber in the same breath.

"I will divide with you," and, as though the affair was settled, he abruptly changed the subject. "I will learn to speak English," he concluded.

In the smoke-laden atmosphere of the little room, the project was discussed at length. As the sounds of the early Christmas bells, ringing in the towers of St. Peter's Cathedral, came faintly across the Rhone, a plan had been fully matured. They would emigrate to the great republic across the Atlantic, where liberty was in the air, and where every man was a sovereign.

Before they separated Paul had written a letter to his cousin. He informed her of his determination, and requested her to intercede with their grandfather, and ask his consent to the use of the money for the voyage to America.

After this, when they met, nothing else was talked about between them but the contemplated emigration. None of them had an acquaintance in the United States, but this did not prevent their ardor from increasing

daily. They plunged feverishly into the study of the English language.

Paulina's answer arrived in a week. While the baron still urged his grandson's return to Baden, he yet gave his consent to the use of the money for any purpose deemed advisable. There was joy in the hearts of the exiles in consequence.

There was a waiter at the Hotel L'Angleterre who had lived some years in England and spoke English fluently; it was assumed, therefore, that he spoke the language correctly, so he was engaged as instructor. Paul scoured the city for books, and bought English lexicons, readers, and grammars galore. His greatest treasure, however, was a "Complete German-English Interpreter." In its small compass it promised an easy method of learning English; a pronouncing vocabulary was also furnished. The title-page stated that the volume was intended especially for emigrants. The bookseller had four copies of the desirable work in his stock, and Paul bought them all. One was for himself, one for each of his companions, the other to replace any which might become lost.

Paul worked with all his might. He improved rapidly. At the end of the fourth lesson his instructor said he could now get along anywhere. Paul determined on obtaining further practise at the residence of two English ladies, Mrs. Bloodgood and her daughter, whom he had met at Frau Schmidt's villa. He entered the drawing-room confidently.

"Miss Blutgut," he remarked to the elder lady, "I 'ave kohm for to 'ave you me geef your h'opinion on te menner in w'ich H'anglish I shpeak."

Mrs. Bloodgood smiled encouragingly, but her daughter burst out laughing, and, notwithstanding her moth-

er's warning glance, exclaimed merrily: "You speak English very nicely, Mr. Didier, but the cockney accent, together with the German, makes the funniest combination I ever listened to."

He did not attempt to speak English for some time after this. His faith in his precious book was shaken, and he changed his teacher at once. A few weeks later he again called on his friends. This time the actions of both ladies convinced him that he had made real progress.

It was settled that they were to sail from Havre, going by way of Paris, where they would ascertain the amount of their joint remaining resources, and decide whether to cross the ocean by steamship or in a sailing vessel. On a raw day in February they mounted the steps of the diligence, and were soon rattling away toward the frontier of France.

In Paris they met a number of their old companions-in-arms. Paul and Weber spent the time drinking bumpers to the lost cause, with their friends. Woynitzki had gone to look up relatives of whose identity he made a mystery. On his return he showed Paul and Weber the sights of the city.

At Geneva, Weber had received a small remittance from home. Woynitzki had hardly a sou. Paul's money had been diminished to the extent of the fares to Paris. The work of counting the possessions of the party was a simple task. They must take passage on a sailing ship.

It was the middle of March, and the weather was cold and blustery, but they climbed the side of the trim clipper *South Carolina,* as happy as though they were about to take a summer journey in the first cabin of one of the palatial steamers which had just begun to ply between Europe and America.

They traveled between-decks. They were practically imprisoned with three hundred emigrants, men, women, and children, mostly peasants, or persons from the small towns and villages of southern Germany and Alsace, poor, and, like themselves, going to the new world to better their material condition.

When the storm came and the ship tossed and strained and lurched, and the hatches were battened down, and the air became fetid, and every one sick, the travelers fervently wished themselves back in their old homes again. Then came long days when the vessel lay becalmed, and the universal prayer was for the wind to spring up and once more bear them in the direction of the setting sun.

Everything was taken philosophically by the voyagers. They played cards, sang, smoked when out in the open air, and eagerly watched the occasional vessel sailing past. "What else can we do?" was Woynitzki's constant remark. And when he felt especially bad he would add, with a sickly smile, as he bent over a bucket: "I have experienced worse times—but not often."

It soon became noised about that they had taken a leading part in the German revolution, and their fellow travelers insisted on treating them with marked deference. The fact even reached the ears of the officers of the ship, and many pleasant little courtesies were extended in consequence. One day the first mate came down, and, telling Paul that the saloon passengers were arranging a concert for the benefit of some seaman's charity, asked that he sing "The Hecker-lied." "Its fame has been carried everywhere by the German emigrants," he said, with an insinuating smile.

Paul still retained his pride. He would not appear before the first-class passengers in the coarse clothes he

was wearing. He begged the officer to excuse him, saying that his chest was down in the hold under hundreds of other boxes and bundles, that it could not be reached, that it contained the only apparel in which he would be presentable. The sailor had the chest brought out at once, and Paul was left without an excuse for refusing. The trousers and coat were creased at the wrong places and wrinkled, but were fashionable in cut and nearly new. In them Paul soon felt at home in the main cabin.

Several German opera singers, on their way to the United States to fulfil an engagement, were among the first-class passengers. Paul followed one of these on the program. Whether it was because of his singing, or because of his looks, or his manner, or some flattering tale that had preceded him, his reception was most cordial. He had often sung the song while riding through the Odenwald with Becker's jolly staff. His full tenor voice easily filled the saloon as he sang:

"Hecker! hoch dein Name schalle
Am den ganzen deutschen Rhein,
Deine Treue ja dein Auge
Flöst uns all Vertrauen ein.
Hecker! der als deutcher Mann,
Für die Frieheit sterben kann."

The applause was long continued. In the crowd that pressed forward and complimented him was a gentleman with his wife and little boy and girl. The gentleman said his name was Livingston; he showed a decided interest in the boyish-looking emigrant, and asked many polite questions about Paul's experiences in the revolution. His young daughter's dark eyes glistened as she listened to the stories of the campaign, and of the life in Switzerland afterward. She smiled ever so

slightly at Paul's accent and at his transposition of English words.

The visit was only a beginning for Paul. Every day now saw him on the upper deck with Woynitzki and Weber. While the two latter enjoyed themselves with the German singers, he passed his time with the Livingstons.

Mr. Livingston was a New York business man. He carefully drew Paul out on his plans for the future. In Paul's youthful mind, the United States was a country where wealth was to be easily accumulated; but until that moment he had hardly given a thought to the question of the particular method by which he might acquire a share of it for himself. Mr. Livingston counseled against remaining in New York.

"With your technical education you should go West," he said. "There are plenty of openings in the growing towns of that region. The Pennsylvania Railroad is being extended to Pittsburgh, and I would strongly advise your going to that thriving city. It has a great future before it." He added heartily: "I shall be happy to give you a letter to Mr. Laird, the superintendent of the Pennsylvania Railroad, at Pittsburgh, and I have scarcely a doubt of your securing employment through him."

The days and weeks passed away, until one gloomy Saturday morning, eight weeks to a day after sailing, Sandy Hook was sighted. All day long the metropolis of the western world was in view; every hour the ship was drawing nearer. The landing was effected in the evening.

The three men stepped ashore in the rain. As they walked away from the dock they were no longer in doubt as to their future course in life. Each had decided the question for himself. Woynitzki and Weber were to

continue in New York, the former to teach French or anything else that he was capable of teaching, the other to enter some Roman Catholic theological seminary and complete his studies for the priesthood, which had been interrupted by his desertion of that church and his participation in the revolution. Paul expected to follow Mr. Livingston's advice and go West.

The next day they all attended church together. Weber had made the suggestion on shipboard. "I think God will prosper us for a little outward display of religion," he had said, glancing doubtfully at Woynitzki, who was ever a scoffer.

The Pole's reply was unexpected. "I regard the matter in the same light as you do," he said, "and so does Paul, yet the three of us are moral cowards; each one is afraid that the other will construe as weakness any manifestation of religious feeling. As for myself, I have always been a Roman Catholic, but for many years have been lax in the observance of the rites of my church. But when we are on the threshold of a great departure like ours, we feel like calling on some one higher than ourselves for assistance. It is like attending mass before going into battle."

The nearest Catholic church was St. Patrick's Cathedral; a little Protestant mission was found on the second floor of a building a few doors away from their lodging-house.

Eight o'clock mass found them in the large Catholic edifice. The prayers were prayers of thanksgiving. Then the worshipers prayed for the success of one another. Each also had his own selfish ends to pray for—all but Woynitzki. Woynitzki's prayer was crude and unorthodox, but he said never a word for himself; he spoke only for his friends. Weber asked to be forgiven for

his apostasy, and to be taken back into the bosom of the only true church, promising never to desert her again. Paul knelt reverently with the two Catholics. One of his petitions was that he might become a worthy citizen of the republic, another that his grandfather and grandmother and his cousin Paulina might yet feel proud of being related to him.

The services for the German Evangelical immigrants were held at ten o'clock. The ponderous hymns sounded better for the three added voices. Woynitzki remarked, as they descended the rickety stairs: "I suppose none of us will be damned for what we have done to-day."

Weber grinned. "My pious old mother in Germany," he said, "might think differently if she saw her son singing a Protestant hymn."

The afternoon was spent in strolling through the streets of lower New York, gazing into the store windows, at the private houses, city hall, Trinity Church, Barnum's Museum, of which they had heard in Paris. Their foreign appearance and dress, their air of strangeness, caused them to be stared at curiously by the passers-by.

For the evening Paul had an engagement to dine with the Livingstons. The house was on Second Avenue, too far away for walking. The roof of a Broadway omnibus furnished a convenient mode of locomotion, as well as an admirable place for sightseeing. At Eighteenth Street he left the vehicle, and walked eastward to Second Avenue. He easily recognized the building. The little girl's description had been minute and often repeated. He stopped before a four-story red brick mansion, standing back a few feet from the street-line, with a grass plot in front. He took a second glance. The high basement was present; the narrow first-floor balcony, with its

cast-iron grill-work railing, projected above; the long windows extended to the floor. The thick, bare old ivy vine trailed up near the door, almost to the roof.

With trepidation Paul mounted the broad stone steps. His ring was answered by a negro butler the color of soot, in dark-blue livery, one of the few black men he had yet seen. He was ushered into a room more beautiful than any he had yet beheld, excepting always the Salon of Flowers, at Baden-Baden.

The host and his family received him like an old friend. The meal was truly epicurean after the plain ones at the boarding-house, and the inferior food on the ship. The conversation was intimate; the little girl in particular asked Paul many questions.

Mr. Livingston had spoken of the industrial conditions as they existed in the United States, and of the great opportunities men of ambition had for advancement. He had enlarged on what he had already related on shipboard, had dwelt on the vast deposits of coal in the neighborhood of Pittsburgh, and the large and increasing number of iron mills in that vicinity. The little girl had listened gravely. Now she asked, with a demure lisp: "But, papa, how will that benefit Mr. Didier? Can't you give him a position here? I wish he would stay in New York, so that he could come often and talk to us."

A reply did not seem necessary to Mr. Livingston, and he smilingly handed Paul the letter which he had promised. But his daughter was not to be so easily turned from her purpose. Stamping her foot, she exclaimed petulantly: "I mean it, papa; I like Mr. Didier!"

Paul deemed it desirable to leave. Telling his admirer he would come back some time and see her, he took his departure, and was accompanied to the street

door by the entire family. The little girl wept as if her heart would break.

On Monday the small sum of money that remained in the joint treasury was exchanged for currency of the United States, and divided between the three men. Paul's ticket was bought, and he was ready for his further journey.

Early on Tuesday morning, escorted by Woynitzki and Weber, he was at the North River pier, taking the boat for Perth Amboy, whence the train for Philadelphia was to start.

The water trip was tinged with sadness. The companionship of many months was about to end. All vowed that wherever they might be thereafter, they would always remain friends.

In the railroad-station they parted. As Paul stood on the platform of the immigrant-car, he saw the other two watching him and waving their hats. They were still standing in the same attitude when the train rolled out of their sight.

For the first time Paul felt homesick. How he yearned for the dear fellows whom he had just left, and for the relatives across the sea! What a load was on his heart! He was entirely alone among a car-load of chattering creatures as forsaken as himself. The smell of the between-decks hung in the air like a miasma. The immigrants had their coarse fare spread out, and their hungry offspring were eating voraciously. The children were laughing, crying, quarreling as though their present journey were an every-day occurrence.

The train stopped at Camden, and the ferry had to be crossed. In Philadelphia Paul was compelled to stay overnight, sleeping in a room with four other immigrants. In the morning he boarded another train, and

reached Columbia, the end of the railroad, in the evening.

At this point the canal commenced. Scores of the low boats were lying in the basin. A large number of immigrants were expected to arrive shortly on the railroad from Baltimore, and Paul's boat was late getting away.

At last a whip cracked, and the joy of the picturesque company gathered on deck knew no bounds. The horses strained and tugged at the tow-line and the barge began to move in the water. It was a journey more unusual than crossing the ocean, and without the discomforts of seasickness. With delight depicted on their rugged faces the immigrants stooped at the cry of "Bridge!" and lay down flat on the deck at "Low Bridge!" for they had caught the meaning of these words almost immediately on getting on board.

The passengers were mainly German, friendly, but uninteresting. There were a few Irish who positively repelled Paul with their uncouth ways and speech, their harsh brogue being wholly unintelligible to him.

The country was undulating. The canal skirted towns and villages, the inhabitants of which stared inquiringly or brazenly at the immigrants. It ran by farms showing a high state of cultivation, and farms recently carved out of virgin forests. There were farmhouses of frame, painted white, and houses of red brick, of gray sandstone, of rough-hewn logs. The barns were in keeping with the houses: white, red, brown, yellow, and without any paint at all, but black with storms or age.

The tow-path was fringed with young trees and bushes—sycamores, sumac, blackberries, elders—scarcely awakened from their winter's sleep. For long expanses no trees or bushes grew on the bank, and the cold wind passed uninterrupted over the boat. The canal ran along brown fields, bare of any sign of vegetable life, by fields

covered with the stubble of last year's crops, by shocks of maize left standing for the cattle to feed on, by cultivated ground vividly green with autumn wheat.

The embankments of the new railroad were now on one side of the water, then on the other. The shanties of the Irish laborers dotted the entire route. Incredible stories were told of the speed which the railroad trains were expected to attain. The distance between Philadelphia and Pittsburgh was to be covered in twenty-four hours, it was said. Now it took seven or eight days. The tired immigrants wished sincerely that their own journey might take only twenty-four hours.

The foot-hills passed, the boat moved through a houseless wilderness. Great mountains loomed into view. The scenery became magnificent. Germany contained no such mountains. They were second only to those of Switzerland. Sharp peaks rose sheer three or four hundred feet above the tow-path. Close by were hills less than one-fourth the height. Continuous chains ran parallel with the canal, presenting a wavy outline against the sky. Range after range rose purple in the distant background.

The mountainsides were dark with forests, the oaks still brown and lifeless, the maples, and beeches, and poplars alive with buds, red or pale green; the pines were yet in the deep-green dress of the previous summer. Close to the canal were great areas of rhododendrons.

The immigrants had lived on the boat three days. The highest, steepest part of the mountain was reached. The canal came to an end. The cars of the Portage Railroad were taken, and the travelers went up one plane after another, and down again on the other side as many more. The canal commenced again. Another boat was in wait-

ing, and the westward journey was continued. The Allegheny River was reached and crossed.

For many miles the canal ran along the north side of the clear, sparkling stream. Evidences of a large city became apparent. Mills and factories came into view. Smoke and steam filled the air. They were passing through Allegheny City. The voyage was almost done. A quarter of a mile more, and the horses walked into the wooden-roofed aqueduct, and over the river. The immigrants were impatient now. To them the boat seemed to creep at a snail's pace past the tall brick warehouses and under the arched stone bridge at Penn Street. At last it stopped in the basin at the immigrants' landing-place.

CHAPTER III.

NEW SCENES AND FACES.

Paul looked around forlornly. So this was to be his future home! The prospect was dismal. A little cemetery lay before him. Behind this rose a high, smoking factory; farther away was a bare hill; warehouses and taverns were on every hand. A leaden sky was overhead; a recent rain had chilled the atmosphere. He shivered with physical and mental cold.

Most of the passengers had disappeared, following blindly after the jabbering boarding-house agents. He continued staring aimlessly across Liberty Street. Suddenly he bethought himself of the necessity of securing a lodging-place. A sign attracted his attention: "Kossuth Hotel." The name of the Hungarian liberator sounded pleasant in the ears of the Baden revolutionist. Then there were German signs inviting travelers in.

It was a modest two-story place, but the young German landlord had an engaging smile and was obliging. Paul felt at home immediately. In the evening he unfolded his plans to the host, and was told where to find the office of Mr. Laird.

When Paul presented the letter, he was taken aback by the gruff manner, rather than the words, of the dark-faced Scotchman to whom it was addressed. Looking coldly over his glasses, Mr. Laird said he would certainly favor Mr. Livingston, but at present had no position at his disposal. However, he would see a friend and ascertain what could be done. Would Mr. Didier call again the next day?

Paul was disappointed. In his heart he believed this

was only a subterfuge, that his hopes of securing employment were now at an end. Nevertheless, he determined to go back.

At the appointed hour he was at Mr. Laird's office, and was again received with the same freezing smile. This time, however, he imagined he detected something more kindly behind the depressing exterior.

"Well," began Mr. Laird, "I had a talk with General Robinson, the gentleman of whom I spoke, and he says that if you can do engineering work, he will give you a position on the railroad which he is building from Allegheny City toward the West. Here is a letter from him to his chief engineer, Mr. Roberts. I think it will bring something. Let me hear the result." The stern face softened almost into mildness.

Paul thanked him from the bottom of his heart. On the street he became troubled. He feared that in his excitement he had mixed his English, that he had not been understood. He was also apprehensive of having misunderstood Mr. Laird. Perhaps, after all, the letter in his hand contained some other message.

The chief engineer was in his room when Paul called at the little frame building standing just off Federal Street, across the river in Allegheny City, where the headquarters of the engineer corps of the new railroad were located. After reading the letter Mr. Roberts summoned a tall, brown-haired young man of muscular build, perhaps thirty years of age, with smiling, blue eyes and a determined mouth, who was bending over a drafting-board.

"Mr. O'Neill," he said briefly, "here is a young engineer in search of work."

The man addressed came forward, and asked Paul what his previous experience had been. Perceiving

Paul's pronunciation, he changed to German. In the course of the conversation Paul said he was born in Heidelberg. Mr. O'Neill became interested at once.

"I attended the university there," he remarked, "and, by the way, a gentleman of your name—Maximilian Didier—was one of my teachers."

Paul was overjoyed. Now he felt certain of kindly treatment. "My father," he hastened to explain.

Mr. O'Neill also showed his pleasure. He asked many questions about his old professor, and lauded him in high terms. Finally he turned to his chief and said in English: "No doubt we can use Mr. Didier."

Without further question Mr. Roberts engaged Paul, directing him to report for duty in the morning.

Paul never forgot the first few days on the railroad. Accurate lines were to be run from Federal Street westerly. The work lay through the Common. Every feature of the public domain became indelibly fixed in his memory. Ever afterward he could picture the deep gullies, narrowed with the refuse of the town, the rivulets at the bottom, the cows grazing placidly on the levels, the old burying-ground just over the slope at the foot of which he and Mr. O'Neill were working. Long after all traces of the cemetery had disappeared he remembered the curiosity with which he peered through the chinks in the high board fence enclosing the graveyard. Again he would see the shapely arbor-vitæs, the weeping willows. Vividly he would recall the leaning tombstones and the neglected mounds which marked the spots where the pioneers of the town were sleeping their last sleep; the ghosts of the rough men and women whose dauntless natures had led them to brave the dangers and hardships of the frontier would rise before him.

Whatever Paul's education, he lacked experience. But

Mr. O'Neill, who from the first had shown a decided preference for his young assistant, was exceedingly considerate, lending him books on engineering, and giving him valuable instructions in the evening. He introduced him to Doctor Goos, the editor of the *Zuschauer*, who was a countryman of Paul's. The doctor was a tall, handsome man of cultured mien, with a short mustache and imperial, about twenty-five years of age. He had commanded a company in the Baden revolution, and had been in Pittsburgh for about a year, finding the cultivation of the pen more profitable and less dangerous than that of the sword. He had become quite popular among Mr. O'Neill's university-bred friends, by whom he was affectionately known as the "old goose," not for the reason that he at all resembled that proverbially simple-minded biped, but because by using this term the speakers found an easy way of making a pun on the German's name.

At Doctor Goos' recommendation Paul secured lodgings at the house of a widow, Mrs. Thorne, on Hay Street, and through him made the acquaintance of many of the Germans living in the vicinity. On Sunday mornings he and Doctor Goos attended the services at the Evangelical church, which hugged the bank of the canal in Allegheny City, and heard the Reverend Martin Luther Meyer proclaim a mild and liberal type of Protestant Christianity. Together the two men spent the Sunday afternoons in the quiet depths of one of the beer-gardens flourishing on the Butler turnpike at the eastern edge of the city, or with the members of the new Gesang-verein in their hall on East Lane, where the rehearsals were under the direction of Mr. Droste, a man who had served under Paul in one of the Baden legions. The day of Paul's first appearance at the hall was unusually hot, but

the room was crowded. The visitors were enthusiastically received, particularly Paul, whose revolutionary record had been heralded about, far and near, among the Germans of Allegheny City.

In acknowledgment of the reception and in lieu of a speech which was loudly called for, Paul concluded to sing a revolutionary song. Few of those present were living in Germany during the revolution, but their hearts had been unanimously for the cause. Their emotions were at once aroused by the stirring lines of the opening stanza:

"Reist die Kreuze aus der Erden!
Alle sollen Schwerter werden."

With every line the singer became more intense, until his auditors were thrilled to the marrow. After the song was finished and Paul started for his seat, a wild storm of applause broke out. The phlegmatic Germans had gone mad. Paul was compelled to sing stanza after stanza, again and again, in response to the clamorous expressions of approval. The members of the Gesangverein crowded around him, all attempting to speak at once. They forced him, good-naturedly, to the end of the room, where a picture of Hecker in revolutionary costume was hanging on the wall, and shouted: " 'The Hecker-lied! The Hecker-lied!' " The bland Hecker seemed to join in the request for the song. Paul smiled as broadly as the brigand-like figure in the picture. For the second time since the collapse of the ill-fated uprising he sang the famous marching song.

There was no more singing that afternoon. The bungs were driven into the heads of many kegs of beer. The singers became uproarious; they never tired of toasting Becker's young aid. Mrs. Thorne showed the least trace

of displeasure when Paul, with face flushed, arrived at the house an hour late for supper.

Over and over again Paul congratulated himself because his lot had fallen in such pleasant places. On Monday morning he would start out blithely from the city to spend the week working over the hills and valleys along the Ohio River, and on Saturday evening return to the house on Hay Street with a lighter heart, if that were possible, than when he left it.

It had long been reported that Mr. O'Neill's father was a heavy stockholder in the railroad. A number of the engineers had become jealous as a result. They cried nepotism, and looked askance at their chief; but Mr. O'Neill remained undisturbed. He was in search of a first assistant. Paul was youthful, and his experience limited, but Mr. O'Neill remembered the envious glances of the older engineers. None of these should have the position. Six weeks after Paul's arrival he was announced as the appointee. His good luck had not deserted him.

The engineers were working farther down the river now; the distance was too great for them to return often to the city. They boarded with the farmers residing along the line of the work, or lived in shanties built for the purpose. A more intimate relationship sprang up between them. Mr. O'Neill soon won over the whole corps. With Paul he was companionable from the first. The two shared a shanty together. Paul made him his confidant. In a few weeks Mr. O'Neill knew all the leading incidents in his assistant's career. Mr. O'Neill in turn told Paul something about his own family.

His father, he said, was born in Ireland, and for many years had conducted a wholesale provision and coal business in Pittsburgh. At the death of his wife, two

years before, he had retired and was now living on his farm at Emsworth, not many miles from where they were then surveying. The speaker had been away from Pittsburgh almost constantly since leaving college, being employed in the laying out and construction of various railroads. He was holding a position on the Pennsylvania Railroad in the central part of the State, when called to his present position.

Mr. O'Neill also spoke of his wife. She was a Virginia lady; he had married her eight years before, while in the service of the Richmond, Fredericksburg and Potomac Railroad, which at the time was being extended from Fredericksburg to Acquia Creek. Mr. O'Neill added that his wife and two children were now staying with his father, and that he visited them at every opportunity. One Monday morning on his return from Emsworth he said to Paul:

"You must become acquainted with my father and my wife. I told them about you, and they both insist on your spending a few days with us at the farm."

He would accept no refusal, and on a bright Saturday afternoon in the middle of August the two men drove out the Beaver Road in a buggy toward the O'Neill farm.

Coming to where a large, two-story house was seen peeping out from behind enormous oak-trees, Mr. O'Neill stopped the horse. Dismounting, he opened the iron gate, and, directing Paul to drive up the graveled roadway, walked on in advance.

The house stood in a beautiful lawn. It was new, and square, and of brick, painted white. The entire front was hidden by a wide, cool veranda extending to the roof, supported by four heavy Doric columns. Surrounding the house were beds of varicolored hollyhocks, and

scarlet poppies, and white and pink and purple phlox. A late crimson rose ran vining up one of the columns of the porch.

Mrs. O'Neill and a little, tawny-haired girl, dressed in white, and a still smaller boy, with long brown curls, came out on the portico when they heard the wheels crunching the gravel. Mrs. O'Neill was a dark-eyed woman, with a somewhat haughty expression, who smiled and shook Paul by the hand. Her Southern accent made a pleasant impression on the visitor, notwithstanding the condescension apparent in her manner.

The children kissed and hugged their father, and then stood off and eyed Paul doubtfully. While the boy was still staring thoughtfully, his left thumb stuck in his mouth, the girl, at Mr. O'Neill's request, came forward and said, by way of introduction: "I am Eleanor O'Neill. My little brother's name is Jack. He's afraid," she concluded abruptly.

"I'm glad to see you, Mr.——" she began again.

"Didier," prompted her father.

"Mr. Didier," proceeded the child, a puzzled look coming into her face. "But you have such a funny name." Growing bolder, she continued: "I never heard such a name before. I know Mr. Dixon, Mr. Courtney, Mr. McFarland, Mr. Gilleland, but nobody with a name like yours lives about here."

The elder Mr. O'Neill now appeared, coming around the corner of the house. He was the exact antithesis of his son. He was short and stout, with shrewd gray eyes, a smooth, round face, and a complexion almost as ruddy as his red hair. He wore his high, old-fashioned beaver hat with a good deal of jauntiness for a man who lacked only a year of being seventy. In a sort of falsetto voice, with a Scotch-Irish burr in his speech, he wel-

comed Paul, and straightway asked him into the house.

After the hot drive the coolness of the interior was refreshing. The high ceilings, the heavy, polished walnut doors, with their wide-molded casings, the massive furniture of the same dark wood, the deep-set shaded windows combined to produce a restful effect. Mr. O'Neill led the way in silence.

Daniel winked slyly at Paul, as they left the wide, central hall and entered the dining-room. His father went directly to the sideboard. Producing a brown bottle and three small glasses, he requested the two younger men to help themselves. Daniel excused himself, claiming to be slightly indisposed. Paul stated frankly that he was not accustomed to drink whisky.

"Then I will be under the necessity of indulging in the flowing bowl alone," Mr. O'Neill remarked. He smiled as he filled his glass with whisky, and drank the fiery liquid down without change of countenance.

Paul left Daniel and his father together, and returned to the veranda. Little Eleanor was waiting for him. There was a look of expectancy in the light-brown eyes. He had evidently made a favorable impression on her.

"Mr.—— I can't remember your name," she began eagerly, "don't you want to see the cows?" She was glancing intently at the daisy in Paul's buttonhole. Without a word, she ran down the steps and walked over to the bed of geraniums, where she plucked several white flowers, and, returning, handed them to him without a word. He accepted them in his grandest manner, and, discarding the wild flower, thrust the geraniums in its place. He thanked her, with a grave smile.

"Now are you ready to go?" she asked, with a sigh expressive of her satisfaction. Placing her warm, moist hand confidingly in Paul's, she led the way to the one-

story cow-stables, some distance back of the house. Pointing to a high-bred, cream-colored animal, she related: "This one is Daisy, everybody calls her 'the heifer.' She's only two years old." Indicating with her hand several cows contentedly chewing their cuds, she continued: "See that one over there—the one with the big bag? She gives more milk than any other cow we have. Last year her eyes were such wonderful blue, now they are brown. We call her 'Bright-eyes'—the one lying down is 'Buttercup.' "

Drawing Paul out of the stable again and leaning against the hay-wagon standing near the door, she rattled on: "We also have pigs—little pigs—not so awfully little, either. They are on the other side of this stable. They are dirty things, and you wouldn't care to see them." She continued irrelevantly, casting her eyes across the road: "We own that wheat-field over there, but the price of wheat is so low now that grandfather says we won't raise any next year." She looked wisely at Paul.

On their way back to the veranda Eleanor stopped at the side of the house. "These we call bachelor's buttons," she said, breaking off two or three of the delicate yellow flowers. "If you put one of them in your pocket and it doesn't fade and die, it's a sign that you'll be successful in love. Mother says it's true. Father never carried any, though. Mother says he's a doubting Thomas. Want to try it?" she concluded, pushing the blossoms toward her companion. Paul placed them carefully in his pocket. Eleanor glanced up approvingly, and together they stepped on the porch.

Paul seated himself in one of the wicker rocking-chairs. Near-by were two small low rockers, evidently intended for Eleanor and her brother. But Eleanor took a chair

exactly like the one occupied by Paul. She had difficulty in climbing up; her feet and legs projected straight out from the seat, but her features were the embodiment of content.

For a moment she sat rocking herself violently in silence. Suddenly an inspiration seemed to seize her. She jumped down, clapping her hands: "You must look at the eagle, Mr.—— Oh! I can never remember your name—it's down the road a piece. Wait 'till I ask mother whether I can go. She said I could a while ago, but not to stay long, because the dinner-table is set." She hurried into the house. A few minutes later she returned and breathlessly informed Paul that the desired permission had been received.

"It's over at Bessie Cole's," Eleanor said, as they walked on the public road. "Cole's not her name," she proceeded. "It's her grandmother's, where Bessie lives. Her real name's Thompson." The man and the child were both deliciously happy, Paul because the little maid was in such raptures. Eleanor's joy was the delight of budding girlhood to whom life was one long day of sunshine. All animate nature showed signs of participating in their enjoyment. The crows flying across the path cawed their pleasure; the wrens on the fences, the yellowbirds, and the bluejays blinked in approval.

Eleanor's mind sped from one subject to another with bewildering rapidity. Directing Paul's attention over the fence to the right, she commented: "That field over there is full of woodchuck holes. I got my foot into one the day before yesterday." As they moved on she proceeded, disconnectedly, her eyes lighting up at the recollection: "We won't have waffles for dinner to-day. I wish we would; that one you saw me eat was baked for me; they're so good with butter spread on.

"Did you know I was seven?" she broke out suddenly, after a moment's interval. Paul shook his head, but no reply was expected, for she continued: "And Jack is five."

They had arrived opposite a little one-story frame house, with a yard in front where several children were at play. Eleanor gazed fixedly at the group, and remarked: "That girl with the gingham apron on is Nellie Corzoo—she's nine. I play with her. Her great-grandfather was an Indian. Bessie Cole said so; she's so dark. She plays tricks on us." Fearing that Paul might construe the last statement as an admission of weakness on her own part, she added hastily: "Not on me, but on Bessie." The current of her thoughts changed again. She went on, a pleased smile on her face: "I go in my bare feet sometimes. I went barefoot three times this summer. It feels so good to walk in the ruts after it has rained, when they are still damp and cool, and the rest of the road is dry and hot."

In front of a large, two-story brick dwelling she said gleefully: "That's Mrs. Cole's house; the eagle's in the back yard." Opening the gate, she piloted Paul past the house, and by the smiling man and woman standing at the side door. She nodded to them, and asked permission to show the eagle to her father's visitor.

Perched gloomily on a small, dead tree, around which a strong wire cage had been constructed, was the graceful brown bird. Its bronze head towered at least three feet above the limb on which it sat.

"Hello, Billy," was Eleanor's salutation. Turning to Paul, she went on, with animation: "Wait till I make him fly." Picking up a stick, she prodded the eagle once or twice, but dropped it again suddenly when the bird flew viciously at the bars in an effort to get out at her.

Eleanor's voice was still bold. "Billy, don't you look so cross at me," she cried. But she was slowly edging away from the cage, drawing Paul after her, while she continued: "Let's go out by the little gate." This was a gate on the other side of the house from the one by which they had entered, and was farthest away from the eagle's cage.

On the way back she told Paul of her friendship for the Coles. "Bessie has a sister Mannie," she related. "She was baptized Amanda. She's twenty. I go to see her just the same as I do Bessie. They have lots of fun at their house. I go over nearly every evening at about seven o'clock. When I hear the shouting and screaming, I run." As they were reentering their grandfather's gateway she inquired soberly: "Did you see the picture of my mother's grandfather in the dining-room?" Paul nodded affirmatively, and she continued: "Were you acquainted with him? He was in the revolution, too. I heard father tell mother that you were a revolutionary soldier." She looked inquiringly into Paul's face, not understanding why he smiled as he replied that he had never met her mother's grandfather.

CHAPTER IV.

THE SHADOW OF COMING EVENTS.

After the early dinner, the hours were passed lolling on the porch. The men smoked their cigars; Mrs. O'Neill had a piece of embroidery on her lap, which she did not touch; the two children played out on the grass.

Mrs. O'Neill and her father-in-law both took pains to make their guest feel at ease. The time sped all too fast. Paul was reminded of the pleasant evening spent with the Livingstons in New York, only this was more Arcadian. Birds in numberless varieties fluttered by. Insects buzzed, shirred, chirped. It was interesting to observe the vehicles out on the road returning from the city, and the occasional person on foot.

At dark the children were taken to bed by their mother. When the chimes in the tall hall clock struck ten, Mr. O'Neill remarked abruptly that it was his bedtime, that they would now have family worship, after which he would retire for the night. By the yellow light of the candles in the candelabra ornamenting the dining-room table Mr. O'Neill read a chapter from the Bible. Then he opened the Psalter and invited Paul to join in singing a psalm, adding that his daughter-in-law was an Episcopalian. This was said in a tone of disparagement. Daniel, he stated, had become lax in the observance of the faith in which he had been reared. Paul hesitated. The psalms had much of the slow movement of the German hymns. The words in the Psalter were accom-

panied by notes. It would be a new experience for him. He followed Mr. O'Neill's high, quavering voice.

> "How blest and happy is the man
> Who walketh not astray
> In counsel of ungodly men,
> Nor stands in sinners' way."

Together they droned through the entire six stanzas. Mr. O'Neill was surprised, then delighted. Paul had made a new friend.

In the prayer with which Mr. O'Neill closed the service he pleaded for mercy for those who had been reared in godly families, but who in the days of their prosperity forsook the ways of their fathers, and allowed their pride or indifference to hold them aloof from participation in His praise. Mr. O'Neill looked hard at his son and at his daughter-in-law. In conclusion he asked that the proud of spirit be made as humble "even as the lowly immigrants who come to our shores, and turning from the customs of their own country, follow in the footsteps of those who are more enlightened."

A quizzical light shone in Daniel's eyes as his father stopped. His wife seemed on the verge of making an angry retort, but returned to the porch without a word. Paul was uncertain whether to be offended or to smile at Mr. O'Neill's allusion to the immigrants. The door had scarcely closed behind his daughter-in-law when Mr. O'Neill again brought out the familiar bottle, tendering it to his son and to Paul in turn. Upon both declining he poured out a glass of the whisky for himself and drank it down with great gusto. He then proceeded to his room.

The others spent another hour on the veranda. For the morrow, Daniel and his wife had planned a visit to

the Harmonists at Economy, ten miles down the river. Some time was spent in talking over the details. Daniel cautioned Paul not to mention the matter to his father. He said he would broach the subject himself.

At breakfast the whole family sat down at the table together. After Mr. O'Neill's solemn blessing, and when the meal was well under way, Daniel approached the all-absorbing topic, skilfully, as he thought.

"Father," he began, "we have been thinking of taking Paul to church this morning at Economy. He has not heard a German sermon for a long time, and is anxious to hear preaching in his mother's tongue again. Will you come with us?"

The elder gentleman looked suspiciously into the faces of those around him. His countenance was growing redder every second. At last he snorted disdainfully: "Crowds from the city drive past here every Sabbath, all bent on having a good time at Economy, but not one of them, so far as I know, ever pretended to be going there for the purpose of attending divine services. At all events I will not desecrate the Lord's Day by assisting in any such an hypocritical device, nor will I listen to the ranting of an ignorant Dutchman who promises the millennium on earth and other ungodly things." Remembering the presence of Paul, he apologized. "Mr. Didier," he said, "I beg your pardon, but you are a man of education, and I have no doubt will say that I am correct, when you once hear this man preach. I would advise you to remain away. I will stay at home and look after the children," he concluded, glancing somewhat sourly at his son.

Hereupon both Eleanor and Jack set up a howl. Eleanor threw down her knife and fork with a clatter, and declared in no uncertain tones that she was going

with her father and mother—she didn't like a cold dinner every Sunday. "Mother says she doesn't approve of a Puritanical Sabbath either," she exclaimed.

Mrs. O'Neill's face flushed, and she looked reprovingly at her daughter, who glanced at her wonderingly and persisted, "Why, mother, you said you didn't care if grandfather did know your sent—sent—— Oh, that you believed in having something good to eat on Sundays! Besides," Eleanor added, turning to her father, "I want to see the old woman who always gives me a cake-horse."

Jack also awoke to a realization of the situation, and from his perch on the high-chair, between the breaks in his sobs, kept repeating that he wanted a cake-horse too.

"If you are determined to go," asserted the irate Mr. O'Neill, disregarding Eleanor's confession of her mother's opinions, "I suppose you will take the children with you." He left the table, going out of the room by the rear door, which he slammed after him with a bang.

As Mr. O'Neill disappeared Daniel admitted musingly, a note of chagrin in his voice, "You can't fool father."

Paul felt relieved when a half-hour afterward, as Daniel was starting the horses down the driveway, he saw Mr. O'Neill coming from the house, his face tranquil as ever, and advised his son to be careful with the animals, as they were rather spirited and had not been out of the stable for several days.

The road ran close to the river. The farmhouses were farther back on the elevations. Here and there a farmer, without hat, or coat, or vest, but in the full glory of a white shirt, was standing in his open doorway, or coming from the barn. More farmers were met in the road, their entire families loaded into the heavy spring-wagons, driving to some distant church.

Ever since Paul began his present employment he had

heard almost daily of the Harmonists. It was the intention to run the railroad by the waterside at the foot of the plateau on which the town of Economy was built. He had surveyed through their lands which extended for miles along the river. Years before he had also read a German prince's account of his travels in the United States, in which the story of his reception by the curious communists was entertainingly told. The roofs of the higher buildings of the village were now in view. Paul almost fancied that he must see before him the brick-kilns, and the newly built house and the three men standing by, blowing their horns, that the prince saw on his arrival. They were passing a frame house denuded of paint, a decaying porch in front. Was this the new house of the prince's time? There were no brick-kilns anywhere, and no musicians appeared to welcome Paul—he was not a prince.

Daniel pointed to the square brick and frame dwellings, and commented humorously on their lack of front doors. "It is to prevent the women from having too easy a means of access to the street," he declared, "where they might waste time gossiping with their neighbors." He called Paul's attention to the singular uniformity with which grape-vines were trained up the three sides of the houses which faced the gardens. It was the result of the economic theories of the society, he thought. "By this method little or no ground is diverted from the cultivation of vegetables. At the same time," he added, smiling, "the people raise sufficient grapes to make all the wine they need for their own use." He paused and, as they reached the inn, chuckled, "Your countrymen make every foot of ground produce something which they can either consume or sell."

The barn-like frame hotel was filled with guests. It

was crowded with Pittsburgh families who, year after year, spent the heated months in the quiet village. The jolly Harmonist landlord scratched his head dubiously, when Daniel asked entertainment for himself and party. An instant later the German smilingly promised to comply with the request, explaining that he had failed to recognize the son of his old neighbor, Mr. O'Neill.

The wide grass-grown streets were thronged with pedestrians in unique costumes. The clothes of the men were dark-blue; the buttons on their long coats were round and flat and of shining steel. They wore high, square-crowned, wide-brimmed black hats. The women were dressed like South-German peasants, even to their becoming straw hats. There were many queerly appareled children. Everybody spoke German. All were on their way to the house of worship, a block away from the tavern.

The excuse for the excursion had been Daniel's expressed desire of giving Paul an opportunity to attend church at Economy. Now Daniel showed the way to the plain brick structure, surmounted by the slender spire, at the base of which a gallery extended all the way around.

The women and children were seated on one side of the auditorium, the men on the other. The visitors sat down together in a pew on the women's side. The service had already begun. Doctor Henrici, one of the trustees of the society, was in the pulpit. He was a scholarly appearing man, with a beardless face, who had hardly yet reached middle life. He was dressed like the other men, but his long hair was loosely curled and hung down almost to his shoulders.

He was reading a number of notices relating to temporal affairs. The announcement that a new lot of women's black dress material had been received caused

an audible buzz of gratified comment among the female members of the congregation. With a congratulatory smile the speaker reported that the elders had purchased, at a great bargain, a large quantity of leather, suitable for making shoes. They had in consequence decided that each member might obtain an extra pair of shoes. He added that the master-shoemaker would be ready to take the measurements the next day. Here the individual referred to, a small, dumpy figure, with a stubby-brown beard, arose in his seat, and stated in positive tones that everybody must come in the morning; in the afternoon he would be occupied cutting out uppers.

Doctor Henrici took up a third paper, and his face became stern as he read:

"It has come to our ears that a certain member has so far forgotten his obligations to the society as to be led from the paths laid down for us, by a woman's smiles. It is reported that he contemplates matrimony. I do not see the person present this morning, but in the name of the society I publicly admonish him. This is not done in anger, for that would be unchristian, but in all kindness. Let him retrace his steps, let him return from his unholy ways, or the doors of our community will be forever closed on him."

The faces of the men and women in the audience indicated that they approved of their leader's words. They were aware that the bandmaster of the society was the unnamed guilty one. The hymn was given out, and led by the violins, the clarinet, the flute, the violoncello, the French horns, the congregation broke forth in lofty words of hope and praise. Then Doctor Henrici launched out into his sermon.

The theme was celibacy. He related that when the society was organized, all its members had been steeped

in sin and iniquity. Two years later they had seen their error and abjured marriage. Ever since that time they had been closer than ever to leading a pure and holy life. He inveighed against backsliders. The subject, however, seemed to be introduced only because of the bandmaster's delinquency, an extended discussion of which appeared to be distasteful to the speaker, who displayed a desire to get away from it as quickly as possible. His bearing suddenly became menacing; his eyes protruded as he stared into space, and his voice reverberated shrilly through the church. He almost shrieked, "Ye men of Galilee, why stand ye gazing up into heaven? This same Jesus, which is taken up from you into heaven, shall so come in like manner as ye have seen Him go into heaven." Pointing his hand at the eager audience he proceeded: "The day may be near, the day may be far off; the day of the Lord will come as a thief in the night."

He paused impressively and then proceeded more quietly, "It is not for us to know the times or the seasons, which the Father hath put in His own power. I am not a prophet—it was not given to mere man to prophesy—but in the sky I see the shadow of a great event, which to me portends the coming of the day for which we are waiting so anxiously." He paused again while his eyes swept from side to side over the sea of faces. Riveting his eyes on the window at the far end of the church he continued, "I am called upon to tell you what I see, that you may govern yourselves accordingly. I behold a country rent by political dissensions. Human slavery is becoming an issue as never before. Where this ancient curse still flourishes the statesmen are wildly aggressive; the statesmen from our part of the country are moral cowards. But I see God's hand above the clouds. He has raised as His instruments poets and writers, bold and fearless,

who are singing and writing on the criminal inhumanity of slavery. All over our section of the country apathy is giving way to interest. The people are awakening to a realization of the iniquity of the extension of slavery. Soon they will be demanding its entire abolition. Then the clash of arms will come."

The speaker was leaning far out over the pulpit now and his long hair was streaming straight out behind his back, as he bent his head backward and forward with the vehemence of his utterances. "This is an age of progress," he declared. "New economic conditions are developing. Thousands of miles of railroads are building; the electric telegraph is spreading its network of wires over every town and hamlet in the country. Immigration is assuming vast proportions; our own countrymen, driven from their homes by the tyranny of their kings and princes, are crowding every ship that comes across the Atlantic. With them there is no maudlin sympathy with slave-owners because these would be deprived of their property. They do not recognize property in human beings; besides, they are not sentimentalists; they have come here to work, and the slaves might come into competition with them. They will all have votes in a few years, and votes will decide the issue." There was a ring of racial pride in Doctor Henrici's voice as he spoke of the German immigrants. "The climax will be reached sooner or later," he went on; "it may be five years hence, it may be ten, but the conflict is sure to come. Already I see vast armies being collected. The godly and the ungodly of one section will be fighting side by side against the godly and ungodly of the other section." The expression on the minister's face had become almost inspired. "After war comes peace," he proclaimed. "With the restoration of peace, my brethren and sisters, let us

look for the millennium of which the Bible tells us, and of which the sainted founder of our society, Father Rapp, was wont to preach. Let us prepare for it now. Let us be prepared for it then."

The perspiration was rolling down his cheeks as he took his seat. The intense earnestness which he had displayed had caused Mrs. O'Neill to watch his face and his movements with deep interest, although she did not understand what he was saying. Her husband was grave, but he made no effort to explain to his wife that the preacher had been talking against an institution which she had always been taught to revere.

To Paul the sermon recalled the slighting remarks which Mr. O'Neill had made about the Harmonist; it was a strange coincidence that Doctor Henrici should today be preaching on a subject for which Mr. O'Neill had so recently reviled him. But coupled with the exposition of the millennium was a view of an existing earthly condition that was truly startling. Paul might not agree with the preacher's prediction of the second coming of Christ. This he concluded might be meant figuratively only, but his analysis of the status of the slavery question was certainly masterful. Until now Paul's knowledge of certain phases of the country's history and institutions had been hazy. He had never been in the section of the United States where negro slavery existed, and had never seen a slave. This was the first anti-slavery speech which he had yet listened to, and it impressed him profoundly. The man might be a mystic in religion, but he certainly had a very acute mind regarding worldly things. The rest of the service was a blank to Paul; he could not take his thoughts away from the Harmonist's prediction of civil war. Ten years later, when the North and South were engaged in a death struggle, he recalled vividly the

address that he had heard on that Sunday morning in the village church at Economy.

At the close of the service Doctor Henrici came down from the pulpit, and, walking up to Daniel and his wife, greeted them cordially. He spoke fairly good English. He chatted a few minutes with Paul about the German revolution, and ended by giving them all a hearty invitation to call on him at the Great House, when afternoon service was over.

At four o'clock, from their seats under the trees, in the rear of the inn, the visitors saw the Harmonists returning from the afternoon service. Doctor Henrici was probably free again, and they all wended their way to the Great House.

The Great House was where the leaders of the society lived. It was great by comparison only. It was a neat two-story brick building, with one-story wings, and was situated directly across the street from the church. About the mansion was a garden comprising the entire block, extending to the edge of the high bluff which overlooked the Ohio River, fifty feet below. Facing the garden on the right was the four-story factory, on the left the big warehouse. On the other side of the stream a high, darkly wooded hill loomed up from the water.

Under the shade of an arbor of grape-vines, amid beautiful flowers and shrubbery, the visitors spent the rest of the afternoon. Right genially Doctor Henrici performed the duties of host; the zealot of the morning had been transformed into a modest gentleman, of quiet demeanor. Assisting him was a quiet lady who was introduced as Miss Gertrude Rapp.

Paul pricked up his ears. From the present to the past was but a step. From the middle-aged woman before him, his mind went back to the blooming young girl of

twenty-five years before, about whom he had read in the prince's book. Again he saw her play the piano at the little concert which the founder of the society, her grandfather, had improvised for his august guest. It seemed quite natural for Paul to converse with her in German. He spoke of what he had read. She smiled reminiscently. She remembered the prince well. He was a gallant young nobleman, devoted to music and art, whom her grandfather had delighted in honoring. On his return to Europe, she said, the prince had sent her several books of music. She enjoyed talking of the old days. Her pallid face took on a shade of color. Smiling she excused herself, and retired to the house, returning with an elderly woman who brought cinnamon-cake and wine, and the cake-horses for which Eleanor and Jack had been yearning all day.

The time for the evening meal was at hand; the host and hostess insisted ever so gently that their visitors remain. Little urging was required. When the sun was sinking and the air had become cool, they were all in the garden again, wandering among the winding paths, listening to the band discoursing music from the round tower, staring at the graceful leader who was about to violate the rule of the society and take unto himself a wife. The whole terrace was crowded with dense masses of villagers, seated on benches, standing or moving slowly back and forth enjoying the music. The scene reminded Paul of the Stadt-garten at Carlsruhe, only there was no drinking, nor was a lighted pipe or cigar to be seen.

Doctor Henrici explained that the practise of smoking had long since been condemned as being a mere gratification of earthly pleasure. Daniel nudged Paul. A short time before they had each purchased indifferent cigars at

the inn, and enjoyed a surreptitious smoke. Neither understood how the sale could be right and the enjoyment of the purchase wrong.

It was late when they again reached the O'Neill farm. Mrs. Murphy, the housekeeper, was up, quietly smoking her pipe, awaiting their return. Her son John, a stout boy of fifteen or sixteen, was dozing on the door-step, ready to put away the horses. The children had long since fallen asleep in the carriage.

CHAPTER V.

A MUSICAL EPISODE.

When the winter weather came, and the engineers were unable longer to continue their outdoor work, Daniel O'Neill brought his family to Allegheny City and took possession of a house fronting on the North Common, which his father owned. Here Paul was a welcome guest throughout the winter. The tastes and inclinations of Daniel and his wife corresponded closely with Paul's, and he dearly loved to spend his leisure in their company. He considered that he was greatly indebted to them for the many happy hours passed under their hospitable roof, and in April, when the newspapers were teeming with notices of the forthcoming concerts of the world-famous Jenny Lind, scheduled to take place late in the month, and the whole town was placarded with announcements of the event, and society was in a furor, he determined to repay his two friends in a small measure at least, for the pleasure which they had been the cause of his enjoying so long. He would take them to one of the concerts.

Mrs. O'Neill was delighted when he gave the invitation on his usual Sunday evening visit; Daniel was pleased, because his wife received the proposal with such manifestations of pleasure. They were in the midst of an extended discussion of the great songstress' history and achievements, when the elder Mr. O'Neill, who was spending a few weeks with his son and daughter-in-law, came home from the evening service at his city church. Mrs. O'Neill at once turned to him. "Father," she asked

rapturously, "have you heard of Jenny Lind? Paul has been good enough to ask us to attend a concert which she is going to give next Friday evening in Pittsburgh."

Mr. O'Neill's nose went up in the air, and he stared intently at Paul, as he seated himself on the sofa beside his daughter-in-law. "Alice," he said coldly, "I do not care to offend Paul, for he looks at these matters differently from the rest of us. Nor do I wish to deprive you of any pleasure. But no Christian should be present at this show. It is only called a concert in order to deceive the unwary. It is nothing less than a detestable theatrical performance under a harmless name. You know what theaters are like. No, you do not; they are the devil's antechambers, where the gay, the dissipated, the irreligious waste their time in frivolity. My minister preached about the matter this very evening; he says there is a general movement among the churches to discourage the show. I hope, Alice, you will decline Paul's well-meant, but ill-advised invitation. What do you say, Daniel?" he added abruptly, facing his son; "You have not spoken a word."

Daniel smiled. "Father," he said, "you have often told me that you had never been in a theater, or seen a dramatic performance. Don't you think you may be mistaken now? However, Jenny Lind's concerts are not theatrical performances; I have read in the New York papers that in that city the best people—the business and professional men, the musical and literary people—all the culture of the metropolis, were present at her concerts. Would this be true if they were merely theatrical performances? You had better come along with us, father, for I suppose Alice will want to go."

Mr. O'Neill retained his temper, but replied in the same voice as before: "Do not ask me to do something

which is contrary to the dictates of my conscience, Daniel, by attending this so-called concert because the best people will be there. It is exactly the class called 'the best people' who corrupt the morals of the rest of the world, by the evil example which they set. Besides, Daniel, I am not so ignorant about these concerts as you try to make out. What difference is it whether a play is spoken or sung? It is in the name only. All that this Jenny Lind and the persons with her do is to sing parts of operas—musical plays."

"How about the Swedish 'Herdman's Song,' father, and the English ballad, 'By the Sad Sea Waves?'" asked Daniel quickly.

Mr. O'Neill answered readily: "Those selections are only sung for the purpose of throwing dust into the eyes of the undiscerning who would not attend Miss Lind's performances if only selections from operas were given. But there is no use discussing this question with you, Daniel. Your German education has taught you to believe even more fully in foreign customs than Paul himself."

Paul had sat by, very much embarrassed. He had seen enough of the elder Mr. O'Neill to know that he held opinions on religious and ethical questions which differed widely from his own; he believed also that similar views were held by a large portion of the community in which he now made his home. He had become worried when he speculated on the effect that Mr. O'Neill's arguments might have on his son Daniel and his wife. When he heard Daniel expressing the views he did, Paul's hopes rose; he would have been sadly disappointed at having his invitation declined. "Mr. O'Neill," he said finally, in an effort to mollify that gentleman, "Doctor Goos, who was in New York last autumn when Jenny Lind

gave her concerts there, tells me that even the clergy attended."

Mr. O'Neill looked at Paul a moment in silence, and then replied ironically, "Such clergymen should leave their churches and go over to the devil at once—I have no doubt they were Papists, or their half-brothers, Episcopalians." With this outburst he turned to his daughter-in-law and said quietly: "Alice, this servant of yours has removed the decanter from the sideboard. I looked for it before I went to church. Can you find it for me before I retire?" He arose, Mrs. O'Neill doing likewise, and together they entered the adjoining room.

All day long during that memorable Friday on the evening of which the concert was to be given, there had been excitement in the city. In the morning the steamer *Messenger* had arrived from Cincinnati, bringing the famous singer and her company, after having stopped at Wheeling for a few hours the evening before in order that a concert might be given in that place. The crowds at the Pittsburgh wharf had been enormous, but orderly. They had then melted away, only to reappear again in the evening. Curiosity seemed to be mingled with a certain degree of antagonism. There were two diametrically opposite opinions of Jenny Lind's ability as a singer held by the more unthinking portion of the people of the United States: the one, that she was the greatest singer of modern times; the other that she was an impostor who owed her reputation to the liberal manner in which she had been advertised; that her much-lauded charities were merely part of a clever advertising scheme. The latter opinion seemed to be held by many persons in Pittsburgh, at least among those who did not patronize the concerts. But whether the antagonism arose because the people believed that they were being humbugged, or be-

cause the prices of admission were so high that they could not afford to purchase tickets, or whether it was because so many of the tickets were in the hands of speculators who held them for another profit, and with whom Barnum, Jenny Lind's manager, was said to be in league, or because the singing was to be mainly in foreign languages, or, as asserted by Mr. O'Neill, because the ministers had preached against the holding of the concerts, or whether it was for all of these causes combined, is uncertain, but true it is that the mob which as early as five o'clock in the afternoon, began gathering on Fifth Street in front of the hall where the concert was to be given, was bent on mischief.

Daniel and his wife had enthusiastically promised Paul to accept his invitation before he left them on Sunday. Paul had engaged a carriage to call for him, and afterward take him and his guests to the concert. The driver was the first person to inform him of the fact that a mob had collected on Fifth Street, and that it had been impossible for the carriage to come down that thoroughfare. Mrs. O'Neill received this news from Paul with pleasurable anticipation; it must portend a magnificent reception for Miss Lind, or the people would not be so clamorous to be near the hall, she opined. Doctor Goos had given Paul an extra ticket, and he asked Mrs. O'Neill what to do with it. Turning to her husband, she said with a mischievous smile, "How would it be if we asked your father to come with us, Daniel?" Her husband laughed. "Will you invite him, Alice?" he inquired, and when she nodded added soberly, "Better not make father angry unnecessarily. He holds certain set views which you and I do not share in; but he really interferes very little in what we do. Let us take Eleanor instead."

"Eleanor!" exclaimed his wife deprecatingly; "she is

entirely too young, and would be obliged to stay up too late for her; she would hardly appreciate the music either."

"What's the difference?" protested Daniel; "she will think she does; she will perhaps understand as much about the music as half the people who are there; then to-morrow is Saturday and there will be no school for her to attend, and she can sleep as long in to the morning as you allow her." He laughed, and took Eleanor, who had just come into the room, in his arms.

Eleanor was immensely pleased. She had heard scarcely anything else spoken of for nearly a week past but Jenny Lind's concert. Now to be taken there herself fairly set her wild, and it did not take any urging from her mother to induce her to go up to Paul, and climb on his knee and impetuously throw her arms around his neck and kiss him, declaring as she did so, "I'm awful glad I can go, Mr. Didier. I want to hear Jenny Lind sing the 'Casta Diva.' I don't know what that is, but mother says it's very fine. I wonder whether it's funny like 'Billy Boy,'" she concluded interrogatively. Then she danced out of the room to inform her brother Jack of her good fortune, causing that young gentleman to bound immediately into the parlor, and with eyes brimming with tears ask that he also be taken to the concert. But on his mother promising to get him two white rabbits to take the place of the pair that had died during the winter, he at once turned to his sister and told her triumphantly that he would far rather have the rabbits—concerts were only for girls, anyhow.

When they left the house, an hour later, all clad in evening dress, Paul could not help admiring the handsome appearance of his guests, not the least interesting being little Eleanor, with her reddish curls, stepping

along so proudly at his side on the way to the carriage. At the corner of Wood and Fifth Streets the driver was compelled to stop the horses, the crush in Fifth Street being impenetrable for vehicles. After waiting for fully fifteen minutes, they decided to get out of the carriage and walk to the hall. The crowds were boisterous, but good-natured; they seemed to know the performers who were beginning to arrive, and made running comments as they recognized them. As Paul and his friends were nearing the entrance, two dark-faced foreign-looking gentlemen were struggling to get in. The men crowding about the door at once began yelling: "Look at the frog-eating Frenchmen; the taller fellow is Belletti, the barytone; the other one's Salvi, the tenor." Another voice corrected, "They're not French—them's Iyetalians—Iyetalians is macaroni-eaters." A wild laugh greeted the last sally. Now the members of the orchestra arrived with their instruments in their hands. This started more chaffing. "Here comes the fiddlers," yelled a tall fellow standing near the curb. "They all look like Dutchmen. Three cheers for the Dutch!" And three hearty cheers were given, although the people a little distance away from the speaker did not know what they were cheering about.

By this time Daniel and his wife, followed by Paul and Eleanor, had gained the interior of the hall and were shown to the seats for which their tickets called. A lugubrious expression had come over Daniel's face, and as another cheer rose in the street, he whispered to his wife, "Alice, I wonder whether the concert is going to take place here or outside." Mrs. O'Neill looked uneasy, but Eleanor was happy and her eyes were sparkling with excitement. Paul's gaze had been wandering about the hall, admiring the handsomely gowned women, and their

well-dressed male escorts, when he espied Doctor Goos. Doctor Goos also saw the O'Neills and Paul at the same instant, and came up to them. After having shaken hands with his acquaintances, including Eleanor, whom he treated with exaggerated politeness, much to that small person's gratification, Doctor Goos declared agitatedly, "Diss iss apominable. What can de rabble mean py greating diss disturbence?—ant Fräulein Lind de greatest cantatrice in de whole world. I am disgoosted."

"Oh, never mind, doctor," was Daniel's cheerful reply. "They will soon get tired and stop their noise, and then the concert can begin."

The German shook his head. Seating himself between Daniel and Eleanor he said, "I know dat crowd. Dey intend to make drouble, ant will not stop until de conzert iss ofer. I am reminded off de boys ant de frogs in de fable."

Eleanor's forehead became puckered up with thought. A moment later she whispered to Paul, asking him what Doctor Goos meant. Doctor Goos divined the question, and hastened to tell her of the bad little boys who were watching the frogs by the side of a pond, and as fast as a frog lifted its head, pelted it with stones, driving it back again into the water. "Den, my little fräulein," the doctor went on, "one off de frogs spoke to de boys, ant said, 'boys, you forget dat dough diss may be fun for you, it iss deat' to us.' De beople outsite are de boys," he concluded, "ant we are de frogs."

Eleanor was deeply interested, but still puzzled. Her face was very grave, and when Doctor Goos had turned away and was talking with her mother, she inquired anxiously of Paul, "Mr. Didier, do you think they'll kill us and then rob us?—for if they do, I'd like you to take my new bracelet and my two rings and my earrings and

put them away in your pocket. I wouldn't like to lose them." Paul's laughter reassured her, and she made no effort to take off her precious jewelry.

The seats were all occupied now by a brilliant audience; and many persons were standing in the rear of the hall and in the gallery; the mayor of the city, tall and stately, was there, talking and laughing with several male companions as if there was no trouble in the street, and as if he had no connection whatever with the maintenance of the good order and peace of the city. The judges of the courts looked pompously toward the stage, those unlearned in the law being equally dignified with those who were supposed to know the law. The wealthy manufacturers and the wholesale grocers, and the wholesale liquor dealers were there with their wives and daughters, who kept severely aloof from the wives and daughters of the retail grocers, and the merchant tailors, and the other smaller tradesmen scattered through the audience. Freely intermingling with the fashionables were the professional men—the lawyers, the physicians, the journalists—and the few other persons capable of appreciating good music. In the less expensive seats in the gallery, were more persons who would recognize good music when they heard it—music-teachers, organists at the few churches possessing organs, singers in the church choirs. Doctor Henrici, quiet-mannered and quaint of dress, with a brother Harmonist, was there to indulge the only passion of which he was guilty. Mr. Droste and several members of the Allegheny City Gesang-verein occupied some of the cheapest seats in the last row.

The orchestra was in its place, and Herr Benedict, the conductor, arose with his baton in his hand, ready to begin the concert. With a crashing sound the first notes of the overture to "Oberon" fell on the ears of the audi-

ence. Almost at the same moment from without came the shouts: "The Dutch are at it! The Dutch are at it!" the shouters attempting to yell in unison with the music. "De swine!" was Doctor Goos' terse comment, as the ushers went to the Fifth Street end of the hall and lowered the windows, which had been raised on account of the warmth of the interior.

The noise was less noticeable now, and the orchestra played on with a good deal of vigor, although Herr Benedict was plainly annoyed. Herr Benedict was himself a musical genius of the first order, his compositions even at that time having an international fame, and it hurt him to have the splendid work of Weber marred by the unseemly disturbance. Suddenly the noise broke out again so loud that the finer notes of the composition were entirely lost on the audience, and they began paying but scant attention to the performers, and commenced talking animatedly to one another. Paul was deeply disappointed. In addition to being passionately fond of music himself, he had intended that his friends should spend an evening of unalloyed pleasure, and now they were merely wasting time. Turning to Mrs. O'Neill, he said in a voice in which he hardly attempted to hide his chagrin, "I suppose we must be a little patient; the police will surely be here soon."

Mrs. O'Neill saw his distress and replied smiling, "No doubt the crowd will get tired some time, then they'll keep quiet. I do not care a great deal for orchestral music, anyway, and am only anxious to hear Miss Lind."

Her husband joined in the conversation. "Alice," he said, "even if we don't hear all the selections on the program, we will at least have had the satisfaction of being able to say that we saw the greatest singer of the day."

"Yes, ant you shall talk to her, ant see what a gracious

lady she iss," interposed Doctor Goos. "When on my way to America I spent several monds in London, ant often met Fräulein Lind in de circles in which I moved. I called on her at her hotel diss afternoon, ant have received her permission to bring you all into her dressing-room after de performance—all except de youngest member of de pardy." He looked humorously at Eleanor, and added, "I did not know dat we would be honored with de little fräulein's presence. But maybe we can smuggle her into de room unobserved—she iss pretty small."

Eleanor got quite close to Paul, and asked confidentially, "Will she talk to me—do you think, Mr. Didier? Can I talk to her? Mother says in the countries where Miss Lind has been she has friends among the kings. Won't I have lots to tell at school on Monday!" she concluded with a happy smile.

The overture was finished, and Belletti and Salvi stepped forward. The buzz of conversation stopped suddenly. Of Belletti the audience had read many accounts, as he had come with Miss Lind from England, and had been with her on the whole of her American tour. But of Salvi they knew scarcely anything, he having been only singing with the company for a week. The two were to sing a duet together from Donizetti's "L'Elsire d'Amore." The noise of the fluttering of the fans was the only sound now to disturb the stillness. Scarcely had the first notes sounded through the hall, the listeners had hardly settled themselves back in their seats in order to enjoy the music fully, when from without came the noises again. Shrill whistles, catcalls, howls blended with cries of all descriptions, penetrated through the closed doors and windows. The singers struggled bravely on, and, although the audience were so distracted by the noise in the

street that they could not appreciate half the beauties of the selection or perceive the masterliness of the singing, yet at the conclusion of the duet, they rewarded the performers with a liberal amount of applause.

Jenny Lind came next on the program; now the people were to hear her in the "Casta Diva," from Bellini's "Norma," the selection in which she had made much of her American reputation. Every eye was turned expectantly toward the side of the stage, from which she was expected to enter. Doctor Goos had been in deep thought for some moments. Suddenly he turned to Daniel. "Something must be done to stop de noise outside," he declared. "Fräulein Lind must not be allowed to be treated de same as de other performers. I have a plan." Without further explanation he arose and walking up the aisle, went out of the hall. A minute or two later, the well-known figure of the star of the evening, clad in a simple gown of white, accompanied by Herr Benedict, came forward to the front of the stage.

Hardly a sound came from the outside now. Doctor Goos or some other potent agency had evidently been successful. For a second the hall was still as death, then a wild wave of applause broke forth. The audience intended to show that they at least had no connection with the disturbing element in the street. Men and women rose to their feet; they clapped their hands; they waved their handkerchiefs; they shouted and yelled—only less loudly and more decorously than the mob outside. The applause was almost continuous; several times it died down, only to be renewed time after time. Once, twice, three times, the orchestra started up preparatory to the singer beginning her part, only to be each time drowned in the sounds of the applause. All the time Jenny Lind stood there motionless, calm, smiling, serenely confident.

Finally the notes of the orchestra rose louder than the tumult in the hall, and the time arrived for the singer to begin her part. She did not merely take the part, she was the part. The audience were in raptures. A soprano so pure, so sweet, so fine, yet so strong and penetrating had never been heard before; it was a voice without a fault, without a blemish. Behind all this was the frank, kindly soul of the singer, which went out to the audience in every tone, in every trill.

Deafening was the applause which greeted her when she sat down. If there had been any noise on the outside now, it would have made no ripple in the hall. Four or five large bouquets were handed up to the diva. Again and again she rose and came forward and bowed and smiled. But the audience would not be satisfied with bows and smiles; they wanted another song. She shook her head and smiled again. Another wave of applause rolled through the interior; she said a word to Herr Benedict, and he sat down before the piano, while she came forward, still smiling. Herr Benedict ran his fingers over the keys, and she began singing the Swedish "Herdman's Song." It was wild, quaint, entrancing, with the aroma of the field and forest in every note; the audience almost imagined that they could hear the calls of the cows, the joyful laugh of the herdsman, the echo as it vibrated from hill to hill. The audience were on their feet again, waving handkerchiefs, clapping hands, laughing, yelling, calling on the songstress for another song. Miss Lind attempted to get away without complying with the last request, but her attempt was vain. The tumult would not be stilled, and for the third time she came to the footlights and prepared to sing. Now it was something in their own language; something that every one knew, "The Last Rose of Summer," sung as none in that

audience had ever heard it sung before. They were bewitched with the feeling conveyed in that superb rendering. But they had some consideration for the singer, and realized that she must be fatigued from the continued pressure to which she had just been subjected. They allowed her to retire to her dressing-room with only a faint echo of the former applause.

Doctor Goos had reentered the hall during the singing of "The Last Rose of Summer," and had taken his seat. When quiet again reigned, Daniel observed to him gaily, "I see, doctor, that you succeeded in bringing about order in the street. We owe you a vote of thanks."

The doctor smiled, but did not volunteer any information, except to say that he was afraid that the noise would start up again. "Dose swine have no reason," he observed moodily, "but you have now heard de divine fräulein at her best, and should be satisfied." As if in corroboration of his prediction the uproar in the street broke out again, more violently than at any time during the evening, and he observed resignedly, "De swine are at it again; I am ready to go home—after we have talked a few moments with de most brilliant musical star in de firmament."

The noise hardly slackened again during the remainder of the concert. There were other fine selections yet to be given. Herr Benedict and Herr Hoffman played a duet on the piano. Belletti and Salvi each sang several numbers very capably in Italian. Miss Lind herself sang again in English, but no more enjoyment was to be obtained there that evening. The performance was shortened. With tears in her eyes Miss Lind retired to her dressing-room. And with feelings about evenly balanced between the pleasure they had enjoyed, and resentment at the manner in which the evening's entertainment had been

interfered with, the audience moved silently out of the hall and down the stairs, only to rub elbows with the mob outside, waiting patiently for a chance to stare at Miss Lind as she came into the street.

Paul's party had remained in their seats until the hall was empty, and the janitor began turning out the lights, when Doctor Goos led the way to the door at the side of the stage from which the dressing-rooms were reached. Miss Lind, who was alone with two members of the orchestra, was greatly agitated at the treatment which she and her company had received from the people in the street. There was a depth of sorrow in her voice as she greeted Doctor Goos. "Can you guess the meaning of this disturbance?" she asked plaintively in her precise English, after having been presented to the others. "I am really terrified. Look at the broken windows, and observe the stones which came crashing through the glass." She pointed to three or four good sized stones lying on the floor. "I feel truly glad that a few friends remain with me," she continued; "I have decided to wait until the mob leaves before going to my hotel."

Daniel attempted to treat the matter lightly. He laughed at Miss Lind's fears. "The stones and the broken glass are probably the work of a few thoughtless boys," he observed. "I do not believe a serious attempt has been made to do you an injury."

Doctor Goos also attempted to make merry of the affair. "Fräulein Lind," he declared, "notwithstanding your fears, you would have laughed yourself had you seen dese swine when I was among them, telling them lies in order to get them to keep quiet while you sang. To some who didn't know me I said I was de mayor of de city—I was ashamed of myself for saying so," he interjected drolly, "because de mayor iss such an incompe-

tent ass, who has entirely lost his het. I saw him at de conzert a while ago ant he was making no effort whatever to quell de riot. To others I stated that I was de representative of de mayor—again I felt ashamed, for de same reason that I have just mentioned—and threatened them with dire punishment. To one group I declared that de President of de United States had been telegraphed to, you being de subject off a friendly foreign power, ant that troops would soon arrive from de arsenal, with cannon to be used against de crowd. Two policemen who had been standing about calmly smoking cigars, paying no attention whatever to what was going on around them, hurried away when I mentioned troops."

By this time Miss Lind was much relieved. "If you can only get me safely away from this building, I will think you are a greater man still," she laughed. "But why should I feel such trepidation?" she added abruptly. "This little girl here is not as much afraid as I am, are you, dear?" She reached out and drew Eleanor toward her, holding her close and repeating, "Are you, dear?"

Eleanor had been startled when Miss Lind took hold of her so suddenly; now she was perfectly at home, and answered confidently, "Not as long as father is here, and mother and Mr. Didier."

"And Doctor Goos," added Miss Lind. "Do not forget Doctor Goos."

"And Doctor Goos," repeated Eleanor, glancing at that individual in a manner indicating that she had some doubts as to his prowess in case of an emergency. A moment later she explained, "I haven't known Doctor Goos as long as I have my father and mother; Mr. Didier I know nearly as well as I do my parents."

The interior of the hall had been in darkness for some time. The door leading to the street had been closed,

and nothing could be heard inside of any further disturbance down below, so Paul volunteered to reconnoiter. As soon as he showed his face outside, a roar arose from the crowd still lingering in front of the building. "Now she'll come out," they cried. "Now we'll see Jenny Lind." Paul hastily retraced his steps, closing and locking the door after him. Without making his intention known to those in the dressing-room, he had the janitor direct him how to get down by the back stairs, his intention being to find a way of getting Miss Lind out through the rear of the building.

A small dark yard enclosed on three sides by high board fences met his view; he climbed one of the fences and was soon in the adjoining yard. A few feet away were the outlines of a dingy brick house, with no light anywhere, as if the occupants were all asleep. Alongside of this ran a brick-paved walk, leading apparently to Virgin Alley. This was what he was looking for. A minute's walk brought him to the narrow alley. Everything was quiet here; not a person was in sight. He was soon back again in the hall detailing his plan to Miss Lind.

"But how am I to climb over the fence?" she asked, laughing. "I was never very good in athletics." She was satisfied when told that a board or two could be easily knocked off, when there would be no further hindrance in the way. Telling the two musicians, who had stood silently by, to go out by the front door, and if any one asked for her to say she had gone to her hotel long ago, Miss Lind reached for her cloak lying on the table. She smiled her assent when Paul stepped forward and asked to be permitted to place it on her shoulders.

In the yard all was darkness and silence as before. It was harder work to loosen the boards than Paul had

anticipated, and it was not until he and Doctor Goos had taken up a heavy post which they found on the ground, and pounded vigorously against the boards, that they gave way. Just as they had all crawled through the opening, a light appeared in the two rear windows of the brick house, and an instant later, the door opened and the burly figure of a man stood in the opening. In a harsh voice he demanded to know what they were doing in his premises.

Daniel attempted to explain, but the man would hardly listen, and his eyes lighting on the opening in the fence, he glared savagely as he yelled, "And you have broken down my fence, too. You've likely been robbing some store. I'll have the police here in a few minutes, and arrest the whole pack of you."

There was a loud hum of voices in Virgin Alley now; delay was inconvenient and might lead to embarrassing consequences, and Paul concluded that they must not be hindered; bold measures must be adopted. "You know we are telling the truth and are not thieves," he declared. "What will it cost to repair your fence?—we will pay you now. If you do not accept our money we will go away, anyhow." The man's eyes glittered when money was mentioned, but he stated that he was a law-abiding citizen and would not settle with night-prowlers, about whom he knew nothing. In the same breath he added that if he were paid ten dollars he would allow them to proceed.

"Ten dollars!" echoed Doctor Goos derisively. "Do you want to sell us de whole property? We will give you twenty-five cents. Five cents' worth of nails iss all that it will take to fasten on de two boards again." Paul quickly compromised the matter for a dollar, and in another moment they were in Virgin Alley. A crowd of men and half-grown boys was there. "There she is,"

they all yelled, pressing forward, and staring rudely at Miss Lind as she came out.

Paul was walking with her toward Wood Street. Eleanor trying hard to suppress her sleepy yawns, but without a trace of fear on her face, was holding confidently to Miss Lind's hand. Daniel and his wife followed with Doctor Goos. The crowd was all about them, but beyond their free comments on the songstress' appearance, they offered no indignity. At Wood Street they were joined by more men coming from Fifth Street. Some of them had evidently become tired of waiting for Miss Lind's appearance in the street, and had beguiled the weary hours by drinking in some of the taverns; their talk was loud and coarse, and they staggered in their walk, and they came closer to Miss Lind than any of the others had yet come. One lean fellow attempted to shake hands with her, but was brushed aside by Paul, the suddenness of the movement causing the man to pitch forward into the gutter.

An angry growl went up from half a dozen of the nearest men, but they seemed undecided what to do, while Miss Lind moved swiftly on in the direction of Fifth Street. Paul's carriage was in sight, only a few feet away, when three or four rough-looking men made a rush forward, their object being, apparently, to get at Paul. The most daring of them received a sledge-hammer blow in the face from Paul's fist, while Miss Lind and the rest of the party pushed on a few feet still nearer to the carriage. Another wild rush was made by the mob, and Paul and Doctor Goos again aimed blows at them, neither, however, coming away unhurt this time, the former receiving a cut on the forehead, and the other a blow on his nose, which started the blood to flowing freely; both also lost their hats. In the meantime Daniel

had hurried the two women and Eleanor, who were pale and trembling, closer to the carriage. Paul and the doctor, their backs to their friends and facing the mob, were slowly backing in the same direction. They heard the noise of the carriage door being opened and waited a moment longer, and then also rushed forward. The others were already in the carriage. "Get in, doctor," almost commanded Paul, pushing the editor violently into the vehicle and slamming the door after him. A moment more and Paul was on the seat beside the driver, yelling at him to drive like the devil.

And drive like the devil he did, and the cobblestones came flying after the carriage almost as fast, but fortunately only one struck the carriage and this did no harm. Along Wood Street the driver went to Fourth Street—there being too many people in Fifth Street to turn into that thoroughfare—then down Fourth Street to Market Street, and on across the bridge into Allegheny City to Daniel O'Neill's home. Miss Lind was still pale with fright when they alighted, and she warmly thanked the three men for their efforts in her behalf. As she accepted Mrs. O'Neill's invitation to remain overnight, she vowed that her concert engagement for the following Monday evening should be canceled and she would never sing in Pittsburgh again. And she never did.

CHAPTER VI.

SEED-TIME AND HARVEST.

The elder O'Neill was the owner of the timber-lands on the head-waters of the Allegheny River, which required development. To this wilderness Daniel despatched Paul when the work on the railroad slackened. He was directed to open up the lands. His energy bordered on enthusiasm. He soon had the woods ringing with the sounds of the axes and the shouts of the wood-choppers. Sawmills were erected, lumber-camps established, the foundation of a town laid.

Here he spent his winters, and every spring floated down the rapid current of the Allegheny with his Indians and his woodsmen, bringing huge rafts of logs and boards, which were disposed of at the sawmills and lumber-yards of the city, or sent farther south down the Ohio River.

His share of the profits was considerable. Daniel had arranged that the young employee should receive a percentage on the sales. This would encourage him to constant effort. Paul had never been sordid-minded. He was not naturally a searcher for riches. Daniel O'Neill, on the other hand, inherited some of his father's money-getting instincts, and by associating with Paul had exerted an influence on the younger man in the same direction. Paul was still happiest with his books, and his music, and in the company of congenial friends; yet he, too, began to feel the power and pleasure which the possession of money brings. Imperceptibly the desire to

accumulate wealth grew, but only, he persuaded himself to believe, because it was a means to an end. His aim was to secure sufficient money to gratify his taste for a life of culture and refinement.

In the second year of the enterprise he met with a series of bereavements, which for a time unnerved him. The tidings of his first loss were brought in a dainty black-bordered envelope, bearing a German postmark, and sealed with the Von Rochlitz arms. It was from his cousin Paulina and announced the death of his dear grandmother. A week later another letter arrived, exactly like the first, telling that the baron, unable to bear the separation from his aged wife, had sickened immediately after her funeral, and died four days later. Then came a third visitation of Providence.

It was the terrible year of the cholera. The disease was raging with unexampled fury in Pittsburgh and Allegheny City. People were dying right and left. More than a thousand deaths occurred in a single month, and among the earliest victims was Daniel O'Neill, Paul's best friend.

It was a year of drouth. There was so little rain, even in the earlier months, that the water in the Allegheny River fell too low for boating, and Paul was unable to bring down his rafts in the spring. His usual visit to the city was accordingly postponed. Daniel died in September, and Paul hurried to Pittsburgh to tender his assistance to the widow.

He arrived in the midst of the panic. The city was quarantined. Business was suspended. Many of the wealthy families had fled. In the principal streets huge heaps of bituminous coal were burning; the air was heavy with the fumes, which were supposed to destroy the germs of the plague. His walk from the railroad-station

to Mrs. O'Neill's home occupied three-quarters of an hour. In that short time Paul counted more than half a score of funeral processions on their way to the cemeteries. Some consisted merely of a wagon containing the pine box, and perhaps a friend of the deceased seated beside the driver.

He found Mrs. O'Neill heart-broken and already making preparations to leave with her children for her old home in Virginia. She was unable longer to bear the strain of living in the North. The scenes through which she had lately passed, and those by which she was still surrounded, were sufficient to appal the stoutest heart. Besides, no special bond of sympathy existed between her and her father-in-law, although, she confessed, he was most indulgent to her children.

For a week Paul devoted himself to Mrs. O'Neill's affairs. Once he had put the widow and her children on board the train, he sat down and wrote his employer a letter asking for an interview.

The relations existing between Mr. O'Neill and his manager had been strained for some months. The crops had failed. There was a stringency in the money markets. Business generally was depressed, and trafficking in lumber, like that in every other article of commerce, was stagnant. The rich gains of the first two years had dwindled down so that there was scarcely any profit remaining. Mr. O'Neill had complained constantly. Hardly a mail arrived which did not bring Paul a letter harping on the expense of conducting the business. It was said he was spending too much money; he was extravagant; his competency was questioned.

While Daniel was alive Paul had referred all the missives to him, but was always advised not to mind Mr. O'Neill. Now, however, that the son was dead, Paul

determined no longer to bear what he considered the father's insults, but to retire from his employment.

A meeting was agreed upon to take place in the bank where the lumber account was kept, and where Mr. O'Neill always made his headquarters while in the city. The interview was long and at times stormy. At the beginning Mr. O'Neill was inclined to be indignant, claiming that Paul was deserting him in his hour of need. "Who can I get to take your place?" he complained. "With whom can I entrust such large interests. Any one but you would soon bankrupt the concern."

Paul answered that he had been accused of mismanagement. He was of the opinion, he said, that if the charge were true, plenty of men could be secured who would do as well as he.

To this Mr. O'Neill replied apologetically, "I never meant that your administration is bad. All that I intended was to influence you to bring the running expenses down to the minimum, so that I may make a profit again. Every business man uses such arguments with his employees." He concluded his speech with a smile meant to be convincing. Fearing the retort which Paul might make, he added hastily, shrewdly giving the conversation a new turn, "I am only carrying it on for the benefit of Daniel's children. You always said you thought more of my son than of any one else in the United States." Mr. O'Neill's face became solemn and his hand went up to his eyes as though brushing away tears.

Paul was touched, but not convinced. After a few days of careful deliberation, however, he consented to remain. He came to this conclusion the more readily since Mr. O'Neill had agreed, as an additional inducement, to sell him a half interest in the business at a price which Paul knew to be large, but at which he was satisfied the trans-

action would still prove profitable for himself. He had already accumulated sufficient money to pay Mr. O'Neill the purchase-money in full.

The time came when petroleum was discovered near the lands of the partnership. Paul immediately left for the city and laid the matter before Mr. O'Neill, advising that wells be drilled at once. The senior member of the firm was easily persuaded. In his heart he had implicit confidence in his partner, and there was a good chance of very large returns on the additional investment. Soon a score of derricks were up, and the drills were pounding away on those portions of the lands which were already denuded of timber. One after another the wells came in, spouting rivulets of oil. Other derricks rose like magic on every hill and in every valley. From all parts of the country adventurers began to pour into the region. The quiet and orderly town developed almost into a city.

Business, however, was now not the only concern of the thoughtful men. The clouds which had long been gathering over the country began to assume the inky blackness of the impending storm. The antagonisms of more than a quarter of a century between the North and South had reached a crisis. President Buchanan's term of office was drawing to a close. Abraham Lincoln had been elected President, and the South, carried away on a wild wave of secession, was arming to resist any attempt which might be made to force her back into the Union. The Confederate States of America were formed, and the Southern senators and representatives in Congress were withdrawing from the bodies to which they had been elected. Forts and arsenals and other public properties of the United States in the South were seized by the Secessionists; the old flag was torn down; ships were fired upon. Fort Sumter had been invested since December.

Paul had been naturalized for several years. Ever since that day in Economy when he heard Doctor Henrici preach about the iniquity of slavery, he had given the question his careful consideration, and had come to detest slavery as a crime; he had become an ardent Republican, in consequence. He was heartily in favor of prohibiting the extension of slavery beyond the limits already fixed. He believed, with his party, that this was the means of bringing about its final abolition. He had taken the stump and advocated his views at many of the little campaign meetings held in his county. He was convinced that war would result, and that it would be the greatest civil war in history. He determined to be freed from the restraints of commercial affairs. He desired to be in a position to take whatever stand he might choose when the struggle once began.

There are periods in the history of every enterprise of moment requiring the exercise of unlimited patience. Paul's business life had schooled him to wait calmly for the happening of that which his foresight taught him must surely come to pass. He was rewarded at last. An offer was received for the business of which he was the directing head, which he considered fair. He invited the representatives of the intending purchasers to meet him in the city, where the matter could be discussed in the presence of Mr. O'Neill. At first that gentleman was inclined to throw obstacles in the way of the consummation of the sale, but Paul was insistent. The price was extremely liberal, he said. He argued that never before had the country been so disturbed; continued prosperity of ventures of this character would be entirely problematical should war be inaugurated. Mr. O'Neill yielded and the contract of sale was entered into, and the preliminary payment received.

One more trip to the oil country was required. The property must be regularly transferred; Paul must bid farewell to his old friends. The next day he was back in the city, in his old room on Hay Street, which he had retained during all these years. He had been the owner of Mrs. Thorne's residence since the summer after becoming Mr. O'Neill's partner.

His reputation as a man of means had preceded him. The amount of his wealth would hardly entitle him to be considered as a man of much importance, judged by the standards of the present day, but at the time he was looked upon as exceptionally rich, rumor, as usual, placing the value of his possessions much higher than was warranted by the facts. Charitable institutions asked him for contributions; he was requested to allow his name to be placed on their list of managers. The votaries of a certain religion sent him a respectful communication, saying that they had heard of his great benevolence, and asking that he contribute to the support of their school; they promised to pray that he might be even more successful in the future than in the past. He received innumerable letters, congratulating him on his good fortune, and begging that he send a small sum out of his abundance to the writers, who were poor. Other men of large means sought him out, and invited him into their enterprises. Bankers offered to sell him shares in their institutions and place him on their boards of directors. In reply to his statement that he knew absolutely nothing of banking, they raised their eyebrows and answered that this was immaterial; his name was all that they required; banks were largely the creatures of confidence, and the public had confidence in wealthy men like himself.

Society also took him up. Entire strangers, persons with whose names even he was unfamiliar, opened their

doors, and asked him to their receptions and routs. Handsome women smiled on him and he smiled back. He saw no reason for standing aloof because formerly they had turned their backs on him, when he was still a plodding German engineer. This was a privilege not to be denied to women. He took advantage of his opportunities and enjoyed himself to the fullest extent. The reaction from the years of toil was strong. He was still only twenty-nine.

The pleasure which he experienced in associating with his new-found acquaintances, did not, however, at all detract from the enjoyment with which he cherished the memories of his older friends. With Mrs. O'Neill he had been on the same intimate terms as when her husband was living, and she resided in Pennsylvania. Her entertaining letters about that old time, about her children and her life in Virginia, always gave him the keenest pleasure. On his part he never failed to send Mrs. O'Neill and Eleanor and Jack handsome presents on Christmas. Jack, whom Mr. O'Neill had sent to school in New England, he met occasionally in the summer, during vacation-time, on the farm at Emsworth; the others he had not seen since they left Pittsburgh. He loved to imagine Eleanor still a child. "Yet she must be almost a woman," he would muse, and begin wondering what she looked like.

Mrs. O'Neill's last Christmas letter had contained barely a hint on the state of her feelings in regard to the strained relations existing between the North and the South. After that time, however, every letter which came was a little more bitter than the one preceding, until, one morning in February, a letter arrived in which Mrs. O'Neill declared with a good deal more abruptness than Paul thought necessary, that this was the last letter which

she would write to him; he must discontinue writing to her; all intercourse between them must cease. The friendship of many years was sundered by the stroke of a pen; gloom enveloped Paul's mind. But the feeling of depression was quickly dissipated, as he once more turned to the gay frivolity of the circles into whose mansions he had only so recently been permitted to enter; and he ran the mad but exhilarating pace with the fastest.

But social affairs were already languishing in Pennsylvania. Love-making, except among the very young and thoughtless, was at a low ebb. The specter of war enthralled men more than did the light of women's eyes.

The excitement ran far higher in Pittsburgh than in the oil country. About every public place, and at every street corner, people were discussing the condition of the country with feverish energy.

The President-elect was to pass through the city on his way to Washington to be inaugurated. Every one was anxious for a glimpse of the much-talked-of statesman. The mayor and a committee of leading citizens were appointed to receive him, and Paul found himself among the prominent merchants and manufacturers, lawyers and journalists, who were entrusted with the task. The majority of the committee were to meet the presidential train a few miles west of the city. Paul awaited the arrival of the party at the railroad-station on Federal Street, now the eastern terminus of the railroad which years before he had helped to survey.

It was a lowering February day. Late in the afternoon the crowds began to gather, and the street in front of the station was soon packed with a dense body of humanity. Several companies of gaily uniformed militia, waiting to escort Mr. Lincoln to his hotel, held back the people from the gate.

The special train was several hours late. Darkness set in at six o'clock, and a cold rain began to fall. A mass of open umbrellas arose over the sidewalks and driveway. Eight o'clock came, and with it the long-delayed train.

Paul was inside the station enclosure. He was hastily presented to the President-elect, and fell into line with the other committeemen, as they moved toward the exit.

Out in the street there was a movement of silent surprise when the towering form in the soft felt hat, a gray plaid shawl over his shoulders, was seen in the flickering light of the gas-lamps emerging from the gateway. He was the tallest man they had ever seen. His companions seemed small in comparison. Cheers broke out, which became louder each second, swelling into one tremendous roar.

The crush became greater than ever. The task of the militia was heavy. A passage was opened for Mr. Lincoln, and he entered one of the open carriages waiting just outside. Hundreds of voices called for a speech. They would not be stilled. Reluctantly, but smiling, Mr. Lincoln arose in his carriage, Paul holding an open umbrella over his head to protect him from the rain. Mr. Lincoln begged to be excused, explaining that in the morning in broad daylight he would address them, adding drolly, "When you will have an opportunity of seeing my handsome physiognomy." Laughter and more cheering followed, and the procession started down Federal Street, and across the bridge to the Monongahela House, where Mr. Lincoln was to be quartered.

The next morning the rain was still falling. The day was dismal, but a vast assemblage had gathered in front of the hotel. In the parlor, surrounded by the committee, Mr. Lincoln was holding a reception. People were push-

ing into the building, being presented, and going out again and swelling the crowd in the street. Outside in the rain they were becoming impatient. They clamored continuously and loud. When the rain had dwindled to a mere mist, Mr. Lincoln showed himself on the balcony.

It was a slender man, with rugged, dark face, smooth-shaven, and bright, piercing eyes, who looked down on the enthusiasts below. The cheers rose even louder than on Federal Street the evening before. The speech was short —to many, disappointing. Mr. Lincoln barely alluded to the distracted condition of the country. "It is natural to expect that I should say something on this subject," he declared, "but to touch upon it at all would involve a great many questions and circumstances requiring more time than I can at present command, and would, perhaps, unnecessarily commit me upon matters which have not yet fully developed themselves. There is no crisis but an artificial one, such a one as may be gotten up at any time by turbulent men, aided by designing politicians. My advice to you is to keep cool."

Paul stood directly behind the speaker. To his mind the words were the essence of wisdom. The closing utterances might ring of politics, compromise, conciliation, weakness, yet they were conservative; they tended to allay the fears of the timid; they furnished an argument for those who desired one.

The military ardor of the people of Pittsburgh had been aroused for months. The visit of the man of the hour raised it to a higher pitch than ever. The old militia companies began recruiting; a score or more of new companies were circulating enlistment papers. The war spirit had infected all classes, conditions, nationalities.

The members of the Gesang-verein on East Lane had

formed themselves into a military company immediately after South Carolina had passed its ordinance of secession. Like innumerable similar organizations all over the North, they called themselves "Minute Men." A tailor, who by a coincidence was named "Schneider," who had served as a volunteer in the Schleswig-Holstein war, was elected drill-master. Several times each week the hall rang with the tramp of the men and the sharp words of command. When the members of the Gesang-verein heard of Paul's return, they sent a delegation asking him to assume the captaincy. This mark of appreciation gratified him. The Sunday after Mr. Lincoln's passage through the city, he presented himself at the hall. It was seven or eight years since he was there last, but he felt as if he were revisiting at the house of an intimate old friend.

The same walnut tables, with the marks of the beer-glasses on the scarred tops, stood about. He recognized the chairs. The blue banner, with the golden harp in the center, which the men had won in a singing contest, was in its usual corner. The well-remembered picture of Hecker hung on the wall, but had been moved over to one side to make room for a lithograph of Mr. Lincoln; draped about them both was a large United States flag. The odor of beer pervaded the room. Mr. Droste saw Paul enter, and stopped in the middle of the song he was directing, and giving the baton to the first tenor, came forward and grasped Paul's hand in both of his own. With one accord the singers left their places on the floor and crowded around the visitor. The preacher of the Evangelical church on the canal bank was there to meet him, and the stout owner of the neighboring brewery, and the cabinet-makers, and bakers and coopers, and laborers whom he had known long ago. There were also many

strangers present. A few of the old faces were missing. The director acted as spokesman. How pleasant the German language sounded, marred though it was by occasional bits of dialect or a badly pronounced English word! Paul smoked a cigar while Mr. Droste talked. As there was now a strong probability of hostilities breaking out, the director declared, they wanted a real soldier to lead them, and coming directly to the point he continued, "Many of us know that you have commanded men before now, and we want you for captain."

Paul thought a moment, then unhesitatingly declined. He expressed his thankfulness, and told them how highly he appreciated their confidence in his military capacity. But he assured them that he felt that he did not possess the necessary qualifications.

The director expostulated. "We know your modesty, Mr. Didier," he said. "I was with you in Baden when you charged the Nassauers at Oos and captured the cannon, and you were only a boy then. I am a middle-aged man now, but hope to serve under you once more."

The faith of his old comrade affected Paul deeply. But the hesitation lasted only a moment. His decision was irrevocable. "Droste," he asserted, "I have not thought of military matters for years; in fact, I never knew much about soldiering. American tactics are as a sealed book to me, but I promise you this: I will join your company as a private, will learn to drill over again, and in a short time, perhaps, may become sufficiently proficient to render you some assistance. In the meantime I will find you a competent drill-master."

The director was plausible. He worked on Paul's vanity, his pride, his ambition. Seeing him remain obdurate, he declared reluctantly, "If we cannot get you *for captain,* we are at least grateful for what you have

promised. I am sure that before the war is over, if we have one, you will have become a general." Every man in the room cried, "Hoch!" None guessed how prophetic the director's words would prove to be.

An instructor was easily secured. Paul went to the captain of the company known as the "Grays." A man named Moore, a sergeant in the company, was pointed out. Moore readily consented, when money was promised in advance. He had served in the Mexican War. He was a superb drill-master, but was now working at his occupation of house-painter. He worked only intermittently, however, having a fatal weakness for getting drunk oftener than his employers allowed.

The brewer was elected captain, and an Ohio Street shoemaker first lieutenant. Schneider was made second lieutenant. The Germans were unable to secure arms, but four evenings each week they practised military exercises. The men were either in their hall or down-stairs in the street, or they marched to the Common, four blocks away, where there was more room for their evolutions. Paul was in the ranks.

The captain and the first lieutenant participated awkwardly in the drills. Neither knew the first principles of military science. Each took Moore's blunt corrections without murmuring, but with heightening color. Neither the captain nor the first lieutenant was well known to Moore. He constantly mistook the captain for the first lieutenant, and the first lieutenant for the captain. When the command was "fours right," one or the other of these officers was certain to march to the left. Moore would halt the company, and sternly call out the wrong name, demanding of the offender whether he knew right from left, amid the grins of the rest of the organization. When Moore had been drinking heavier than usual, and he de-

sired to make his remarks more emphatic, he prefaced his orders with an oath, which he took pains to pronounce with as strong a German accent as he was capable of.

The month of March was ushered in. Mr. Lincoln was inaugurated President, quietly and without disturbance. Then came an ominous pause. The South was daily becoming more hysterical, more rebellious. In the North public sentiment, fickle before, was crystallizing into a stern and rigid resolve to prevent the disruption of the Union at all hazards. April arrived, and then, near its middle, on the never-to-be-forgotten Friday, the war began with the roar of the mortar on Sullivan's Island, as it was fired at Fort Sumter.

Days and nights of excitement followed. The people were loath to believe that hostilities had actually begun. They had hoped against hope that there was some mistake. War seemed too terrible; but their patriotism flamed higher and higher.

On Sunday the hall of the Minute Men was thronged. Paul was there early in the morning, and gave advice and discussed the situation, and speculated on the probability of a call for troops being made that day. Late in the afternoon, at his suggestion, a telegram was sent to Governor Curtin, tendering him the services of the company.

In the morning President Lincoln's proclamation asking for fifty thousand volunteers was published in the newspapers. The excitement rose to a white heat. Labor was suspended in the factories, in the workshops, in the stores—everywhere. The evening saw an immense war meeting in the City Hall. There was no longer a division of sentiment, all were united for a prosecution of the war. There were no more Democrats or Republicans, all were *Union men.*

On Tuesday evening the Minute Men received word that their offer had been accepted. The next day, to the number of fifty, along with two other companies, they climbed aboard box-cars on Liberty Street, and were whirled away to the seat of the war.

On a beautiful Sunday morning in the latter part of July they returned home, their three months' term of enlistment having expired. They had not participated in a single fight or even seen the enemy, but nevertheless they came back well-seasoned soldiers.

On their first night out they had lain in the Capitol grounds at Harrisburg without shelter, in the rain and the sleet of the penetrating April weather. At the State Arsenal they were armed with old muskets, altered from flint to percussion-lock, and twenty rounds of ammunition were given them to be carried in their trousers pockets for want of other receptacle.

In Washington they were furnished with bright new uniforms of blue. Then it had been drilling and police service in Alexandria, and digging in the soil, and constructing earthworks, and then more drilling, until the men became weary and heart-sick, and those who were married began yearning for the solicitous care of their Lenas and Menas, their Yettas and Lisbeths and the single men for their parents' rooftree, and the warm feather beds, and the substantial German fare.

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CHAPTER VII.

'MID WAR'S ALARMS.

The house on Hay Street seemed more pleasant than ever on Paul's return. The windows of his room were open; his books were scattered about on the table; beside them lay his guitar. In a vase on the mantel was a large bouquet of bright pink carnations.

Mrs. Thorne had been at the railroad-station to meet him. When he saw her in the throng which had gathered to see the soldiers come home, his heart leaped for joy. There was still one person willing to give him a passing thought.

The few hours intervening until the one o'clock dinner he passed with Mrs. Thorne, as a son with his mother. He told her his experiences, and listened to her gossip of the occurrences at home. He cut the meal short to go over to Allegheny City, and take the first steps toward carrying out a plan which he had cherished ever since he saw that the war was to be a long one, and soldiering no mere holiday diversion. His lack of confidence in himself had vanished; he believed he possessed the ability to command. It was now his ambition to organize a company, and go back into the service.

Under a recent Pennsylvania statute a Reserve Corps was forming to protect the State from invasion, being liable, also, to be called to fight under the general government. Since the rout of McDowell's army at Bull Run, the Reserves were being rapidly mustered into the United States service. If he could induce a sufficient

number of men to enlist, it was Paul's intention to attach his company to one of the infantry regiments of the Reserve Corps. In this way he expected to get to the front.

After the first flush of enthusiasm had worn off, and they had experienced a taste of the realities of war, many members of the Gesang-verein company vowed they would never enter the army again. The captain and first lieutenant had both definitely declared that they would not reenlist. Schneider, however, was a true patriot, and was enthusiastically in favor of engaging in the military service again. Paul felt confident that a goodly number of his old comrades would follow him in his new undertaking. He had already talked the matter over with those of the men whom he knew best, and had received some encouragement. Schneider intended not only to reenlist himself, but had promised Paul, just before the train reached the city, to begin soliciting volunteers for the new company that very day. The little lieutenant had stationed himself at the car door, as the men filed out, and requested each one to attend the meeting which Paul had called for three o'clock in the afternoon at the Gesang-verein Hall.

Schneider's wife and five children, the eldest a boy of twelve, the youngest a girl of three, had met him at the station. With his family trailing after him, his head bent forward, and a tense expression on his thin face, the energetic tailor proceeded directly to the Evangelical church on the canal bank.

The edifice was only one-third filled. Most of the absent members had gone to Pittsburgh to meet the returning soldiers. The service was more than half over when Schneider arrived. Laying down his bundles in the vestibule, he entered with his following, going into

the gallery where he was less likely to attract attention. As soon as the benediction had been pronounced he hastened down-stairs. The blue uniform startled the people coming out; they gazed at him in silent wonder, and complied with his request to remain.

Walking up the aisle, Schneider met the preacher as he was closing the chancel-gate, and quickly made known his purpose. Mr. Meyer tapped on the chancel-rail. Instantly all eyes were turned in his direction. In a few glowing words, speaking where he stood, the minister announced the meeting at the Gesang-verein Hall, and said Paul Didier was asking for volunteers for the three years' service. He urged his young men to go forward to their country's assistance in its hour of need. He closed by paying a splendid tribute to the man whose call he was publishing.

The Gesang-verein Hall was already a hive of chattering humanity, when Paul arrived. The members of his old company were nearly all there in their well-worn uniforms. Almost in Paul's footsteps came the preacher, with his two sturdy sons, Washington and Blücher. Accompanying these three was Doctor Goos, to whom Paul had sent a message notifying him of the meeting, and who was present to report the proceedings for his paper.

Some excitement was occasioned when John Murphy, the son of Mr. O'Neill's housekeeper down at Emsworth, a puddler in one of the rolling-mills, with ten or twelve other millworkers, straggled into the room one after another. Paul could hardly believe his eyes when the large man with the full round face came up and introduced himself by saying: "Mr. Didier, I board 'round the corner, on Third Street, and heerd you's was gittin' up a company; and we's hev come to join it."

Albert Wessell, the tavern-keeper, limped in at a quar-

ter of three, and in his wake were his son and five or six other men whom he had collected at his saloon, and treated to all the beer they wanted, and then invited to the meeting.

By three o'clock the room was crowded. Nor was Pastor Meyer's church the only one represented. The neighboring Roman Catholic church of St. Anne's had sent at least a score of her communicants. Men were standing in the doorway, and on the landing leading to the stairs. They were lusty young fellows accustomed to toil, with honest, clean-cut features.

In front of one of the open windows stood a table, and here Paul had been holding a levee. Now he rapped for order. Almost instantly the noise and shuffling of feet stopped, the cigars and pipes were put aside, and a hush fell on the assemblage. Every eye was bent on the tall, slender man in the blue uniform, with the impressive, earnest face.

Mounting the table and looking into the upturned faces a moment to enforce absolute silence, Paul began in German, the first time he had made a speech in that language since the day he talked to the Minute Men in the same place four months before. Slowly and deliberately he unfolded his plans. He invited his auditors to enlist; he called their attention to the glory to be attained. At the same time he reminded them of the hardships and dangers to be endured. "If you will go with us," he said, in conclusion, "this great, free country, to which many of you have come only in the last few years, will owe you such a debt of gratitude that not only will great honors await you at the hands of your fellow citizens on your return, but future generations will point proudly to your records and glorify your memories."

The clergyman was the next speaker. His eyes gleamed with enthusiasm as he exclaimed: "What will the people in our old home across the sea say, if we allow the stars and stripes," pointing to the flag hanging on the wall, "to be trailed in the dust without doing our little to keep it floating high as ever? We were made welcome when we came flying from oppression. Let every one of us do his duty now and repay some of the blessings which we have all along enjoyed." For the benefit of those who did not understand German, the pastor also said a few words in his broken English.

John Murphy interrupted him, talking in a bashful, hesitating way. "Reverend," he remarked, "me an' my friends don't understand much Dut—German, but we's know puty well that you's want everybody to join the company Mr. Didier's gittin' up. You's needn't talk no more along that line. We're all goin' to enlist. The company ain't goin' to hev only Germans in it; there'll be some Irish, too; my father was Irish, my mother's Irish, an' I guess that makes me Irish, too, an' I'm ready to sign now."

"And so are we all," chimed in his companions, amid the stamping of feet and clapping of hands of enthusiastic Germans.

The tavern-keeper also spoke. His language was the quaint dialect of Paul's own Southland; his sentences were disjointed. "I am forty-eight years old," he declared, "twenty-five of which I have passed here. All my children were born in this country. Everything I possess in this world I owe to America. I own the house in which I live, and have saved a little money besides, and would give it all sooner than see the war fail. Notwithstanding my lameness, I would go to the front tomorrow if I could get a doctor's certificate. I will do

my share, however. My boy will go in my place. I will also help raise money to support the families of those who enlist, and I agree to give a hundred dollars now for the purpose."

Tremendous applause greeted the remarks. Then the paper already prepared was brought out, and the number desiring to affix their signature became so dense around the table where it lay, that for several minutes no one could move.

Sixty-eight persons had soon signified their intention, in writing, of coming into the company. The tavern-keeper promised the full quota by evening of the next day. As the meeting was about to dissolve, he called out: "Every one who has already signed, and all those who will sign hereafter, are invited to come to my place; most of you know where I hold forth—the side door will be open all afternoon and evening—and get as much to eat and as much to drink as you wish." Looking hard at a thick-set individual, with a red nose, who was standing immediately in front of him, he added, with a grin, "provided he does not drink more than he can stand."

With a light heart Paul wended his way along Ohio Street, and down Federal, and across the bridge to his home, and told Mrs. Thorne of the great doings of the meeting. He spent the evening quietly with her, retiring late. To lie down again in his soft, white bed, and see the familiar pictures on the walls, and feel that he was once more with dear friends, gave him a thrill of the keenest pleasure.

The next day more signatures were obtained by the tavern-keeper and John Murphy, the latter laboring among his fellow workmen at the mill. By Tuesday morning one hundred and one names, the maximum

number required, had been attached to the roll, and the company was complete. Paul was at once elected captain, and, at the suggestion of the disinterested Schneider, who every one thought should be made first lieutenant, John Murphy was elected to that position, notwithstanding his assertion that he couldn't speak "Dutch." The second lieutenancy was given to Schneider, and the company was ready to be mustered in.

As the men were leaving the hall, Mr. O'Neill came puffing up-stairs, and, walking over to his former partner, thrust a long, narrow package into his hand, saying abruptly: "Here, Paul, is a sword for you." Mr. O'Neill was generous at times.

Paul was a thoughtful man, and of methodical habits. That evening he discussed his coming departure with Mrs. Thorne. "War is uncertain; at best it is dangerous," he commented. "Perhaps I had better make some disposition of my effects." As Mrs. Thorne listened in silence, he went on inquiringly: "Don't you think I should make a will?" Without waiting for a reply, he continued: "To-morrow I will call on my lawyer."

For an hour he lay awake in bed deliberating about the will. His nearest relative was his cousin; she had married a wealthy Prussian army officer, and had all the money she required. Daniel O'Neill's children, on the death of their grandfather, would be even wealthier than Paulina. With these thoughts, he fell asleep.

At ten o'clock the next morning he was in a dingy office on Fourth Street, talking earnestly to the blustering, white-mustached attorney, who, without being too well versed in the law, was yet a keen man of business, and had grown rich advising wealthy clients. Paul

was no longer in doubt, and his instructions were clear and concise.

"I want to leave the house on Hay Street to Mrs. Thorne," he told the lawyer. "All my other property shall be divided into two equal parts, one going to my cousin Paulina von Platen, wife of General Count von Platen, of Berlin, Germany, and the other to Eleanor and John O'Neill, children of my dead friend, Daniel O'Neill, and to the survivor should either die before the younger has attained the age of twenty-one years."

The lawyer had no suggestions to offer; Paul's ideas were set down on the paper. The will was signed and witnessed, and later deposited with the president of the bank where Paul kept his account, and whom he had named as executor, and to whom he delegated the management of his affairs during his absence.

In a week Paul's company was in Harrisburg, drawing uniforms and arms, receiving knapsacks, haversacks, canteens, cartridge-pouches, the use of all of which had to be explained to the men over and over again. Then they moved on to Washington.

Paul's orders were to take the company direct to Meridian Hill, and there join the regiment to which it was to be attached. He had never been in Washington before, and was at a loss which direction to take. He quickly solved the problem by engaging the first person who looked as if he would be willing to serve as guide for a consideration. The man knew the streets of the city well, and the two miles and a half from the station were leisurely passed over in an hour.

On every hand were signs of war. Drums were beating, flags flying—the very air seemed charged with excitement. From the time that they left the shadow of the unfinished dome of the Capitol until they reached

their destination, they beheld soldiers. The streets were alive with them. Soldiers were patrolling in front of the public buildings. Cavalry videttes were at the street corners. Companies, regiments, brigades, just arrived, were marching to their designated camp-grounds. Soldiers on leave filled the sidewalks.

The company was received by the rest of the regiment with rousing cheers. Then the men were guyed for their clumsy marching. The regiment lacked only this company. Now Colonel Robinson, the commander, determined at once to move the whole body to Tennallytown, where the other regiments of the Reserves were encamped.

The sun was high overhead when the march began back through the city. The heat was stifling. In Pennsylvania Avenue, near the Georgetown line, the command was halted to enable the wagons to come up. How grateful the men felt, and how quickly they scattered over the sidewalks, or sat down on the curbstones, where at least a small amount of shade was to be obtained!

Through Georgetown the procession moved, and then on northward through the dust of the country road. New fortifications arose on every side. Everywhere military camps dotted the landscape, and sentinels leaning on their guns watched the new arrivals. Tennallytown was reached at six o'clock. A few minutes later they had passed through the village; the camp-ground was a clover-field on the next hill. At last they were part of the grand Army of the Potomac.

Cool and brave old General McCall, veteran of the Mexican War, was in command of the Reserves. As soon as a regiment was full he began fashioning its members into soldiers. From reveille to taps there was

a continuous round of duty. There was picket service, work on fortifications, drill; drill by squares, drill by platoons, drill by companies; evolutions by regiments, by brigades; interspersed were guard-mounts, inspections, reviews. One of the colonels was honest enough to admit that he was a novice in military service. Book in hand, he looked on naïvely while a young regular officer took the regiment in hand.

September slipped away. The organization of the army had been completed; the Reserves constituted one of the divisions of the great aggregation. Summer changed into autumn. A balmy October arrived. Another week passed drowsily, and then, to the great joy of the men, the order to advance into the enemy's country was given.

Early on Wednesday morning the welcome tidings reached the Reserves. Tents were struck, wagons loaded, the bugles blew the assembly, loud cheers rent the air. The army was ready to march. In the afternoon the start was made, and the fifteen thousand men turned their faces in the direction of Virginia and the mysterious future.

Through Tennallytown the column wound, then down a narrow, rough road to the Potomac. The two miles to the river appeared interminably long to the impatient Pennsylvanians. They marched along the stream to the old wooden structure spanning the water, called by some strange idiosyncrasy the Chain Bridge. For many hours the bridge resounded with the tramp of the armed men, the rumble of artillery, the sharp, iron hoofbeats of the horses. The bands played "Dixie." Cheers echoed from shore to shore. They were repeated by the artillerymen manning the batteries which frowned behind the earthworks lining the hillsides on either bank. The

army kept marching steadily on into "Dixie's Land." The men were not yet insensible to danger. They peered in all directions; they scanned the woods; they looked across the fields; but in the short march to Langly not a person was seen save the men belonging to the military. The houses were all deserted. Their owners had fled farther into Virginia on the approach of the Federals.

The destination was half a mile beyond the village. It was almost dark when the army halted. No attempt was made to bring order out of the confusion. Fires were lighted, pickets thrown out, then supper and the bivouac for the night. The wagons arrived in the morning with the camp equipage. The tents were pitched and a permament camp established, extending along both sides of the turnpike over which they had come. In honor of the loyal governor of the new State of West Virginia, the camp was christened Pierpont.

Winter was coming on. Where the trees had been covered with leaves of crimson and gold, they were now naked and bare. Ice had already formed on the pools and shallow creeks and rivulets. Cold rains and flurries of snow made life less cheerful. The flimsy tents occupied by the Reserves gave way to log huts, scarcely more comfortable. But the gloomy prospect was illuminated by a sudden excitement. General Ord's brigade received its baptism of fire. Paul's regiment formed part of this brigade.

December was well advanced. Christmas was less than a week distant. The division was in sore need of forage for its horses. General McCall discovered that a large quantity was secreted on the farms between Pierpont and Dranesville, a village on the turnpike, eleven miles to the northwest. It must not be allowed to fall

into the hands of the rebels. He directed Ord to be in readiness to march at six o'clock the next morning and seize the provender.

The air was cold, the ground silver-white with frost, as the brigade marched out of camp in the dull gray light. On the highway the column was joined by a regiment from General Meade's brigade, skilled marksmen, from the head-waters of the Allegheny River, distinguished in the whole army by the deer-tails on their caps. In the history of the Civil War they are denominated the *Bucktails.*

With buoyant step the force started on its mission, the Bucktails in advance acting as skirmishers. There was no sign of an enemy. Two miles from Dranesville a small amount of fodder was found and quickly stowed away in the wagons. The march was then resumed. By eleven o'clock the village was reached. Not a soul was about. The store, the blacksmith-shop, the two dwelling-houses were all empty. The place was quickly left behind. More and more supplies were gathered in. At two o'clock the whole body was returning, its task having been accomplished. The wagons were loaded to their full capacity.

That day the Confederates also were active. They considered the forage of the whole neighborhood as their own property. Their commander, General Stuart, had received secret information of the contemplated movement of the Union troops, and hastily left his base at Centreville, fifteen miles to the south, with twenty-five hundred men, in an effort to forestall the Federals.

The Centreville Road is connected with the Chain Bridge and Leesburg Turnpike, over which the Reserves were proceeding, by a cross-road, a short distance east

of Dranesville. At this high point the contending forces met. The Confederates attacked vigorously from the protection of the thick pine woods. The Federals hurriedly put the wagon-train in motion toward their camp, and without confusion took position ready to meet the onslaught.

The enemy remained invisible. For a moment there was a dead calm; then shrill, sharp, ragged yells, wild, fierce, bloodcurdling, rent the air. The bullets came thick and fast; they whistled furiously about the ears of the men, who had never heard their song before. Now the gray, and brown clad victors of Bull Run and Ball's Bluff emerged from the woods, firing and shouting as they advanced. Their gun-barrels glistened in the cold sunlight; the strange new flags with their bars of red and bar of white flapped the contempt which the rebel regiments felt for the green Pennsylvanians.

The *zip* and the *ping* of the leaden missiles were not unfamiliar sounds to Paul, yet he experienced a momentary shock. A sickly sensation came over the strong man; a great fear seized him; he glanced furtively to the right and to the left searching for means of escape, for a way to get out of range without being forever disgraced. His mind was full of horrible presentiments. He felt sure that he would be killed or badly wounded. All manner of grotesque thoughts came flashing through his brain. In turn he beheld himself mortally wounded, then dead; again he was the central figure in a soldier's funeral. But always uppermost was the reflection, and he was uncertain whether satisfaction or sorrow predominated, that in case the bullet found him, its thud would cause no pain to any one but himself, unless, perhaps, his cousin Paulina in her far-away home should drop a tear when the news of his death finally reached her.

The wavering lasted only an instant. The cool brain became master again; the disciplined officer, fearless of pain or death, stood beside his soldiers, encouraging them to stand firm. Ever afterward he flushed with mortification, when recalling the momentary weakness.

He watched his company closely for the first sign of faltering. Many a face blanched, and many a hand trembled and heart thumped, but the men remained immovable. There were even pitiful displays of wit. On Paul's left, in the front line, was Washington Meyer. He was saying, with a ghastly smile, to young Wessell at his side: "What makes your face so white, Bill?"

"What makes yours so white; is it painted?" was Wessell's quick retort. They were both the color of death. Each gave a sickly grin.

The order was given to fire, and a volley was poured into the ranks of the approaching Confederates. Easton's battery, placed across the mouth of the Centreville Road, began sweeping it with grape-shot. But the forward movement continued unchecked. Here and there men were falling. Fear and dread were on the faces of the inexperienced Federals; their fire seemed to lack effectiveness. Some of the officers were as ashy-hued as the privates. Paul urged his men to remain cool, and take more careful aim. John Murphy swore at them in the slight Irish brogue inherited from his mother.

One man in the regiment had been killed and several wounded; the more lightly injured were making their way to the rear without help. Many looked doubtfully in the direction of the enemy. A lank fellow in one of the rear companies turned and started back, regardless of the remonstrances of his officers. Suddenly, without warning, almost in the twinkling of an eye, the rest of the company followed. Two other companies

also gave way; even some of the officers were carried back on the current. All were wild with fright.

Behind the regiment were woods. Out of the trees came a fresh regiment of Federals. The sight of their friends shamed the fugitives into a stand. They were quickly reformed, and advanced again. The fire of Easton's men was producing better results now. General Ord, on foot, was among the artillerymen, flying from gun to gun, giving directions, sighting cannon, encouraging the gunners. The earth quivered as the shots struck first one Confederate caisson, then another. The flashes and the sounds of the explosions brought forth loud cheers from the encouraged Reserves.

The Bucktails had taken possession of the brick farmhouse north of the turnpike, and were maintaining a destructive musket-fire. The rebel yells were less insolent, the firing weaker. Colonel Robinson rode up, clinging awkwardly to his wildly plunging horse, and ordered the regiment to advance into the woods in front, himself dismounting and leading the way. Without hesitation the command was obeyed; the men moved steadily forward. From behind every tree and every obstruction they now poured a rapid and well-directed fire. Their pride was aroused. Though the bullets rattled and flattened against the trees, and the shells burst overhead, hurling the branches through the air, filling the smoking woods with murderous noises, they pushed on.

The Confederates were forced out of the woods and back into the Centreville Road, across which their battery was posted. Their guns kept hammering away, but the wagons which were to have carried off the forage were already disappearing in the distance, the horses rushing madly down the road, urged on by the hoarse cries of the frightened teamsters.

Behind the battery, around the blood-red battle-flag, with the blue St. Andrew's cross, the Confederate infantry was massing. The heavily bearded young commander, still wearing the blue coat of his former service in the Federal Army, was coolly directing the fight as the Federals emerged from the timber.

On came the blue line toward the battery. They were ordered to charge; right well the men obeyed. Like veterans they moved from the protection of the trees, and passed through the blue, curling vapors. Quickly leaping the intervening fence, they crossed the open field, and disappeared into the white smoke about the cannon. With shouts, groans, curses, musket-shots ringing in their ears, they reached the muzzles of the guns just as they were being limbered up and trundled rapidly away.

General Stuart made desperate efforts to stem the tide. He rode swiftly back and forth. His saffron sash and long black plume streamed wildly behind as he dashed from one body of troops to the other, followed by the bullets of his enemies. All was in vain; the Pennsylvanians had gained the day. The Confederates fled after their wagon-train.

Tumultuous and long-continued were the cheers; they were caught up and sent back by the soldiers of another brigade of Reserves marching to the assistance of those engaged.

As the men realized that they had won a signal victory, the first gained by the Army of the Potomac, the full, deep-mouthed shouts were redoubled. Those who had at first faltered now felt that their reputations were redeemed; they talked volubly of the result, or spent their time taunting the half-hundred prisoners who had

fallen into their hands. Even the wounded forgot their pain, and participated in the general joy.

Quiet again prevailed on the field. Slightly wounded Federals were staggering in the direction of Camp Pierpont; others were sitting on the ground, with pale faces, their wounds hastily tied up with handkerchiefs or rags already crimsoned with blood. Seriously injured Federals and Confederates were being gathered up and borne away on litters. Behind trees and rocks, in fence corners, among the fragments of exploded caissons, and the broken limbers, where the Confederate battery had stood, were the ghastly-faced dead.

CHAPTER VIII.

FRIENDS AND ENEMIES.

The winter weather was breaking again. By this time the Union Army had been everywhere successful. On the Atlantic coast Dupont had won at Port Royal, and Burnside at Roanoke Island. In the south Butler and Farragut were pushing vigorously up the Mississippi toward New Orleans. In the southwest the Federal Army had triumphed at Pea Ridge; Grant had captured Fort Henry and taken Fort Donelson with fifteen thousand Confederate prisoners.

Only the Army of the Potomac remained motionless. The regiments, the batteries, the supplies, still came pouring in; the drilling was incessant. More than two hundred thousand soldiers had been collected on both sides of the Potomac, within sight of Washington. Their tents spread out for leagues above and below the city.

The Northern people were silently expectant. After the disastrous result of the battle of Bull Run they had been accused of goading their generals into movements for which they were unprepared. For months now the people had restrained their impatience. They were unwilling again to expose themselves to the old charge. Yet they were sated with the irresolution of the general commanding their Eastern army. The ever-repeated phrase, "All quiet on the Potomac," had ceased to satisfy them. "On to Richmond!" was the cry all over the North. They called determinedly for action.

Finally, on a chilly morning in March the Army of the

Potomac awoke from its sleep. For hours and hours the human streams kept pouring out of the scattered camps. Over hills and valleys, as far as the eye could reach, the immense line extended. The entire country seemed to be alive with moving men, horses, artillery, wagons. At midday the Reserves, now attached to the First Corps, under General McDowell, marched out of Pierpont on the way to Manassas, the direction that the general advance was taking. Emblazoned on the regimental flags in letters of gold were the name and date of their first victory. The flags of the rest of the army were bare and unmarked. The Reserves carried their heads high that day.

A movement had been decided upon at last. The capital of the new confederacy was to be attacked from the south, Fortress Monroe being made the base of operations. In an incredibly short period of time a vast fleet of steamers, sailing vessels, barges was collected to carry the forces from Perryville, Alexandria, and Washington to the common destination.

A cold rain was falling and the March wind blew chill, but the drums rattled merrily, the fifes sounded shrill, the bugles emitted their fullest, richest notes. The instruments only reflected the buoyant spirits of the men, who cheered wildly.

For a week the Reserves were kept out in wind, and rain, and sleet, marching, bivouacking, camping. Then they were taken to within sight of Alexandria.

Delusive were their hopes of embarking for the peninsula of Virginia. The other troops steamed away, but the First Corps was detached from the main army. It remained for two weeks longer at Alexandria, and was then marched back into the heart of Virginia again. Rain, and sleet, and snow continued falling alternately.

As Paul trudged along in front of his company, over spongy fields, and roads knee-deep with mud, Lieutenant Schneider remarked to him, with attempted humor: "If tde mut vassn't so colt, kepden, ve coot git along petther py schvimmin."

At the Orange and Alexandria Railroad they stood for hours in a pitiless storm, shivering in snow and mud, awaiting transportation. This time Lieutenant Murphy complained of the hardships they were undergoing. But when the trains arrived, and he learned that only about two-thirds of the company could ride in the comparatively comfortable box-car, he cheerfully took his place on the open platform-car, along with Paul and Lieutenant Schneider and thirty or forty privates.

After dark they crossed Bull Run and arrived on the plains of Manassas. The night was spent before glowing fires, in huts which the Confederates had abandoned on receipt of the first intelligence of the Federal advance.

A week of idleness followed. Here the Confederate Army had passed the winter. Their quarters were a mass of ruins. The vast storehouses and hospitals were partially burned. Wrecked locomotives and cars lay on their sides, broken provision-wagons, caissons, gun-carriages, barrels, boxes were scattered about. For hours the men roamed over the Bull Run battle-field, viewing the débris, picking up souvenirs to send home.

The march was taken up again. The movements were leisurely, the halts long, often consisting of several days at one place. Having traveled almost in a half-circle since leaving Alexandria, the Reserves were marching southeasterly along the road running parallel with the Rappahannock River. The timber was heavier now, the lands richer, the houses more pretentious.

In the morning the road was closer to the stream. When the sun was high, the soldiers saw the water as it shimmered through the scant foliage of the trees. Later in the day they came to breastworks of rails, new-made graves, and dead horses, marking the spot where, two weeks before, the advance-guard, under their own Bayard, had fought the enemy and driven him across the river. Antique Falmouth, nestling by the waterside, was just below the falls. The streets were deeply cut with wheel-ruts. They marched by the cotton factory, by the square, brick church standing high in the foreground, with a graveyard behind it that bordered on a darkling wood. From the windows and doors of dilapidated houses of brick and frame men and women and children gazed curiously.

The march never slackened. Out into a narrow road running through a wood of pines and cedars and oaks they tramped. This ran into a wider road free of trees, to higher ground. In the distance, across the river, they beheld the spires and chimneys and tree-tops of Fredericksburg. Finally they pitched their tents in a great grove of pines on the line of the railroad, a mile from Falmouth. The camp was in a magnificent country. In Pennsylvania the land would be termed rolling; the hills were low, the valleys sloped gently, the landscape was varied with hill and dale. Open plain and wooded copse were dotted with beautiful suburban mansions, which stood in the midst of groves of fine old trees. The houses were surrounded by picturesque negro-cabins.

The farther the army penetrated into Virginia, the oftener Paul's mind dwelt on Mrs. O'Neill and her daughter. The nearer he came to Fredericksburg, the greater became his desire for a sight of his old friends. The morning after his arrival he hurried to Stafford

Heights, overlooking the yellow river, and strained his eyes across the six hundred feet of space which intervened between himself and the little city where they lived.

Every bridge was gone. The day the Confederates attempted to stop Bayard all the bridges had been sent up in smoke. Nothing remained but the stone piers, protruding thirty feet or more out of the water; charred ends of timbers projected on either side. Paul's friends were somewhere under one of the brown roofs half-hidden by the fresh green of the trees, unless—and there was a weight of disappointment in the thought—unless they had left the city on the approach of the army, as so many others had done.

Almost daily he questioned the negroes who swarmed into the camp, inquiring for the residence of Mrs. O'Neill. Many had heard of her, but did not know where she lived. A young dandy in a battered silk hat and wearing the cast-off clothes of some well-to-do person replied to Paul's question with alarm: "Miss' 'Neill libs in dat w'ite house wid de trees in de back yaad." He pointed from the elevation where they stood over toward the city.

Paul saw several houses painted white; he questioned further.

The negro scented a reward at the end of the interview, and continued patiently to explain. Paul was told to look at the public buildings.

The round belfry and wide expanse of roof of the court-house became fixed in his eyes; then he recognized the square cupola of the Presbyterian church barely visible through the trees. St. George's Church, high and imposing, with its slender spire surmounted by the gilded cross, was close by. At last he was sure he had found

the object of his search; he would not forget the broad cornice and plain front again. The African added, as a piece of parting information, and for some reason there was malice in his voice: "I seen Miss' 'Neill dis mawnin'. She was 'busin' de Yankee sojers. She am de bigges' reb'l in de whole town."

Soon after the commencement of General McDowell's movement, men had been set to work repairing that portion of the railroad running from Acquia Creek to Fredericksburg. It was only a few days after the arrival of the last of the Reserves that the whistle of a locomotive announced the reopening of traffic. Among the first supplies to come in were materials for rebuilding the bridges across the Rappahannock.

A pontoon bridge was thrown over at Falmouth; piles were driven into the water, and trestles built between the piers of the bridge that had stood at the foot of Chatham, the imposing country-seat of Major Lacy, of the Confederate Army, where McDowell now had his headquarters. Farther down a bridge of canal-boats was swung across the stream. The railroad bridge came last. The city had been cut off from the north bank of the river but little more than a month, when the sight of Union soldiers in the streets began to irritate the disdainful eyes of the inhabitants of the second most rabid secessionist municipality in Virginia.

A flying brigade was organized by McDowell, and the command given to young Bayard. On Saturday morning Bayard crossed on the pontoon bridge into the town. No one else was allowed to go over. Two days later the stringers were being placed on the railroad bridge. Paul was well-acquainted with the officer in charge of the work. At this point he determined to cross the river and proceed with his quest. His purpose was easily accomplished.

In the early afternoon he was in the compactly built city, making his way through the grass-grown streets, the royal English names of which so vividly suggested colonial times. From the railroad track he turned into Caroline Street. At every step he met with scowling faces, but the negroes stood about grinning their welcome.

The thoroughfare seemed to have been devoted to trade, but now the stores were closed, the buildings deserted. He believed the location of the white house had become so firmly impressed on his mind that he could readily go up to its front door and knock. He was mistaken. Investigation satisfied him that the house was not on Caroline Street.

In front of a half-completed building at the corner of Hanover Street he paused. Walking up this street to Charles, he glanced along the latter thoroughfare, first to the right, then to the left; he concluded that he was mistaken again. He retraced his steps as far as Princess Ann Street. Here an air of quiet gentility was evident, and almost by intuition he felt that among the handsome homes facing on this street he would find that of his friends. He was quickly overjoyed to discover, some distance away, the familiar outline of the house which he had viewed from afar. Hastening along, he barely noticed the beautiful Presbyterian church, but when the gray-painted walls of St. George's loomed before him, it seemed more like meeting an old friend than to be standing before an inanimate object of brick and mortar and wood and glass. How often in the time which now seemed so distant he had heard Mrs. O'Neill speak of this house of worship! There was the little churchyard where two or three generations of her ancestors lay buried; close by the iron fence was the flat

stone marking the grave of William Paul Jones, brother of Paul Jones, of famous memory; at the corner of the alley was the little one-story brick parish house, with the lichen growing on the tile roof, just as she had so often described it to him. Before him was the plain house pointed out by the negro. It was a square, two-story frame dwelling, with closed green shutters on the windows, set back thirty or forty feet from the street in the midst of a lawn enclosed by a white paling fence. In the rear of the house enormous ailantus-trees were growing; a stable back of these fronted on Charles Street. In the lawn were beds of delicate spring flowers; a graveled walk led to the small veranda, with the iron grill-work supports at the corners. From the porch the path wound around the side of the house. Distrustful of the negro's direction, Paul asked a cavalry vidette, who was patrolling the street, who lived there. The vidette could not tell him, and Paul, after a moment's indecision, walked up the two steps and lifted the iron knocker. No response came. He raised the knocker again and again. The sounds seemed to echo down an empty hall, but to have no other effect.

Paul was beginning to believe that the house was deserted, when he heard women's voices. His hopes rose. The tones became more distinct; they drew nearer. There was speech of white ladies, accents of negroes. The key turned in the lock; the door opened.

There in the bright sunlight stood a young woman dressed in white, who started visibly at beholding a Federal soldier on the porch. She appeared to be reassured when she saw that he was an officer. Behind her, sure enough, was Mrs. O'Neill. Paul knew her immediately. Following were two negresses, a half-grown girl, and a stout old woman with grizzled white hair. He

"I am Paul Didier," he answered.

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was confident that the girl in white was Eleanor. He was not recognized; he would hide his identity for the present.

"Ladies," he began, taking off his cap and bowing low, first to the elder lady then to the younger, "I beg your pardon for this intrusion. I am looking for the residence of Mrs. O'Neill and her daughter. I was told that this is their home."

The girl seemed to be the leader. For a second a look of irresolution appeared in her eyes, then she answered icily: "Assuming that such is the case, what can one wearing your uniform desire of them?"

"I am Paul Didier," he answered abruptly. He noted the flash of recognition on the faces of mother and daughter, and continued, smiling: "And was bold enough to hope that you had not entirely forgotten the man of peace whom you knew in Pennsylvania, clothed though he is in the habiliments of war."

"Forgotten you, Mr. Didier! No, indeed, we have not," and she extended her arm impulsively, as though about to shake hands. But she quickly drew back; the old hard tones came into her voice again, and she continued, accenting every word: "Yes, this is Mrs. O'Neill, and I am her daughter Eleanor. We have not forgotten your many kindnesses to us, Mr. Didier, but"—here she hesitated—"we are Southern women, rebels, if you please, and our intercourse with Northern people has ceased, especially when they are Federal soldiers."

Paul was always diffident in the presence of ladies, especially when they were young and pretty. The answer rendered him speechless. His face flushed scarlet, and he was unable to reply. Mr. O'Neill had charged him with a message to Mrs. O'Neill and her daughter, should he chance to meet them in his campaigns. This might change the character of the girl's thoughts. He

began rather doubtfully: "Your grandfather asked me to hunt you up, and——" He did not complete the sentence.

Mrs. O'Neill interrupted him indignantly. "We decline all overtures from Mr. O'Neill," she cried. "Our bitterest enemy could not have acted worse toward us. Being, as you know, an abolitionist of the blackest type, he influenced my boy, the only son of a Virginia mother, a mere stripling, not yet seventeen years old, not only to adopt his opinions but to enlist in your army, and fight against his own people." Becoming still more bitter, she snapped out: "I will never forgive him for that." She glared furiously at Paul. But the violence of the outbreak was spent. Her naturally amiable disposition reasserted itself. "Eleanor," she proceeded, and her voice was quite calm, "had you not better invite Mr. Didier into the house? With him, at least, we have no personal quarrel."

Paul had also regained his composure. He was piqued, though not resentful. But perhaps it would be as well to act distantly. With the graceful bow learned from his grandfather, he said: "If you will kindly send your servants away, madam, we can finish our conversation here just as well."

Eleanor glanced at her mother, glanced at Paul, then back at her mother. Ties of the strongest friendship bound this man to her family. Yet she hated everything Northern. Friendship won in the struggle. She ordered the negresses back to the kitchen, and said earnestly: "Pray forgive our rudeness, Mr. Didier; forget what my mother and I have said; please come into the house, and tell us about yourself, and that dear old place on the Beaver Road, for which we retain only the tenderest memories."

Paul made formal excuses, but rejoiced secretly when she persisted. He was about to allow himself to be conducted into the hall, when the distant sounds of music broke the stillness. Gradually the notes became louder; the tune could be distinguished; the horns were blaring "The Girl I Left Behind Me."

Suddenly the young negress burst out of the door, crying excitedly: "Oh, Missee Elnah! Missee Elnah! de whole Yankee ahmy am crossin' de trus'l bridge, an' goin' troo de town." She stood gaping in fear at her young mistress.

Paul smiled. He explained that General Reynolds, the commander of one of the brigades of his own division, had been appointed military governor of the city, and was probably marching in with his Reserves to take possession. He volunteered to go out into the street and ascertain the truth of his surmise.

Both ladies said they would accompany him, but Mrs. O'Neill turned back at the gate, when she saw that a fine, misty rain had begun to fall.

From William Street the strains of the music came very distinctly now. As Paul and Eleanor looked in that direction, the musket-barrels and the bayonets of the straight lines of infantry flashed into view across Princess Ann Street. Closely following were the fluttering flags and the band. Paul readily recognized the Reserves, and assured Eleanor that she and her mother had nothing to fear.

Looking at him steadily, Eleanor remarked, with mild sarcasm: "I promise you, Mr. Didier, that we are not afraid; those men won't stay here long; they will be driven out very soon again, like the cavalry which came through the city the day before yesterday, and went south over the Telegraph Road. Yesterday they gal-

loped back, as if the whole Confederate Army were at their heels, and recrossed to the other side of the river." She smiled ironically.

Paul was mystified. He believed the force of which Eleanor spoke to be part of the Flying Brigade, yet why should Bayard return so quickly unless some disaster had overtaken him? But if such were the case, he concluded, the entire town would have heard of it before now, and be rejoicing. He made the random observation that no doubt General Bayard had been recalled. Eleanor uttered no further comment. He was satisfied that she was possessed of no private information; nothing untoward had befallen his friends.

He and Eleanor had been watching the moving column only a few moments, when loud cheers broke out in the ranks. There was no cause apparent for the demonstration, yet line after line, as it crossed Princess Ann Street, took up the shout. The men kept straining their eyes down the thoroughfare, yelling good-naturedly the while. A group of negroes—men, women, and children—was across the street from Mrs. O'Neill's house; near-by two seedy-looking white men, their backs to the fence, were glaring at the troops. The cheering was not for any of these. It must be for Eleanor. Very likely she was the first white lady whom the soldiers had seen in their progress through Fredericksburg. Paul told her his suspicions.

Eleanor understood the situation as soon as he, and flushing with vexation hastily led the way back through the gate, saying angrily, "Come into the parlor, Mr. Didier. I do not care to stand in the street to be insulted by those uncivil friends of yours."

The shutters had been thrown open, and the windows raised; the light was flooding through the white lace cur-

tains into the large room where Mrs. O'Neill sat awaiting them. An air of comfort pervaded the chamber. The furniture was of the heavy-patterned mahogany of years gone by. On the floor was a brown carpet, thick and soft; on the papered walls hung some of the old family portraits which Paul had seen long ago in Pennsylvania. There was the painting of Jenny Lind which he remembered Mrs. O'Neill had always cherished with such pride, because the famous songstress had sent it to her on her return to New York, after the unfortunate concert at which the O'Neills had been his guests. In a far corner, beside the piano, stood a spinet that might have belonged to Mrs. O'Neill's grandmother, or perhaps her great-grandmother. He had ample opportunity for contemplating his friends. Time had touched Mrs. O'Neill lightly. Her rich black hair was faintly streaked with gray, otherwise there was no change. At Eleanor he stole many a covert glance. The artless child had grown into a superb woman. Her walk, her gestures, the poise of her head, all had the natural grace of one coming of a family in which education and gentle breeding had found a home for generations. Her cheeks were rose-pink with health. A life of ease, away from the restraints of fashion, and spent out of doors, on horseback, and at games, had blended to produce the highest type of womanhood.

Eleanor was tall and splendidly proportioned. Paul gazed in dumb admiration at her shapely arms, her shoulders, her bust. She brought to mind a modern painting of a Greek goddess that he had seen at the Louvre while passing through Paris on his way to America. Eleanor had the same large brown eyes, the same heavy eyelashes, the same prominent nose, the same old-gold hair, combed down flat on her forehead. Her dress fitted loosely; it lacked only the girdle of the pic-

ture. Her feet were incased in slippers instead of sandals. Paul was amazed, and, at the same time, amused by his own astonishment. He had already reached manhood's estate when this young girl was still a child. He had not seen her for nearly a decade, and here he was looking on her almost as a lover might. She would laugh in his face if she could divine his thoughts.

The conversation had been desultory. Gradually it became more animated. Mrs. O'Neill inquired about Paul's rank in the army. Eleanor wanted to hear something of her grandfather. She asked what he did on the old place, how he looked, and whether he still wore the old beaver hat, and the blue coat with the brass buttons which she remembered so well.

"Grandfather was always very fond of us children," she said with feeling, "and persisted in continuing the quarterly allowance which he made us ever since father's death, even after we heard that he had voted for Lincoln, and the war had actually commenced, and we knew he was giving away his money to fit out troops to fight the South."

With an effort Paul controlled his features. The only time that Mr. O'Neill had ever been guilty of spending money to fit out soldiers was when he purchased the sword which he presented to his former partner on the departure of that person for the war.

Eleanor proceeded calmly: "Mother wrote him a severe letter declining his remittances, and told him that all intercourse between us must cease." Turning to Mrs. O'Neill, she went on, "Mother, I wish your letter had been less sharp. How it must have wounded grandfather! But," she continued, "he should not have meddled in this quarrel. He is Irish, and no foreigner ought to take sides." Remembering that their visitor

was also of foreign birth, she added, "I beg your pardon, captain, I had forgotten that you also were not born in this country."

Paul smiled good-naturedly. She was the Irishman's granddaughter. He smiled again as he disclaimed any feeling in the matter.

Mrs. O'Neill saw an opportunity for a question which she had meditated asking for some minutes. "When did you hear from your cousin, the Baroness Paulina," she inquired. "Is she married yet?"

"My cousin has been married a number of years," Paul answered. He remembered distinctly having written to Mrs. O'Neill about the wedding at the time of its occurrence. However, he courteously related the story of Paulina's marriage to the Prussian army officer over again.

"And what rank does he hold in the army?" was Mrs. O'Neill's next question.

Paul reflected. He had purposely called his cousin's husband simply an officer in the Prussian army. He was not disposed to enlarge his own importance by boasting of the rank or position of his relatives. He answered truthfully, "At the time she married him he was a captain of engineers. Now he is a major-general."

"And a count at that," interposed Mrs. O'Neill, forgetting for the moment that she was supposed not to be familiar with the fact of Paulina's marriage. "With such distinguished relations in your own country, you waste your time here fighting for the abolitionists!" Her tone was reproachful.

"But this is my country, Mrs. O'Neill," returned Paul. "I am a naturalized citizen of the United States, and have voted twice for President."

"Yes," she laughed in a voice which might indicate

either a merry or a bitter feeling, "and I'll venture to say you are a Black Republican, and cast your second ballot for that buffoon, Lincoln."

"Your conjecture is correct, Mrs. O'Neill," was Paul's cool rejoinder, "I voted for *Mr.* Lincoln at the last election." He purposely accented "Mr."

"Mother, mother," broke in Eleanor, "don't tread on dangerous ground. Captain Didier is our guest; let us treat him as such," and changing the subject abruptly, she began in softened accents:

"Speaking of the baroness reminds me of the doll which she sent me from Paris after you wrote to her about your first visit to my grandfather's house. I called it the 'Baroness,' and always gave it better care than was accorded to any of my other dolls.

"I assure you I was proud of that doll," she continued. "All the farmers' children in the neighborhood were envious of me when I told them where it came from. It is still in our attic, battered and bruised, minus a leg and an arm, but as dear as ever to me," she concluded, laughing.

"Captain," here interrupted Mrs. O'Neill, who had been listening to her daughter with some impatience, "do you know anything about my boy Jack? We only heard the bare announcement of the fact of his enlistment."

"Only that he enlisted in a Massachusetts regiment," Paul replied, "in a company composed almost entirely of students like himself. Some months ago Mr. O'Neill wrote to me that Jack had asked for and received his consent; and was then supposed to be on the way to the front in Virginia."

Bitter were the reproaches which Mrs. O'Neill heaped on the head of her father-in-law, as the hot tears rolled down her cheeks. "What right had that red-faced Irish-

man," she exclaimed, her passion carrying her into coarseness, "to give his consent to my boy's joining the Yankee army? To serve in a Pennsylvania regiment would be calamity enough," she lamented, "but to belong to an organization coming from the State of Sumner and Wilson and all that canting crew of abolitionists, who brought this woe on our poor struggling South, is infinitely worse." She ended with a profound sigh.

Eleanor was worried. Her sympathies were with her mother, but she had more self-restraint, and was anxious to avoid anything further resembling a scene. She looked hard at Mrs. O'Neill.

But Mrs. O'Neill was not to be suppressed. "I must say what I think, Eleanor," she persisted. "I hate the abolitionists; I detest those from Massachusetts most of all." She rose and left the room.

"My mother is much wrought up over Jack's action," Eleanor declared. "Then she is nervous and ill. Please overlook her agitation, and come again when we are both calmer."

Paul assured her of his sympathy, and that no apology for her mother was necessary. He arose to go.

Eleanor motioned for him to remain seated, and begged almost timidly that he stay for a few moments longer; she had something more to say to him. She hesitated and then remarked, "You are an old friend of our family, captain. You were closely associated with my father; you still seem to take an interest in my mother and myself. I have a favor to ask. I feel confident of your ability to help me. If you decline, I will not take offense."

"Only command me, Miss O'Neill, and I will hasten to obey," was the glad, if somewhat stilted, response.

"It is this, captain," she proceeded, "a friend of mine, a

young lady, lives out on the Belle Plain Road, several miles beyond your encampments. It is necessary for me to see her on a matter of great importance. To do so I must go through your lines." Coming directly to the point, she asked precipitately, "Will you procure a pass for me?" She watched him eagerly.

The handsome girl had fascinated the soldier, but he was no longer in the first blush of youth; his impulses were under control; he acted with deliberation. What could she really desire with a pass through the Union lines? Was she after information for the Confederates? Was she presuming on her influence over him?—for she was no doubt discerning enough to have observed her power. He was loath to believe himself suspicious of her. His face flushed; half formed in his brain was the thought of the danger that his cause might suffer should she tell what she saw in the Federal camp.

She sat there looking at him attentively. He studied her countenance a moment. There was no guile in the face before him. His mind and heart agreed. He would make an earnest effort to accommodate her. "It is a difficult matter, Miss O'Neill," he said at length, "but I will try to get you the desired permission." As he saw the grateful look in the wondrous eyes, he felt amply repaid.

He asked her to direct him to the Federal headquarters. She answered that some sort of an office had been established in the building formerly occupied by the bank. He recalled having passed the place a few moments before.

She escorted him to the door, and said smiling, "I will be on the lawn anxiously looking for your return."

The bank building stood conspicuously at the corner of Princess Ann and Hanover Streets. It was an imposing

brick structure, two stories high, with handsome columns on either side of the wide entrance; four broad steps led up to the door. The Union flag was flying from the roof.

Hanover Street, alongside of the building, was crowded with infantry soldiers. On the footwalk in Princess Ann Street three or four horses were hitched to the iron fence surmounting the low brick wall which enclosed the lot adjoining the banking house.

Standing in front of the open door was Lieutenant Spear, of Reynolds' staff. From him Paul learned that the general was within; he had left his brigade at Caroline Street in order to transact some necessary business at the headquarters before proceeding to the elevation back of the city where the camp was to be established. While the two men were talking, the tall, slight, well-formed figure of the commander appeared in the doorway, the dust of the recent ride still thick on his uniform. He drew Lieutenant Spear aside, and, saying something in an undertone, reentered the building as abruptly as he had come out. Paul had no opportunity of addressing him.

The young lieutenant saw Paul's disappointment, and volunteered to deliver a message for him. Being unwilling to confide his affair to the officer, Paul asked that he take in his card instead, and ascertain whether General Reynolds would grant him an interview on a personal matter.

Lieutenant Spear obligingly complied, and returned shortly, reporting that the general would see him in a few minutes. In a half-hour a soldier came out of the building and invited Paul to enter.

Reynolds was writing in the rear of what had been the counting-room of the bank. Glancing up from a pile of

papers lying on the table before him, he asked sharply as Paul entered, "Captain Didier, what can I do for you?"

The suddenness of the question, the stern face and dark, penetrating eyes framed in the coal black hair, mustache, whiskers, gave Paul a momentary shock; but he did his best to hide the nervousness which he felt, and stated his case.

He spoke tersely. "There are two ladies in the city, whom I knew in Pennsylvania," he premised. "One of them asks for a pass through our lines. I believe her purpose is legitimate, and would esteem it a great favor if her wish could be gratified."

"I suppose she's a rebel like all the rest of the women in Fredericksburg," was the harsh retort. Seeing that Paul was about to reply, Reynolds continued in the same tone, "It is a favor, captain, which these women are constantly asking. They are all spies and report everything they see to their friends." The heavy features softened, the fine teeth showed white through the parted lips, as he went on deliberately: "I will give you the pass, provided you become personally responsible for the good behavior of your friend. You must act as her escort, and bring her back to the city again. She must see as little of our camps as possible."

Paul was overjoyed at the promptness with which his petition was granted. He forgot the coldness with which he had been received and agreed to everything demanded of him. "And," he promised, "if the young lady does not feel like accepting it on the conditions attached, the pass will be returned unused."

Reynolds wrote for a few minutes, and whirling around in his chair again handed Paul the paper which entitled Eleanor to leave Fredericksburg.

She was at the gate when Paul came up. Before he

had uttered a word she saw by his enthusiastic face that he had been successful. But when she was informed of the terms on which the order was issued, a flush of indignation rose to her cheeks, and she spoke wrathfully. "Your general must be a fool. Does he think I'm going to lead an army to attack him, or is he afraid that I would demean myself by acting the spy? Tell him to keep his pass."

She pushed the pass toward Paul, who made no move to accept it. Fearing that her motives were being misinterpreted, she hastened to explain. "My refusal is not personal to you, captain, but is entirely on account of the low opinion which General Reynolds entertains toward Southern ladies." Then, abruptly changing her mind, she concluded, "But beggars must not be choosers. I accept the pass with all the strings tied to it. When can you go, captain?"

The question could not be answered definitely. Paul thought he would be able to go in a few days, a week at the farthest.

"Very well, captain," she said, "I shall await your pleasure. We will travel on horseback; you can ride, of course?" She smiled doubtfully.

With visions of the many wild rides in the Odenwald when a boy, Paul admitted meekly that he thought he could get along; and they parted.

CHAPTER IX.

THE RIDE.

There was disappointing news in the Federal camp. General McDowell's contemplated movement was said to be definitely abandoned. There was to be no cooperation between the First Corps and the main body of the Army of the Potomac. Richmond had nothing further to fear from the direction of Fredericksburg.

The Confederate general, Jackson, had artfully begun a raid down the Shenandoah Valley, in consequence of which Bayard had been hastily recalled, and the entire corps, except the Reserves, was flying to intercept the crafty rebel.

The Reserves had been moved to Stafford Heights into the tents just vacated by General King's division. For several days Paul was unable to leave his camp, the added duties necessitated by the change of location, requiring all his time. He worked energetically to complete his tasks. The engagement with Eleanor was the incentive for haste. On Thursday evening the work was finished; he arranged for the loan of the horse belonging to the major of the regiment, and decided to set out on Friday morning.

Before reveille he was riding toward Falmouth. Here he was detained several hours on a matter of business with the commissary department; then he crossed the pontoon bridge into Fredericksburg. Colonel Robinson had given him a letter to be delivered to General Reynolds. After he entered Caroline Street he began deliber-

ating whether to proceed directly to Reynolds' headquarters or to journey to Eleanor's home, and have the letter despatched to its destination by one of the servants. He decided on the former course; he would ride by the O'Neill house. On the way, perhaps, he would catch a glimpse of Eleanor without being seen himself.

As he was slowly passing in front of the mansion on Princess Ann Street, looking neither to the right nor left, although out of the corners of his eyes he had seen the white-clad figure on the lawn, Eleanor called to him.

His cheeks crimsoned. With badly simulated surprise he bowed, and pulled in his horse, while Eleanor asked smiling, "Aren't you going to stop, captain?"

"I must forego that pleasure for the present," he stammered, moving on. "Just now I am engaged in the performance of a less pleasant duty. I have been entrusted with a message for General Reynolds, which must be delivered at once. I will return shortly." The answer provoked a somewhat doubtful look from Eleanor.

The letter was soon turned over to Reynolds' adjutant, and Paul was once more in front of the home of his friends. Eleanor was still on the lawn.

Tying his horse to the hitching-post, he walked toward her, smiling. She took his hand, but a slight frown darkened her face, and she burst out impetuously, "Don't you think you might have stopped on your way, and relieved my suspense? Are we going to make our visit, or has the pass been revoked? That would be like the Yankees." Looking intently into Paul's face, she read the tale it told; her eyes brightened, and she concluded quickly, "I was too anxious; I know you have come to take me away."

Her doubts at rest, Eleanor retired to the house to dress for the ride. Paul heard her humming the tune of a well-

known Confederate war song, as she bustled down the hall. Hardly had she gone, when her mother appeared, calm, smiling, and sat down on the porch beside him.

"Eleanor told me you were here," she began, "and I have come to tell you myself how glad I am that you secured the pass. It has made the child quite happy." She went on talking familiarly about their life in the city. Eleanor and she were entirely isolated, she said; the best families had all left, and only the riffraff remained. Of the two Eleanor felt the situation more keenly, since her girl friends were in Richmond, and the young men away in the army. Mrs. O'Neill was gossiping contentedly, when Eleanor returned, looking charming in her dark-green riding-habit and dainty black hat.

The young negress whom Paul had seen on his former visit was coming along the graveled path, leading a bay horse already saddled. "When your army first arrived," Eleanor explained, nodding in the direction of the black girl, "Jerry, our hostler, ran away—the others had gone before, and now we are compelled to get along as best we can. Sally—that's the girl's name—attends to the stable, but I usually feed and saddle my horse myself."

For some unaccountable reason the mention of the hostler brought to Paul's mind the young negro who had pointed out to him the house where he now was. He asked what Jerry looked like. Eleanor described the African of the camp so accurately, even to his lordly air, that Paul felt confident he had seen Mrs. O'Neill's former slave. He mentioned his belief to Eleanor.

"No doubt you saw Jerry," she assented. "He heard everybody talk about the new freedom, and has gone to try a bit of it. But he wouldn't have left us even then if mother hadn't scolded him so for becoming intoxicated. He thought he had a right to do this, with the Federal

Army on the other side of the Rappahannock." Eleanor laughed heartily at the recollection.

Mirth was still lurking in her eyes, as she continued, "The fat old woman whom you saw here on Monday is his mother. She not only scolded Jerry for drinking, but whipped him as well." Again Eleanor broke into laughter.

"Jerry is very fond of dressing," she went on, "and a cousin of mother's always sent him his cast-off clothes. The high hat which you saw him wear was in our stable for some time, but we never allowed Jerry to put it on. The other negroes would have felt too much humiliated because they couldn't do likewise." She smiled humorously, and directed Sally to bring the horse closer to the porch. From one of the lower steps she vaulted easily into the saddle, disregarding Paul's attempted assistance. She walked the horse out into the street and waited for her companion to follow and mount.

They cantered along Princess Ann Street. Eleanor calmly ignored the many curious-eyed soldiers who stared at her, wondering by what happy fortune one of their own officers was riding through the rebel city with so queenly a young woman.

She took the most direct route to the trestle bridge, telling Paul that this was their nearest way. She was in a happy mood, and rallied him on his sober face. "Do you know," she said, "I haven't seen a man look so solemn since Captain Baird bade me good-by, three months ago, to rejoin our army at Manassas."

Her smile had in it that which caused Paul's mind at once to become alert. "A lover!" was his jealous conclusion; and when she asked him slyly what terrible misfortune he was brooding over he answered shortly that he was "thinking."

"Thinking of what?" she persisted, smiling still more broadly.

"Of you," was the deliberate reply.

Eleanor blushed, and commanded jestingly that he tell her all about it instantly.

Looking her full in the face, he answered that he was only thinking that the person whom she was about to visit must be a very dear friend. He felt ashamed of the lie he had substituted for his real thoughts.

Eleanor became grave also. For some minutes she remained silent and embarrassed. Presently she spoke. "Since you have shown a spirit of inquisitiveness, I will enlighten you. We are on our way to see my cousin; and I am bringing her a letter."

Paul's face hardened. He did not believe for an instant that Eleanor would wilfully be guilty of wrong-doing, but she was young and inexperienced, and might be the dupe of others more designing. She might be innocently carrying valuable information to the enemy. His brows had become contracted.

Eleanor understood the look, and repeated with emphasis, "Yes, a letter from Captain Baird, whose name I have already mentioned." She contemplated Paul; her anger was manifest. "I am not a spy," she went on hotly. "The writer tells only that he was wounded in the fight at Hanover Court House, forty miles or so from here, in the direction of Richmond. For this reason, and because Fredericksburg is in the possession of your troops, he will be unable to be in the city next week, when he was to have married my cousin." She attempted to force an envelope into Paul's hand, adding, "It is unsealed, read it for yourself."

Paul declined the invitation. He felt reassured by her manner, and asserted that nothing was farther from his

thoughts than to suspect that she would do anything that would be injurious to the flag under whose protection she was traveling. He was relieved also because Captain Baird was not Eleanor's lover as he had fancied, but her cousin's instead.

The explanation seemed to satisfy Eleanor; her face cleared, and she began to talk in her old free manner again. By this time they were at the far end of the bridge. Crossing the narrow strip of bottom-land, overgrown with weeds, but still showing traces of a former high state of cultivation, they came to the gate opening into the grounds of Chatham. The terraced lawns sloped in all their vernal beauty down to the horses' feet. Here they struck Major Lacy's private road. Into this they turned, the sentinel barely glancing at the pass which Paul held out for his inspection. Winding around the hill, the road ascended to the top by easy grades, and led to the old brick mansion from which General McDowell had so recently departed.

To the right a line of saddled cavalry horses, hitched to a fence, were kicking and switching their tails to keep off the flies. Sentinels paced in front of the house; the flag was flying as if the place were still the headquarters of the corps. On the trim lawn robins were peacefully hopping about in search of worms; a peacock, brilliant and proud, strutted over the grass. Along the path leading from the mansion to the terraces were tall box, cut in the form of vases, bouquets, Grecian columns, perfuming the air with their scent. Great honey-locusts were in bloom. Warding off the hot rays of the sun were towering elms, and maples, and ashes, and poplars interspersed with symmetrical horse-chestnuts. In the branches of the trees thrushes and mocking-birds were calling ceaselessly. Roses bloomed in the oval-shaped

beds; red, white, pale-pink. Yielding to temptation Paul dismounted and plucked a handful for Eleanor, who looked aghast at the vandalism, but reached out her hand for the flowers and carefully placed them in her corsage. As they passed to the rear of the house, and rode out of the grounds into the yellow clay road, an involuntary sigh escaped each of them at the same moment. It needed no words to tell that both were wondering how soon the despoiler's heavy hand would be laid on house, and trees, and shrubs, and flowers.

On every hand were vestiges of camp life. Half-rotted straw, torn paper, cast-off clothes, damaged accouterments, broken tent-poles, were scattered about. There were tree-stumps on which the marks of the axes were fresh and white, and stumps whose ragged tops were already old and discolored. Negroes were searching among the rubbish.

The spirits of the riders soon rose again. When they reached a long stretch of level road, Eleanor exclaimed banteringly, mischief lurking in her eyes, "I'll run you a race!" She rode a saddle horse of large build, handsome form, and elegant movement.

Paul's animal was stocky, mud-brown in color, with hairy legs, large joints, and long, bony head. His ears drooped back as if he were half asleep. But he possessed good blood, and had been thoroughly trained; his record for speed was well known to all the officers in the regiment, his owner having persistently dinned the tale into their ears. Paul chuckled at the opportunity of taking part in a race under such favorable conditions. He had never ridden the horse before, and was unacquainted with his peculiarities, but concluded that he would find no difficulty in beating Eleanor's handsome bay. He endeavored to conceal the elation which he felt, and an-

swered that he would be very glad to engage in a trial of speed with her.

They had now come to the tents of the Reserves, which spread out in all directions before them. In front of a small frame house standing even with the road, near what seemed to be the headquarters of a regiment, they started. Eleanor sat her mount beautifully. Paul paid more attention to her graceful figure than to the management of his own animal, and she was soon several lengths ahead.

A number of soldiers standing at the roadside, watching the contest, began to cheer lustily, yelling, "I'll bet on the lady! Hurrah for the lady!" Another group jeered at Paul, calling his horse an "old cow." This somewhat nettled its rider, who now gave strict attention to the task before him, and was soon carried well abreast of Eleanor.

As he was slowly forging ahead he became aware of the look of keen disappointment on Eleanor's face, and rued the eagerness with which he had thought to pass her. He tightened his hold on the reins. He would allow Eleanor to win the race.

In front of them, to the left, on a knoll, three or four hundred feet from the road, nearly surrounded by a grove of trees, was the beautiful mansion where General McCall had established his headquarters. The sentinels posted about the place saw the horses come thundering along, and observed the race with interest. The young officers lounging carelessly on their horses, galloped down to the highway to obtain a better view, and were closely followed by ten or twelve infantrymen on foot.

Both horses were fairly flying over the firm surface of the smooth road. With eyes sparkling and face aglow, Eleanor was making desperate efforts to induce her horse, now two lengths ahead, to go still faster. But Paul's horse had to be reckoned with. His ears were erect; his

eyes flaming; with almost human intelligence he had become imbued with the spirit of the excitement; he was doing his best to win. Paul drew the reins still tighter. His arm ached with the grip he was required to maintain. The goal, a tall sycamore standing near the road some five or six hundred yards beyond General McCall's house, was almost reached. The horses were neck and neck. Paul gave another tug at the reins. Eleanor had won. The old race-horse was a nose behind. He hung his head in shame. The soldiers watching in the road shouted jubilantly.

"Captain Didier," said Eleanor, as they were both resting their animals, "allow me to congratulate you on your horsemanship, and let me add that your horse, notwithstanding his looks, is a better one than mine." She continued, a trace of humiliation in her tone, "And I thank you for your magnanimity in allowing me to win." Paul denied that she had won the race unfairly, but Eleanor insisted that she was right, and asserted that she would never tell any one about having been successful.

"But I will," was Paul's decided retort; and Eleanor did not forbid him.

A pleased expression had come into her eyes. She addressed Paul in more intimate terms. She began to regard him with some degree of admiration—at least Paul imagined that such was the case, when she commenced entertaining him with a recital of incidents occurring in her girlhood after she and her mother had come back to Virginia.

Two miles more lay in their rear; the camps had long been left behind; videttes only were now encountered. The riders reached the Belle Plain Road. Into this they moved slowly. On the right, almost at the intersection of the two roads, was a frame house, with old maples

about it, and five or six dilapidated negro cabins to one side. The house and the veranda in front of it were of a color which had once been white; but wind and weather and age had stained it to a murky gray.

"There is the end of our journey," said Eleanor, pointing forward and waving her hand to a young lady seated on the porch. Paul saw that the girl, while of another type from Eleanor, was still very pretty. How dainty she seemed, as she sat there in her white dress! She was a blonde, of delicate complexion, and brown eyes; a dark-red ribbon was tied around her throat, setting off her strange beauty.

Eleanor introduced the young lady as her cousin, Miss Blanche Smith, remarking that Paul was a Northern friend of her father and grandfather, to whom she was indebted for the pass through the Federal lines.

Miss Smith bowed and spoke a few conventional words of welcome. Curiosity, mingled with a certain amount of defiance, lurked in her features. She made scarcely an effort to conceal the repugnance which she evidently entertained for the man in blue.

"Captain," she asked, without any circumlocution, "were you present at Manassas last year, when our troops scattered your army?"

Paul was staggered at the abruptness and rudeness of the inquiry, but replied with as much calmness as his indignation permitted, that he was not in the army at the time she spoke of.

"Perhaps you took part in the more recent battle of Leesburg?" she pursued, with venom. "I was visiting in Richmond when the prisoners which our men took were marched through the streets, and they were the dirtiest, most ruffianly-looking rabble I ever saw; they were Americans, Irish, Dutch."

"I presume," replied Paul, still keeping his temper, "that the engagement you speak of was what we know as Ball's Bluff. Unfortunately, the command to which my company is attached was not in that fight, or the result might have been different. We were only a few miles away, but knew nothing of the affair until all was over."

Miss Smith laughed coldly. "I do not know by what name you designate the engagement," she lisped, "but that there can be no mistake about my meaning, I will explain that it was the one where our forces killed, wounded, and captured as many of your soldiers as we had men engaged." She concluded sarcastically, intentionally misconstruing Paul's words, "you are quite modest, captain, in assuming that your side might have won had you been present."

"I beg your pardon, Miss Smith," exclaimed Paul, his voice still low, although his face had reddened; "what I said was that the result might have been otherwise had my command taken part in the battle." Determined now to give back some of the medicine that had been so liberally administered to him, he went on: "I was present, however, at Dranesville, where we were fortunate enough to defeat your famous General Stuart, and this, notwithstanding your Leesburg general's boast that each Confederate soldier is equal to four of our own." By and by he added, a little maliciously: "At the battle of Dranesville we captured a number of your men; I remember with what astonishment they watched our soldiers, when the mail came in and they read their letters and newspapers. An Alabamian remarked in wonder: 'Kin you-uns all read?' "

Miss Smith's face showed her displeasure, and she returned hurriedly to the charge. "I doubt if your side

ever won at Dranesville," she cried; "or, if you did, it was because you hired a lot of foreign mercenaries to do your fighting." As the full enormity of the charge against the educational accomplishments of her beloved Confederates dawned upon her, Miss Smith went on, with intensity: "I don't believe any one on our side is so ignorant as to express surprise that your people can read. At least, no Virginian would think it strange, for we all read and write as well as you do."

Paul's face grew redder. Why should he remain quiet under the abuse of a silly girl? What right had she to style him a "hired foreign mercenary"? He would give her prod for prod. "I believe I was mistaken when I said the prisoner making the remark was an Alabamian," he corrected. "On second thought, I feel sure from his accent, that he must have been a Virginian."

Eleanor had been taking no part in the conversation, and had listened with troubled face. Now she interfered. "Blanche," she said, "I have an important matter to discuss with you. Captain Didier will excuse us. Let us go into the house."

But Miss Smith only shook her head, and proceeded savagely, "Eleanor, your captain is vilifying Virginia, and telling us how well educated his own people are. We all know that the Yankee armies would be mere skeletons were it not for the Irish and the Dutch. Even their higher officers belong to those nationalities. Only this morning while passing their camp, I heard a colonel—an ugly-looking man, with a red face and only one eye—talking Dutch to a yellow-haired private." Turning to Paul, she said, in a milder voice, "I have some respect for Americans like yourself, who are fighting for their State, but I have none whatever for these foreigners."

Eleanor burst out laughing, at which Miss Smith looked up in surprise. Eleanor made no explanation, only glancing at Paul and laughing the more.

Paul laughed also. He had recognized the officer whom Miss Smith had pictured so accurately as his own colonel. Colonel Robinson, who gloried in a long line of American ancestors, was somewhat of a German scholar, and frequently practised his accomplishment on his German-speaking soldiers. That such a man should be taken for a German, and a recent arrival like himself be set down as a native American was certainly amusing. Paul continued to laugh in spite of Miss Smith's angry looks.

Miss Smith stamped her foot. She could not understand why the others were so mirthful, nor would any one enlighten her. Finally she turned impatiently to her cousin, and exclaimed, "You and your friend seem to be in a very merry mood; but if you will stop laughing for a moment and come into the parlor, we can talk about the purpose of your visit."

Eleanor became partially sobered, and begged Paul to entertain himself until they returned. She handed him the little black bound volume, which Miss Smith had laid down on their arrival, and disappeared through the open door.

Paul looked after the two girls as they entered the house, and, lighting a cigar, settled himself down to muse about the strange little spitfire on whose porch he was sitting. He soon drifted into a dreamy contemplation of his surroundings.

In the field, across the road, several negroes were lazily hoeing corn, looking up at every moving object. He was surprised that they should even pretend to work. A troop of cavalry was galloping past with sabers clanking noisily; in an oak on his right a flock of crows were

cawing to other crows in a tree farther away; in the distance the smoke was ascending from innumerable camp-fires. Tiring of this he gave his attention to the book. Turning to the title-page, he found it to be a collection of humorous sketches published in Philadelphia, which he had never read, but with whose author's name he was familiar. At first he glanced aimlessly at the grotesque illustrations, and then, with a vague notion of passing away the time and a curiosity to know what kind of literature this rabid young rebel indulged in, he skimmed through one article after another. Unconsciously he became absorbed, and soon forgot his surroundings entirely.

The sun was high overhead; the day was warm, and he felt sleepy. Then his head began to nod, and he imagined himself a lion. He was at a gathering of some sort, where beauty and wisdom and wit were collected. A man named Potts was there, and a man named Peters. He wondered who they were. The first was literary and lean, the other fat and a wag. Both had delighted audiences. The one talked romance, poetry, polemics, the other was quizzical. The first was surrounded by the solid people, matrons, bald heads, spectacles, the other flashed his wit upon the young ladies and the younger men.

The door opened and Bobbs arrived—Paul was Bobbs. He could not conceive how his name came to be changed to Bobbs. Every one bowed to him, and smiled and nodded, and deserted Potts and Peters, leaving them with their bright sayings only half uttered, and flocked over to him, because he was the greatest lion of all. And Paul was feeling extremely happy, more so, because all the beautiful young girls were about him, listening to the pearls of wisdom and wit, as they fell from his lips, than

because he was the greatest lion in the room. Suddenly he experienced a succession of jars.

He thought Potts had punched him in the one side, and Peters in the other. The rude attack caused him to exclaim sharply: "Potts, you are jealous; Peters, I really thought you had some little sense." He blinked and rubbed his eyes. There stood Eleanor, her arm around Miss Smith's waist. Both girls were laughing.

"I declare, captain," exclaimed Miss Smith, clapping her hands, "I believe you were reading 'The Lions of Society' out of my book, and then dreamed that you were a real lion yourself." Glancing at her cousin, she added, "I was right, Eleanor, when I said your Yankee captain had conceit." She laughed good-humoredly this time.

Miss Smith's temper had altered completely. She sat down with Eleanor and began a confused apology for her former conduct. "Pray do not store up against me what I said about the Germans," she pleaded. "I took your name for French, and supposed you were descended from some of the Huguenot immigrants. I know that whatever explanation I make now will not excuse my talk of an hour ago; still I promise that had I known you were foreign born I would not have said what I did." She went on enthusiastically, "I had no idea that you were Eleanor's first sweetheart; I almost fancy I have known you for years. Eleanor has talked of you ever since she and I were children, and you know how long ago that is —with Eleanor, anyway. I am only two years older," she concluded ingenuously.

Meditating a moment, she began again: "I had such a different conception of your appearance, captain. But, of course, your uniform makes a difference." Smiling at some humorous recollection, she continued: "When I

was a little girl, I often wished I could see you, because Eleanor said you had such an interesting accent; that you said, 'dis,' and 'dat,' and 'den,' and that the first time she saw you at her grandfather's house she thought you must come from the same country as the negroes, because you talked just like them."

Paul was uncertain whether to become angry or to laugh. Feeling that Miss Smith was not entirely ingenuous in her explanation about mistaking his name, he was not quite sure but that she was making fun of him again.

Eleanor had sat by in speechless confusion; at last she gasped, "Blanche, I never told you that after I knew better."

"I know very well when you told me," rejoined Miss Smith, laughing, "and the only reason I mentioned it is that the captain has no accent at all now, at least so far as I can notice."

She was brimming over with friendliness. Whatever communication Eleanor had made had apparently greatly brightened her spirits. There was apparent a desire to conciliate Paul, and efface from his mind, without the effort becoming too visible, the memory of the many sharp remarks she had made earlier in the day. Now she nudged Eleanor significantly.

Eleanor, thus prompted, smiled her sweetest, and said to Paul, "Blanche's wedding is fixed for Thursday of next week, captain. The letter which I brought informs her that her affianced husband is lying in a house a few miles this side of Hanover Court House, and that all the arrangements have been completed for performing the marriage service at his bedside, provided my cousin can get there. We want your help again."

Paul was ready to risk everything for Eleanor; and the other *girl's piquant* personality, impertinent though she

had been, acted as a spur to his generosity. But how could he further their designs? Would it be possible to leave his command? If he did so without permission, would that not be desertion? The division was momentarily expecting to receive orders to move. Could he obtain a furlough under these circumstances? He deliberated seriously. At last he spoke up with decision. "Miss O'Neill, I shall be most happy to do what you ask."

A full discussion ensued. It was settled that Miss Smith should accompany Eleanor and Paul on their return to Fredericksburg. Then they had luncheon. After that they were ready to leave.

Standing on the porch, Miss Smith called to the negro who was bringing her horse, and handed him a small traveling-bag, which she directed him to strap on behind the saddle; she gave a few brief directions in regard to the care of the place during her absence, and motioned to Paul that they might start.

CHAPTER X.

THE WEDDING-JOURNEY.

Paul experienced no difficulty in having Miss Smith passed through the lines; the pickets either permitted her to proceed without question, or referred the matter to some near-by officer, who, luckily, always happened to be an acquaintance of Paul. On the way the question of the journey from Fredericksburg to the house where the wedding was to take place was considered in all its phases. To Paul the only feasible plan seemed to be to consult his colonel, make him at least a partial confidant, and ask for a short leave of absence.

Once the girls were safe under Mrs. O'Neill's roof, he rode to Colonel Robinson's tent. The colonel was a good-natured soldier, and when Paul explained that, in his opinion, no danger to the Union cause was to be apprehended, he readily granted the request for a few days' furlough.

Paul left highly elated, and proceeded to hunt up the major of the regiment, in order to again obtain the use of his horse. Here he met with a rebuff. The major swore that he could not spare the animal; but when Paul stated that the happiness of two very pretty young ladies depended on his action, the old man's bachelor heart softened, and Paul was again able to congratulate himself on his success as a diplomat.

With General Reynolds little trouble was experienced. The taciturn governor of Fredericksburg recalled giving Paul the former pass, and only asked a perfunctory question or two in regard to the object of the present jour-

ney, and, without more ado, directed his adjutant to make out the passes, which he handed over himself, a grave smile illuminating his bearded face as he remarked: "I am unmarried myself, captain, and can readily sympathize with you in your endeavors in behalf of the oppressed sex."

At four o'clock on Tuesday afternoon Paul and the two girls waved their adieus to Mrs. O'Neill, and were soon halting in front of the military headquarters. They were informed that General Reynolds was absent. Paul left his card, on which he had written above his name: "The two ladies to whom the passes were issued have called to thank you in person for your kindness."

In Hanover Street they met Reynolds, accompanied by several officers, riding slowly toward them. Reynolds returned Paul's salute mechanically, then a flash of recognition passed over his features, but he seemed to be about to pass on, when, with one accord, Paul and his companions stopped. Reynolds also reined in his horse, and taking off his slouch-hat, smiled, and waited to be addressed.

Miss Smith spoke up quickly: "We are the two rebels, general, to whom you have given permission to leave the city. We desire to say to you that we greatly appreciate your favor."

Reynolds was pleased. "The rebels have many urgent requests to make which are not always granted," he observed, "but then, they do not always have the wisdom to choose such charming beneficiaries," and his bow indicated the objects of his compliment.

Both girls laughed. Emboldened by Reynolds' affability, Miss Smith declared pertly: "When you are defeated and taken prisoner, general, you will find us as charming in conferring as in receiving attentions. We'll

see that you are well treated." With this sally she bade him good day. Eleanor smiled; Reynolds bowed and went his way with his following. Paul and the girls continued in the opposite direction.

The travelers were now on the outskirts of the city; the houses were farther apart; the country was open. The street ran through a level plain; there was scarcely a habitation on the highway all the way to the ridge where it ended. Here a road crossed at right angles, running along the foot of the elevation. Into this road the party turned and rode southward.

The last of the Federal pickets had been passed. They moved slowly onward in the shadow of the hill; the stately mansions on its brow looked down on them. Skirting the road on the left was a stone wall, almost horse-high; in the distance, across the fields, was Fredericksburg.

The road now became less level and narrower, winding through a dense forest of fragrant young cedar and pine. An unbroken stillness pervaded the woods. Save the clang of the horses' hoofs striking the rocks in the road, save the drowsy notes of the birds, the whir of insects, save, also, the happy voices of the riders, there was no sound.

The conversation was delightful; Eleanor and Blanche were in high spirits; the contagion of their merry jests and witty retorts infected Paul; he began to feel as if he had known them always, and addressed them by their Christian names.

"Captain," asked Blanche, suddenly pointing to a boulder projecting from the far side of a rivulet, which they were about to ford, covertly watching Paul's face as she spoke, "why is that rock like the Confederacy?"

Paul looked gravely at his interlocutor; there was a

suspicious twinkle in his eyes, as he replied without hesitation: "I do not know, unless it is that they will both soon be overwhelmed by the floods coming from the North."

Blanche grimaced. "Stupid!" she said. "Like the rock, the Confederacy is everlasting." She struck her horse a smart blow on the flank, and sped rapidly away.

Eleanor laughed gaily, and calling after her cousin, cried: "Look at her! She is going as if Lucifer was at her heels."

"Lucifer, the first Secessionist," Paul insinuated playfully.

"The devil!" and Eleanor blushed at her own temerity.

Paul and Eleanor also whipped up their horses, and were now on the border of the woods, where they caught up with Blanche, and the three rode out into the hot sun together, the horses treading noiselessly through the deep dust of the road.

Houses came in view once more; but only when some mean dwelling was reached were human beings to be seen. They looked askance at the wayfarers. A few negroes were passed in the road. The fields were deserted, agriculture had ceased to flourish, the stubble of last year's wheat was still in the ground, weeds were rapidly spreading over the old brown furrows.

The first stop was to be made at the home of Mrs. Lea, about ten miles out of Fredericksburg. Mrs. Lea was a widowed friend of the girls' families. They expected to take supper with her, and remain until dark, when the journey was to be resumed.

Blanche had been saying that Mrs. Lea and her mother had attended school together. She saw the almost unconscious glance of inquiry in Paul's eyes when she spoke of her mother, and voluntarily began telling

about her parents. Her mother was dead, she said, and her father was in the Confederate Army, serving somewhere in the Southwest, holding a captain's commission; he had not been heard from for several months.

"Of course," interrupted Eleanor, with an odd curl of her upper lip, addressing Paul, "you have heard of Captain John Smith!"

Paul hesitated. "Certainly!" he exclaimed, smiling as he caught Eleanor's meaning. "Everybody has read of that redoubtable warrior. So he is your father?" he pursued, turning to Blanche. "I remember he married an Indian, and must be very old by this time. What was a mystery to me before is perfectly plain now. It was the savage in you who spoke that day in the house on the Belle Plain Road." He glanced at her in mock seriousness. Blanche looked as if she were going to pout, but laughed instead.

Until now they had not been apprehensive of danger. The district through which they were riding was scoured by Federal cavalry. As they neared the country infested by the Confederates, they became more serious; the laughter was subdued, and they talked in lower tones, maintaining all the while a sharp lookout.

But Mrs. Lea's residence was reached without mishap. Paul expressed his gratification, which provoked Blanche to say, with feigned severity: "You are not gallant at all. You talk as if you were glad to be rid of us. You should have pulled out your watch and sighed dolefully as you exclaimed: 'Here the journey is already over, when I scarcely thought it had begun, the time passed so pleasantly!'" She gave a frolicsome laugh.

Mrs. Lea was not expecting guests, but warmly pressed the visitors to join her in the evening meal which was about to be served.

"As we started out with the intention of imposing on you for our supper," laughed Eleanor, "we will undoubtedly accept your kind hospitality."

Mrs. Lea asked no questions, but talked to Eleanor and Blanche only of the heat and the pleasure she experienced in seeing them again. From the furtive glances which she cast at the two girls, it was evident, however, that, with all her good breeding, she could not entirely suppress her curiosity at the peculiar character of the journey. When Blanche informed her that she was on the way to be married to Captain Baird, who had been wounded, Mrs. Lea was all interest and sympathy. She had heard that the wedding-day was fixed, she said, but had really forgotten the date. She would consider it a great favor if the young ladies could find it convenient to take with them a few trifling articles of food which the captain might relish in his present condition.

Darkness was coming on when the travelers set out again. With them went William Penn, a dignified darky, whose kinky side-whiskers were combed out with mathematical nicety. Mrs. Lea had insisted on sending him along to carry the dainties which she had prepared for Captain Baird, as well as the food for the journey.

They rode from the house in silence, Paul slightly in advance; the two girls followed, riding abreast, and William brought up the rear. The country was overrun with dangerous characters who, while professing to be Confederates, were committing the grossest outrages on friend and foe alike. Mrs. Lea had strongly urged the necessity for exercising caution. At first the darkness was intense; soon, however, the waning moon raised its crescent shape, emitting a pale, uncertain light, obscured every few minutes by fleecy clouds which sailed before its face.

For a time they allowed the horses to walk, but after the moon rose, forced them into a gallop. Where the road ran through woods, and the gloom was deep, the pace slackened again; every ear became vigilant, and every eye peered anxiously into the obscurity.

The moon cast fantastic shadows along the few buildings near the road, causing the girls to shrink aside in fear. Through a straggling village of frame houses they rode at a gallop. Every habitation was dark, nearly all seemed deserted; not a dog barked as they sped along.

They had ridden into a thick mist enveloping a small stream which crossed the road, when they were startled by hearing two shots fired in rapid succession some distance up the water. The girls huddled up close to Paul. Eleanor muttered under her breath: "I'm afraid." Trembling all over, Blanche silently grasped her cousin's arm with her disengaged hand. Directing William to remain with the girls, Paul began a reconnaissance. He rode forward cautiously, but heard no further sound. He discovered that the bridge formerly spanning the brook had been destroyed, but soon found a ford only a few feet away. He went back to his friends and reported what he had learned. A few minutes later they were all on the other side of the stream. While clambering up the far bank, they fancied they heard a faint halloo, but, striking into a gallop, soon felt that they were in safety again. At midnight a halt was made in a forest by the roadside for refreshments. At a place where the highway bent abruptly to the right, a horseman rode unexpectedly out of the darkness. Whether the man was a rustic or a Confederate soldier could not be discerned; he eyed Paul suspiciously. When he had disappeared into the inky blackness, Paul pressed his party to ride faster; he was the more anxious, as William had re-

marked that the stranger resembled a noted Confederate officer living in the neighborhood.

But the girls needed no urging. "I am only too glad to get away," said Blanche to Eleanor, adding, with a sigh of relief, "I thought my heart was in my mouth when I saw that man."

As dawn was breaking, and the cocks were crowing far and near, the thoroughly wearied riders espied the house of Mrs. Lockwood, Blanche's aunt, where they intended to rest until the next night.

They felt sure of receiving a warm welcome, but only after Paul had pounded on the door for many minutes was any sign of life manifested. The shutters of two of the upper windows were thrown open simultaneously; at one appeared the alarmed face of Mrs. Lockwood in her nightcap, at the other, the woolly pate of an elderly negress.

Blanche quickly reassured the awakened sleepers. On learning who was there a smile of pleasure overspread Mrs. Lockwood's broad face, and she promised that some one would be down instantly and let them into the house.

In a few short sentences Blanche told her wondering relative why she had come. That amiable personage not only acquiesced in everything that had been done, but immediately volunteered to attend the wedding herself.

At breakfast Paul advised that a messenger be sent in advance to notify Captain Baird of the coming of his fiancée, and to suggest to him that the final arrangements for the wedding be made before the arrival of the party.

Mrs. Lockwood proposed that William Penn, whom she had long known as a discreet and reliable servant of Mrs. Lea's, be sent off for the purpose. The two

girls concurring, William was called into the room, his instructions were given him, and he was despatched on the errand at once.

The intermediate hours were spent by Paul in the seclusion of the house. He conversed with Mrs. Lockwood of music and of Europe, two subjects in which she was equally interested. Mrs. Lockwood found out that her guest could sing, and politely asked for a song.

Many a day had elapsed since he sat down before a piano; but as the sounds of the somewhat discordant instrument blended with his voice, the old-time passion for music returned, and he sang the homely German songs with a skill that astonished himself. He delighted the gracious woman who was his hostess. With all the fervor he was capable of he sang:

"Dich liebt' ich immer
Dich lieb' ich noch heut!
Und werde dich lieben in Ewigkeit
Und werde dich lieben in Ewigkeit."

Eleanor had come into the room, and was an appreciative listener. When he had finished, she drew closer, and said archly: "That is my favorite song. How did you know this? The words of the poem were almost the first German I ever learned. It was kind of you to sing it for my benefit."

Becoming serious, she began talking about German literature. It had always been her father's desire that she undertake its study, she declared; the captain, no doubt, remembered that her father had finished his education at a German university. She displayed a knowledge of the subject such as Paul had never given her credit for possessing. In his infatuated state his opinion of Eleanor rose to airy heights; he was soon oblivious

of everything but the golden-haired girl standing so close beside him.

Blanche was full of her own happiness, and thoughtless of that of others. She knew nothing of either music or German literature, and had been listening to the discussion with a look of annoyance on her face. Now she broke in by asking Paul abruptly whether he would give her away at the wedding.

Paul stared. His pleasant dream was dissipated. Recovering himself, he answered slowly in the affirmative. Blanche commenced again; her next declaration gave him another shock. "You know, you can't be my groomsman," she said. "Eleanor, who will be my bridesmaid, has preempted that place for her friend, John Barnaby."

"Is Eleanor also engaged?" was the painful question that flashed across Paul's mind. The memory of the happy journey faded away; gloom and despondency laid sudden hold of his soul. He had fancied Eleanor free from such entanglements; now he knew she had a lover. It hurt him to think of her as a mere friend. Fearing that his preoccupation might be noticed, he left the piano, and went over to Mrs. Lockwood, who was sitting at the open window. By a strong effort he masked his feelings in a flood of words which he addressed to the unsuspecting lady. He talked with her until it was time for the evening meal.

At nightfall they were once more on the lonesome road. Mrs. Lockwood did not accompany them. After more careful consideration, she had concluded that it would be unwise for one of her years to undertake the trip. Paul's equipoise had been restored, and he was suave and cheerful as ever. They had ridden for an hour, when they came to a place where the road was in-

tersected by two others, and they were in doubt which one to take. They had been following the Richmond Turnpike. Now they were at sea. Paul deliberated a moment, and then said they would go right ahead; perhaps they would come to some familiar landmark. Eleanor soon recognized a small frame house which she knew to be on their route. Without hesitation, they moved on again.

At last the wearisome miles had all been passed over. In the deepest darkness of the dying night the lights of a square brick mansion flared weirdly out of the shadows, and they knew that the end had come. The building was close to the road. They dismounted, and Paul hitched the horses to the fence, and without delay walked up to the veranda with the girls.

A few blows of the knocker quickly brought a man with a long white beard to the door. He smiled as he held the door open for the visitors to enter. As his eyes became accustomed to the darkness, and he recognized Paul's uniform, he made only a sorry effort to suppress the scowl which sprang to his face. Eleanor and Blanche were treated with marked consideration; but at Paul he glared viciously, albeit covertly. Twice Paul caught the glint of his cold gray eyes, and each time returned the stare with interest.

The man busied himself showing the girls to a room, ordering a negro serving-woman to render them such assistance as they might desire. On his return he addressed Paul sarcastically. "Captain——" he began.

"Captain Didier, of the United States Army," Paul prompted haughtily.

"Captain Didier," the man went on, "were you not afraid to venture so far into our lines?"

His tone irritated Paul. Eleanor had whispered that

he was only the overseer, the owner of the place being absent, and Paul replied in a cold voice that he did not feel called upon to discuss the subject with him. The overseer smiled meaningly. Pointing to a bed which could be seen through the open door, at the head of the stairs, he withdrew to the rear of the house without another word.

The sun had long been high in the heavens; the birds were singing hours ago, when Paul and the two girls met at the morning meal. Blanche had already seen her lover, who was progressing finely, and was looking forward impatiently "to the great event of his life," as she related, blushing.

Toward ten o'clock the rest of the wedding-party arrived. It consisted of the minister who was to perform the ceremony, a Mr. Rowelson, now the colonel of a Confederate infantry regiment stationed ten miles to the south, and John Barnaby, Eleanor's friend, a lieutenant in the same organization.

The minister-colonel was stalwart of form; and his long brown beard was streaked with gray. He was a grave-looking man, but when he gave one of his hearty laughs, which he did while riding up to the house, all preconceived ideas of his solemnity vanished as quickly as they had come.

The colonel's companion was a tall young man of twenty-four or twenty-five, dark, well-proportioned, with a plain, rather good face, and a dainty, well-kept mustache. Because Barnaby was Eleanor's admirer, Paul looked him over carefully, and took an immediate dislike to him, which, however, he was honest enough to set down to prejudice on his part. Both riders wore gray uniforms somewhat the worse for wear. One of the three stars on the colonel's coat-collar was in need

of several stitches to hold it in place; the men were stained with the dust of the road. Blanche and Eleanor hurried out to meet the new arrivals, and welcomed them with smiles of gladness.

Directly the colonel had dismounted, he gallantly kissed both the girls. He glanced drolly at Paul, and stated that this was a peculiar privilege which he enjoyed by reason of being their pastor, and because he had married their parents, had baptized the young ladies when they were babies, and later had confirmed them.

On being presented to Paul, Colonel Rowelson gazed at him quizzically, and said: "If I were here in my military capacity, I would be obliged to arrest you, sir. But possessing a dual existence, and having assumed my character of man of God, I must allow you to go about the same as if you were a rebel." Paul was drawn irresistibly to the fighting preacher.

Paul's aversion to Lieutenant Barnaby became intensified the more he saw of him. He could not rid himself of the notion that there was something repellent about the young Confederate, a treacherous glitter in his eyes, a cruel curve in the upper lip, and something else which he did not care to formulate into fixed thought. He wondered how a superior being like Eleanor could become enamored of a person such as he guessed Barnaby to be. But, again, he concluded that he was unfairly biased in his estimate of Eleanor's lover.

The next hour or two was divided by the three men between Captain Baird's chamber and the rear of the house, where they sat down together under the shade of a spreading elm, and smoked in the greatest amity, and regaled one another with their military experiences.

Eleanor had been busy assisting Blanche to prepare for the wedding. At one o'clock she came out into the

garden, and informed the gentlemen that all was ready.

Colonel Rowelson retired at once to the room in which Paul had slept, returning a few minutes later in his rôle of minister of the gospel. Over his uniform he wore a surplice much too small for him.

Paul and Lieutenant Barnaby looked curiously at the preacher. The white vestment was wrinkled and soiled, the military collar protruded above it; the sleeves of the coat peeped out, and the tops of the colonel's boots just touched the bottom of the garment.

Colonel Rowelson chuckled. His own surplice was at his home, he explained; this one belonged to the chaplain of his regiment. As the chaplain was a much smaller man than he, the fit was not the best.

"It's a tight squeeze," he said, "this getting back into the ministry; but," he added, with a humorous smile, "I suppose I can tie the knot just as tight, for all that."

Eleanor had gone back to Blanche; and now the door of an upper room was opened, and the two girls came out, and walked slowly down the stairs and into the lower hall. Both were simply dressed in white. They wore neither ornaments nor flowers, but there was a radiantly happy look on Blanche's face; Eleanor's smile reflected a similar feeling.

In the hall a rehearsal of the ceremony—without the groom—was gone through with; Lieutenant Barnaby stepped awkwardly on Eleanor's dress, and Paul blushed violently as he acted his own part; Eleanor and Blanche laughed at them both.

CHAPTER XI.

A HURRIED DEPARTURE.

With slow, rhythmical step, the wedding-party proceeded up the stairs. First came Colonel Rowelson, then Paul, with Blanche leaning lightly on his arm; Lieutenant Barnaby and Eleanor came last. In the back hall were giggling negro servants; from his post at the foot of the stairs, William Penn frowned down at their frivolity. The white-haired overseer was nowhere to be seen.

The wounded man had been propped up in bed with pillows. As the procession filed into the room, a smile of satisfaction spread over his wan face. Silently each person took the place assigned by the minister. Blanche stood to the left of the bed, with Paul at her side and the clergyman opposite; Lieutenant Barnaby and Eleanor were at the foot. The open doorway was crowded with the curious negroes. The bright, warm sunlight filled the chamber with cheerfulness. The rollicking air of the soldier had left Colonel Rowelson, and in a solemn voice he began reading the service. With firm voices the bride and groom made the responses. They gave their troth. Paul transferred Blanche's steady hand into the keeping of the minister's; a calm happiness was shining in the eyes of the two principals. The ring had been placed on Blanche's finger; the prayer was finished; the minister, joining together the right hands of the couple, had pronounced them man and wife, and had added his blessing. He was laying aside the book from which he

had been reading, when there was a slight commotion at the door. The servants had suddenly disappeared. William stood there in their place, looking anxiously into the room.

Instantly every eye was turned toward the door. The interruption annoyed the occupants of the chamber; their looks were far from gentle; however, not a word was spoken. But William never flinched before the unfriendly glances; he held his ground steadily until he could catch Paul's eye, unnoticed by the others. From the barely perceptible movement of William's eyelids Paul understood that something was amiss, and that the negro desired to speak to him privately. He was fearful of creating uneasiness among his friends if he left the room abruptly. It was not until the congratulations had been extended, and the laughter and chattering was at its height that he ventured to approach the doorway.

William backed out quietly. The other servants had gone down-stairs; no one was on the landing, and he addressed Paul nervously, beating on the floor with one foot, as he uttered the short sentences. "Cap'n," he said, "I b'leeb yo' am in dangaah. De man in chaag o' de house goned 'way b'foah daylight. Yo' r'membah de gray-haihed obahseah. An' now a paahty o' hossman am in de woods back o' de house, an' I 'spects der am anuddah gang somewhah in de road in front. Dey muss be Confedats; an' dey would'n' want no wun but yo'."

The information was alarming. Paul believed William to possess good judgment; no doubt, he was correct in his conjecture about the object of the horsemen. It was probably true also that the overseer was at the bottom of the trouble; his venomous stare was still fresh in Paul's memory. But what could the purpose be? Was the raid directed against himself alone? That could be

easily understood. Or was there some deep-laid plot to capture the whole party? If the first proposition were true, then the wise course to pursue would be to get away at once. If, however, the latter proved to be the case, then he must stay and share the fate of the others. Directing William to find out more about the threatened danger, he reentered the room.

The wedding-party had taken seats around the bed; the minister was again supporting his character of soldier; the surplice had been carelessly tossed on the foot of the bed; its late wearer had just finished relating a story which must have been humorous, for the chamber was resounding with ripples of laughter, and even the wounded man looked amused. A lull succeeded. This was Paul's opportunity.

Sauntering up to the minister, he said carelessly: "Colonel—I suppose I may call you that again—the black who came with us from Mrs. Lea's home tells me that a number of horsemen are approaching the house. As they may be your friends, I thought best to inform you of the fact."

Colonel Rowelson's face showed his perplexity; but his doubt lasted only for an instant. Looking keenly at Paul, as if to read his thoughts, he exclaimed: "Captain, I would advise you to quit the place! You are in the enemy's country. The horsemen are hardly Confederate soldiers, but more likely some irregular force bent on your capture. We are only three able-bodied men——"

Just then William reappeared, and in his haste to tell what he had discovered, stuttered that the house was surrounded, and that the overseer was with the strangers.

Paul continued perfectly cool, and spoke calmly, addressing his remarks to Colonel Rowelson. "My notion

all along has been that they were after me," he said. "If you think the ladies are safe, and I can be of no use here, I will try to get away; otherwise, I shall remain."

From her seat by the open window Eleanor could look out on the road in front of the house, where a dozen or more armed riders were visible. "Colonel," she said suddenly, "won't you go out and see what they want? They will respect you as an officer of our army. I feel confident we Confederates have nothing to fear."

Colonel Rowelson thought well of the suggestion, and hastened down-stairs to carry it into effect. He was soon parleying with the leader of the horsemen. Paul meditated awaiting the issue of the conference. Not so the resolute girl who had brought him to these straits. She had another plan.

"Captain," she said, turning from the window, "leave at once." Pulling him by the sleeve, she went on: "Come with me. I know the house well." Together they hurried out of the room and flew down the wide stairs. Drawing Paul into the dining-room, she paused before an open window facing the lawn, where it was clear of trees. She spoke positively. "This is the safest way. The jump is not more than six or seven feet; then run for the negro cabins directly in front of you; use your best judgment afterward. Go!"

Carried away by the whirlwind of Eleanor's energy, Paul climbed unhesitatingly to the rather high window-sill. For an instant he sat balanced on the narrow ledge, taking his bearings, then dropped nimbly to the ground outside. Scarcely had he alighted, when a man in rough civilian dress came hurrying from the rear of the house.

Paul drew his revolver. His first thought was to fire. Fearing that this would quickly bring others on his

back—besides, there was still a doubt that harm was intended—he concluded to run into the fellow and knock him down, if possible. The resolution had barely been formed when the man was on him. With a quick, strong blow of his right fist, Paul toppled him over and ran for the cabins.

He had almost gained the alley running between the first two of the whitewashed huts, when another man, in unmistakable gray, his carbine raised, rushed forward with an oath, and ordered him to surrender. Hesitating no longer, Paul leveled his revolver and fired pointblank at the Confederate's face. The soldier sank to the ground without uttering a sound.

Passing through the alley in safety, Paul darted around the side of the nearest cabin, over to the barn, a hundred feet away, where his horse had been taken. Never before had he run so fast; his impulse was to secure his horse and ride for life. There was much shouting and confusion in the rear, but as yet nothing to indicate that he was being followed.

At the stable door he saw the negro hostler. What if the black betrayed him? He must run the risk. "Quick," he commanded, his breath coming in short gasps, "my horse!"

The hostler had seen him in the morning, and gazed in wonder at his blue uniform; and had just heard the shot. Seeing the Union officer coming in hot haste, he needed no further explanation, but turned silently into the barn, with Paul at his heels. "Quick," Paul repeated; but the African was as anxious as he. In a moment both men were beside the first horse. In the semidarkness Paul could not feel certain that the animal was his own, but little he cared for that.

With one stroke of his pocket-knife he cut the halter,

while the negro, with a deft movement or two, fastened the bridle and reached for the saddle hanging on a peg alongside of the stall.

"No saddle—haven't time—lead him out," Paul ordered, with curt disjointedness, pointing to a door which he had just noticed on the opposite side from where he had entered. Dropping the saddle, the quick-witted black had the horse at the door while Paul's arm was still poised in the air.

How he ever mounted that bareback animal, Paul never knew; but a crowd of yelling horsemen was now at the other entrance, and excitement spurred him on. He was away, flying like a March wind, the negro calling after him to break for the wood, a mile or so away.

Across an abandoned wheat-field he dashed at full speed. The beast was not the major's old race-horse, but he was big, and strong, and swift, and was making good progress. The first obstacle was a rail fence, which the horse took reluctantly. Then came a rather wide gully. Here the animal balked completely. Yells and curses were borne to Paul's ear. Looking back, he saw his pursuers already turning the corner of the barn; he heard a bullet whiz past his head. This was no time for gentle measures. Shouting with all his might, and using his heels with no less vigor in the horse's flanks, he compelled the unwilling brute to leap the hollow. Three hundred yards more, and the wood was reached. Dismounting, he led the horse into the grove of sparse oaks. The ground underneath was covered with dead tree-trunks and branches blown down by the wind.

There was only a narrow strip of the timber, but the obstructions made traveling slow. It required constant tugging and urging to induce the horse to move forward. More than a quarter of an hour was consumed

before they were out of the wood, and entering another wide expanse of fields. Here was a chance for a good run. Mounting, Paul was off again. By the liberal use of a switch which he had picked up in the timber, he forced his beast into a quick gallop; the flight was marked by a cloud of dust.

With the wood between him and the enemy, he felt that to some extent, at least, he was protected. Now he could stop to consider what further course to pursue. Across the fields was a road, and skirting the road on the far side, several miles to the left, was another wood. He determined to head for this wood. By this time the horse was reconciled to his work, and readily leaped fence after fence until the road was gained.

On they rushed along the dusty highway. Where the shadows of the overhanging trees had kept out the rays of the sun and left soft, wet spots in the road, Paul was obliged to slow up. At one place he saw a negro, working in the garden attached to a small house, who stared at him in open-mouthed surprise. There was no sound of pursuit, yet he knew that somewhere behind him, perhaps nearer than he expected, he was being followed. To make himself safe, he must leave no trail by which he might be tracked. On the border of the wood a rivulet crossed the road. Pausing on the tumble-down bridge which spanned the water, he took observations. For a short distance the stream ran beside the wood, then wound in among the trees. If he rode along its edge he could defy pursuit. Plunging into the shallow water, he found the bottom to be irregular; stretches of rock and sand alternated. Sometimes his beast stumbled and almost fell; several times Paul narrowly escaped slipping from the animal's back. Again overhanging limbs of scraggy scrub-oaks brushed against his body,

scratching his face and hands, nearly hurling him into the stream.

For an hour he kept on. Feeling reasonably secure at last, he turned up the bank and pushed into the timber a short distance, and, hitching his horse to a sapling, threw himself on the ground to rest. He did not have the least notion of the direction of Fredericksburg, but was serene and hopeful. His greatest danger was over. With the supreme confidence of health and strength, he felt sure that, for the rest of the way, he would be equally fortunate.

As he lay there a drowsy sensation came over him. Deeming it unsafe to sleep, he decided to move on again. Once more he rode down the stream. His progress was slow. Dusk was already stealing on when he rounded a bend in the run. Right in his face were the dust-stained timbers of a low bridge. He remembered now having passed over a bridge on the outward journey, a few hours before reaching the house which he had left so unceremoniously. What if this should prove to be the identical bridge? No sooner had the thought entered his brain than he went forward to investigate.

He soon came to the road, the ends of which were connected by the bridge. He reflected. He recalled that immediately before becoming conscious of his horse's hoofs beating against the floor of a bridge, he had seen an enormous sycamore thrown into momentary relief in the darkness by the light of the match with which he had lighted his cigar. The stumps of its broken limbs had impressed him at the time by their singular raggedness. If the bridge before him was the one which he had crossed the previous night, he would likely recognize the tree again. He rode along the highway to the bridge. His horse had barely stepped on the first plank

when, on the far bank of the stream, partly obscured by a maple, he saw a brown trunk, with patches of white running irregularly along its broad girth. The limbs were jutting out like wounded arms, mutely telling the story of the destructive action of the storms. He was lost no longer. His joy was great. Careless as he was of religious observances, he silently thanked God.

The next move was decided upon almost instantly. His horse needed rest; he would return to the wood, and during the night find his way back to Fredericksburg as rapidly as the circumstances permitted. It was after ten o'clock by his watch when he reentered the road. The night was pitch-dark now; from afar came long rolls of thunder. He was compelled to allow the horse to walk and feel his way; he was unable to see the road himself, except when the flashes of lightning illuminated the landscape.

Rain began to fall, first in large, scattered drops, then in sheets. It was followed by lurid flashes of lightning, accompanied by a series of terrific peals of thunder. The loud crashes so frightened the horse that he reared wildly.

Almost blinded, Paul failed to see a one-story frame house to the left of the road. The horse wheeled suddenly round. Again the lightning flashed; Paul recognized the house which had served as a guide-post when they were all in doubt as to the road, less than twenty-four hours before.

He rode on confidently now through the storm, but had not gone more than a few hundred feet when the horse stopped abruptly; nor would he respond to any amount of urging. Dismounting, Paul quickly discovered the cause. A large pine-tree was lying athwart the road, blocking it for the entire width. Groping

carefully along the branches, to ascertain the direction from which the tree had fallen, he came to a rail fence which it had crushed in its descent. Apparently the tree had been of great height; the lower portion of the trunk extended some distance beyond the fence into the field where it had broken off close to the ground. Leaving the highway at the opening in the fence, and dragging the horse after him, he walked around the massive body until he reached the road on the other side of the obstruction.

The rain was still falling without abatement as he resumed his journey; the water was running in streams from horse and rider. He retained his slippery seat with difficulty. Through the long hours the horse moved laboriously over the road, now become a bed of mire. Sometimes the animal plunged across swollen rivulets and again climbed up grades where the water had washed deep gullies in the path.

The rain began to slacken. A faint light was breaking in the east, when dimly the outlines of a rude log cabin, standing close by the roadside, came in view. Cold, chilled, hungry, discretion was thrown to the winds. Paul determined to call at that house if he were captured the next minute. But his caution had not entirely deserted him. Before rapping, he stood for a moment before the door and listened, watching the blue wood smoke rising slowly from the chimney. Some one was stirring within. He could distinctly hear the words of a negro melody, sung in a crooning voice:

> "I see de angels beck'nin'—I hear dem call me 'way,
> I see de golden city, an' de eberlastin' day!"

He could trust the negroes. He struck the door *loudly* with his fist. It was quickly opened by an old

darky, whose surprise was grotesque when he saw the bedraggled and hatless visitor.

"Uncle," said Paul quietly, "I want something to eat and to drink, and feed for my horse; then a place to sleep."

As the yellow light from the fire in the wide hearth fell full on Paul's figure, the negro's jaw dropped with astonishment. "Lor', Lor'!" he exclaimed, his eyes rolling and a grin of pleasure breaking out on his face. "De Yankee officah who were at Miss' Lockwood's de day befoah yistedeh!"

It was Paul's turn to be surprised now, but all he said was to inquire for Mrs. Lockwood's residence and ask the negro his name.

"On de main road," was the answer. "You kin go troo de fiel's; it's on'ey half a mile—an' my name's Dan."

Concluding that he had wandered into a branch road, Paul asked to be shown the way across the fields.

"I'll go wid yo'," was the old man's willing response.

In the slowly increasing light—the negro in advance—Paul entered the open gateway and moved over a large field, evidently once given up to the cultivation of maize. At the rear of the mansion he left Dan in charge of the horse.

All was silent. But the door of the kitchen, which stood a short distance apart from the main building, was open. Glancing into the room, Paul saw two negroes, a man and a woman, both of whom he had seen on his former visit.

The man recognized him. The woman, speechless with amazement, looked wonderingly at his dripping clothes; but suddenly remembering him herself, she said sharply to her companion: "Mistah Jeffahson, ain' yo'

got no mannahs, to 'low de gen'lman to stay out in de wet?"

Mr. Jefferson was lavish in his apologies. He hurriedly asked Paul into the house, saying: "Shell I show yo' to yo' room now, cap'n? Miss' Lockwood ain't got up yit—or will yo' eat somethin' fuss?"

Paul was hungry. But he was also worn out with fatigue, his legs were trembling under him. He decided to sleep first and eat afterward. He told the man to take him to the room, and then to dry his clothes, which were clinging uncomfortably close to his skin. He cautioned the negro to say to every one who might inquire that he was not in the house. The man gave a chuckle of comprehension and led the way.

It was not long before Paul was in the upper chamber which he had occupied before, and had taken off every stitch of clothing and handed them to the black who was waiting in the hall outside. Laying the belt containing his revolver on a chair and getting into bed was the work of an instant; in another moment he was in a profound slumber.

When he awoke the rain had ceased, although the sky was still low with clouds. His clothes were placed on chairs at his bedside, dry and ironed and neatly folded. He dressed deliberately. On the stairs he met Mrs. Lockwood, and briefly explained the situation to her. She was much concerned, and said, with commiseration: "You must be awfully hungry, captain," and hurried him into the dining-room.

Never before had anything tasted so good. The bacon and eggs, the hot rolls, were the best he had ever eaten; the cream was the richest and sweetest. And the meal was brightened by the presence of gentle Mrs. Lockwood, who looked on and listened with deep interest to

his account of the wedding and his own subsequent adventures.

He was determined now to go on at once, come what would, and told Mrs. Lockwood his conclusion. She attempted to persuade him to remain until evening, and pictured the dangers of a daylight journey, but failed to change his resolution. At all events, she declared finally, she would order food to be prepared and send a servant with him to show the way.

To take the place of the cap which he had been obliged to abandon in his sudden flight, Mrs. Lockwood presented him with a wide-brimmed felt hat, half a size too large for him, which had belonged to her late husband. She placed one of her best horses at his disposal. With the grinning Mr. Jefferson at his side, he rode away from his kind-hearted hostess' door. The journey was uneventful. No pursuers appeared. They met several persons who passed on with nothing more than curious glances. Paul was taken for a Confederate officer who, by some mischance, was still wearing the blue uniform of his earlier service.

They only stopped for rest and refreshment; they made a détour of the village which had caused the wedding-party such trepidation. At twilight the rain began to fall again, but less violently than on the previous night. Toward ten o'clock they were galloping by Mrs. Lea's house, and two hours later the camp-fires of General Reynolds' brigade came in sight, the outlines of the spires and houses of Fredericksburg forming a shadowy background. The pickets were passed in safety, and the encampment reached. A few minutes more, and they were riding through the deserted streets of Fredericksburg.

Paul stopped to awaken Mrs. O'Neill and give her

an account of the events of the last four days. She handed him a letter for her son Jack, and charged him to deliver it personally, but if that proved to be impossible, to find means of sending it to the young man wherever he might be found. And in the first hour of the new day Paul was wending his weary way across the trestle bridge, toward his own camp, followed by Mrs. Lockwood's negro.

CHAPTER XII.

STORM AND CALM.

At last the order came to join McClellan before Richmond. General Reynolds' brigade crossed to the north bank of the river, and the entire division was ready to move.

Wild with joy, the Reserves cooked their rations and packed their knapsacks. In the evening the tents were struck, and in the coolness of the night, under the bright stars, the full moon shining overhead, the soldiers marched down the Rappahannock. The bands played the gayest marching tunes as the troops moved over the hills and through the dark woods, and along a road skirted with hedgerows and green with vegetable life. At two o'clock in the morning the column halted, and bivouacked in a clover-field by the roadside. The happiest moment of all was at daylight, when they sighted the fleet of transports sent to carry them to the peninsula of Virginia.

The enthusiasm was unbounded; the uproar became tumultuous. The excitement continued throughout the morning. In the early afternoon the men and wagons and horses and supplies were all on board, and the vessels steamed into line out in the stream. The decks were crowded with soldiers. As the engines strained, and the wheels began to turn, the men cheered wildly. The bands struck up "Dixie"; one after another the vessels glided down the river. The boat on which Paul's regiment was quartered carried General Reynolds, who had directed the embarkation from the shore. It was

the last vessel to pull out from the landing. Paul was still standing in the hold, where he had gone with other officers to greet Reynolds as he leaped aboard. Coming toward him from a group of negroes lounging among the bales and casks and boxes, to his surprise he saw Mrs. Lea's servant, William Penn. There was a sheepish smile on the darky's usually serious countenance. To Paul's stern question as to how he came there, he answered shamefacedly that he had not gone back to Mrs. Lea's house after Miss Smith's wedding, but for the last three days had been working for the division commissary at Falmouth. He wanted to see what freedom was like. He concluded in a pleading voice: "An' I waan' to be yo' suhrvan', cap'n, an' go wid yo' in de waah."

And after Paul had roundly berated him for deserting his mistress, to the infinite joy of the negro, he engaged him as his body-servant, placing him in charge of his baggage and instructing him briefly in his future duties.

Almost immediately upon landing at White House, the Reserves were pushed into the fighting-line. At Mechanicsville, within sight of the spires of the Confederate capital, within sound of the rattle of its drums and the whistle of its locomotives, they fought in the first of the Seven Days' Battles. Standing on the edge of Beaver Dam Creek, behind their earthworks and abatis, the air sweet with the scent of the catalpas, they hurled back, with terrific slaughter, three times their own number of Confederates. Over four hundred of the brave Pennsylvanians fell in the effort. When the ever-hesitating McClellan suddenly decided on a change of base, the whole Army of the Potomac was appalled at the inconceivable order. But in the morning, when the retreat began, the Reserves marched south with the steadiness of *veterans.*

At Gaines' Mill the Confederates overtook the Federals, and in the battle so disastrous to the Union arms, the Reserves again fought like old soldiers, losing twice as many men as at Mechanicsville.

McClellan's inglorious flight continued; a trail of ruin and devastation was left behind. The fires of the burning supplies everywhere flamed high toward heaven. The wounded were mercilessly abandoned to their fate. It was now the duty of the Reserves to protect the vast supply-trains which the army was attempting to save. This kept them fighting almost continuously under the broiling sun. At Savage Station the enemy attacked them desperately, but was beaten off just as furiously; then came the terrible march through the White Oak Swamp. Again, on the following day, at New Market Crossroads, they held their ground, from three o'clock in the afternoon until dark, against twice their own number of Confederates. After the sanguinary battle at Malvern Hill, the shattered army continued unmolested to Harrison's Landing, on the James River.

A universal gloom pervaded the new camp. General Halleck succeeded McClellan in the chief command. The Army of Virginia was organized under General Pope to protect Washington and operate against Richmond from the north. The Army of the Potomac was ordered away to unite with the Army of Virginia. The work of reorganization went forward with redoubled energy.

The faces of the Reserves were powder-stained, their uniforms were soiled, and faded by sun and wind; their flags hung in tatters from the staffs; but their guns were bright and glistening, and their evolutions were like clockwork. They were holiday soldiers no longer. Still, the heart of the young brigadier-general in temporary command of the division was heavy as he rode

along the diminished ranks on those hot July mornings. Wounds and disease, death, captures, furloughs had reduced their numbers to less than seven thousand fighting men.

A great change had been wrought among the officers. General McCall and General Reynolds were prisoners in Richmond. Two of the colonels were commanding brigades. Many of the regiments had lost their commanders. Lieutenant-colonels and majors were leading regiments; company officers had advanced two and three grades.

Paul's regiment had sustained many losses. Colonel Robinson was wounded, and had resigned; the lieutenant-colonel had succeeded him. The major had become lieutenant-colonel. There had been a hot contest for the majority. The aristocratic captain of Company A was an aspirant for the office. For a time he had the field to himself, but on the day set for the election, Paul was announced as a candidate for the vacancy by his first lieutenant, John Murphy. Murphy stood well with the officers who came from his own station in life, and of these there were quite a number in the regiment. In burning, even if slightly ungrammatical, English, he enlarged on his captain's qualifications, on his bravery. He hinted at the deficiencies of the captain of Company A; he amplified his hints with shrewd insinuations, intended to work on the prejudices of the men he was attempting to influence. It was the flannel shirts against the white shirts. Murphy soon had the flannel shirts pledged to vote his way.

When Paul heard of the work being done in his behalf, he remonstrated, and peremptorily informed Lieutenant Murphy that he would not permit his name to be used. John only laughed. "We'll elect you's anyhow,"

he declared. "We want you's fur major, and not that little stuck-up doll-baby from Company A!"

Lieutenant Schneider had been entrusted with the task of influencing the German officers. He was standing by when the first lieutenant spoke, and concurred heartily in the sentiments expressed; he said, with a broad grin: "Yehs, kepden, dat vass droo."

Paul was popular in the regiment, and popularity, combined with systematic effort in military, as in civil life, usually wins. He was elected major by a good, round majority.

The weeks of preparation for the return North were over at last. General McCall had been exchanged. Broken in health, he had resigned his commission on his return. General Reynolds, who came back with him, was his successor. And now, in the middle of August, the division set sail for the Potomac. Two days later they landed at Acquia Creek, and were soon on the railroad, bound for Fredericksburg, to rejoin their old corps under General McDowell.

In high spirits, unmindful of the misery and death through which they had passed, forgetful of the losses sustained, the men jumped from the cars at the switch across the river from the city. They yelled like demons and chaffed the negroes congregated to see them disembark. In front of the supply-sheds the order was given to fall in. The march to the camp began. In one hearty chorus they struck up, greatly to the delight of the throng of darkies bringing up the rear:

> "We'll hang Jeff Davis on a sour-apple tree,
> As we go marching on."

That evening Paul lay sleepless in his tent. The plac-

id stars peeped in, lighting up the darkest recesses, but his reflections continued gloomy. His mind dwelt on the pain and suffering which had reduced his old company to a skeleton of its former self. He thought of the sorrow and desolation existing in the simple homes in Allegheny City, of the many times in those two stirring months that the bell of the church on the bank of the canal must have tolled for her sons fallen in battle, of the solemn masses intoned for the souls of those of his men who had worshiped under the Byzantine domes of St. Anne's.

Then the picture of the stately young girl who had been so disturbed when he was in peril rose up before him, and he yearned for a sight of her. Was it fate that had brought him back to the shore of this river? He would regard it as his fate forever and ever. Yet he remembered only too well that Eleanor was no longer free. For hours he lay awake looking out through the open tent-flaps into the somber night, pondering over his strange fortune.

The next day was Sunday, but this did not deter him from appearing at an early hour in front of the well-remembered house on Princess Ann Street. The place presented an exaggerated attractiveness to his hungry eyes. The lawn, if anything, was greener than when he saw it last; the delicate-hued flowers of spring had given way to the stronger-colored blooms of midsummer.

Eleanor was in the garden looking at her flowers. She wore the same white muslin dress, and looked as beautiful as on the day he called to take her on the visit to Blanche. For a moment he lingered at the gate while the girl, all unconscious of his gaze, was stooping over the plants. At the sound of his feet on the gravel, she

turned, and with the quick glance of recognition that came to her face, blushed as prettily, in Paul's admiring eyes, as the monthly roses blooming about her.

Eleanor extended her hand, and in a voice that thrilled him expressed her happiness at seeing him back again. She saw the golden leaf on his shoulder-straps, and exclaimed, with enthusiastic interest: "I see you have advanced in rank, *Major* Didier. I thought of you yesterday, when I heard the cheering across the river and learned that your command had returned. I have been wishing ever since that you would come over to see us. My mother is also anxiously awaiting you." She led the way up the porch steps.

At the door Mrs. O'Neill met them, and her reception was as eager as her daughter's. "I am overjoyed to know that you are still alive and well," she said, smiling thoughtfully, "when so many of our friends are falling dead and wounded in this horrible war." And at her request Paul related, without excitement or coloring, the story of his experiences in the Peninsular campaign. Mother and daughter listened in silence. The elder woman nodded frequently that she understood.

He paused, and Mrs. O'Neill asked abruptly: "Did you meet my boy?" Without waiting for a reply she questioned again: "Was my letter delivered?"

Paul could only answer that he had not seen Jack, but had sent the letter by the military post; that Jack's regiment had fought on the peninsula, and would no doubt soon be in the neighborhood of Fredericksburg.

"I wonder whether the boy is alive to-day," sighed the mother. "Why didn't he write to me?"

Paul attempted to reassure her; he said that in times like the present it was sometimes impossible for letters to reach their destination, especially in—he was about to

say—"the enemy's country," but changed the ending of the sentence to "Virginia," instead.

But Mrs. O'Neill would not be comforted, and moaned that Jack must be dead. Suddenly pointing her finger at Paul, the accents of woe giving place to a fierce wail, she exclaimed: "You said you would find him! You failed to keep your promise. *You* have come back yourself. Why did you not bring my boy with you?"

Paul attempted to speak, but Mrs. O'Neill kept assailing him with relentless fury, calling him a deceiver, like all the Yankees, insinuating that he was responsible for Jack's presence in the Union Army, intimating that he was concealing from her some dire calamity which had befallen her son. As precipitately as she had begun her tirade against Paul, Mrs. O'Neill now turned her invective upon the cause which he represented. She attacked the North generally, its people, its soldiers. "McClellan, the wonderful young Napoleon," she sneered, looking directly at her visitor, as though he were personally responsible for the shortcomings of that general, "soon met his Waterloo, when he crossed swords with our own Lee." After a long breath, she continued in a softer voice: "However, he has some good qualities. He at least respects private property." She related that just before the battle of Malvern Hill, McClellan was resting from the heat on the veranda of a house near that place. The mistress of the mansion had complained that his soldiers were eating her cherries. "And," Mrs. O'Neill concluded, "he graciously went out into the orchard and put an end to the pilfering."

Paul had been stung by the virulence of Mrs. O'Neill's sudden attack. Now he succeeded in saying *sarcastically* that General McClellan was quite popular

with his enemies, General Lee himself having expressed regret at his supersession because "he understood him so well." He was sorry the next moment that he had allowed himself to be goaded into a criticism of his superior officer.

Mrs. O'Neill paid no attention to the interruption, but went on, with some degree of dramatic force: "But this mildness does not suit the savage North. McClellan is fiercely attacked. A public clamor is raised against him. He is accused of tardiness; is cast aside, disparaged, broken down in public confidence, regarded as incompetent and inefficient; to make way for whom? For Pope, a military impostor, a braggart, an upstart, a man who legalizes plunder, and makes the invaded country the prey of white brigands; who mistakes brutality for vigor, and increases the horrors of hostilities by emancipating the slaves. Such is the character of the person now in command of your army about Fredericksburg." Panting and exhausted, Mrs. O'Neill stopped, and was staring fixedly at her listeners, when suddenly from the direction of the kitchen came sounds of uproar.

"Miss' 'Neill! Miss' 'Neill!" was repeated, in loud, excited tones, and before the startled group in the parlor could move, the cause of the disturbance appeared. Darkening the doorway was a slender stripling, clad in a blue uniform, looking interestedly into the room. Behind him appeared the greasy black face of Sally, all distended with smiles.

A droll expression was on the young man's handsome face as he remarked: "I beg your pardon, ladies, but being in the neighborhood I deemed it proper to call and pay my respects." Bowing, he advanced.

Mrs. O'Neill's eyes sparkled with pleasure. "Why, Jack, you scamp," she exclaimed, bounding forward,

and embracing and kissing him, "we were talking about you only this minute. I have been worried to death since I heard you were in the army." Remembering her Confederate principles, she added mournfully, releasing him again: "But you will never be the same to me as long as you wear that uniform." Her tones were severe, but happiness continued to shine in her eyes.

With mock resignation, Jack left her and went over to his sister, saying with a laugh, as he turned his cheek to be kissed: "You may do so without danger, Eleanor; my face is clean. I washed it only this morning—something I haven't done every day since I came to Virginia."

His sister kissed him with a resounding smack, and he went on, looking at his mother: "The rebels were surprised to see us wash so often; they thought it such a waste of time. You needn't look so incredulous, mother, for it is true."

"Jack," interposed Eleanor, taking him by the hand, "you remember Mr. Didier?"

Glancing at Paul an instant, Jack spoke up familiarly, shaking him warmly by the hand: "Why, *hel-lo,* Paul! Of course I remember you! I didn't know you were in the army. I see you are a major. Were you on the peninsula? It's strange I didn't run across you. I saw so many Pennsylvanians down there." Without waiting for any of his questions to be answered, the young soldier kept pouring out more interrogatives, making his own comments as he proceeded, until his mother, who was trying hard to look stern, succeeded in interrupting him long enough to ask: "Jack, how could you fight against us?"

Jack's countenance was free from any sign of con-

trition, as he replied: "You and Eleanor haven't been doing any fighting, have you, mother? I wouldn't fight against you." Becoming serious, he proceeded: "I joined the Union Army because I believe it was right to do so. I know father would have been on that side, and grandfather concurred in all that I did."

Mrs. O'Neill had no further comments to make, and Jack coolly sat down and began answering Eleanor's questions. He had arrived on the other side of the river, with his regiment, early in the morning. "I went straight to my captain," he declared, "and told him I wanted permission to visit my mother and sister, who lived in Fredericksburg. The officer was surprised, and said he didn't know that any Union ladies had remained there. I told him that I had reason to believe my relatives were both rebels, but that if he would allow me to go to them, I would do my best to bring them over to our side." Jack chuckled.

"I had a great time about Richmond before the hard fighting began," he continued, addressing his remarks to his sister. "While on picket-duty in our advanced position, we often talked with the rebels, and I met a number of young fellows whom I knew. You remember Frank Byrd, Eleanor, Ethel Byrd's brother?" Seeing the doubtful look on his sister's face, he insisted: "Oh, yes, you do. That tall gawk, who came from Richmond three or four years ago to take Ethel home, when she was visiting at Chatham. The fellow who mother asserted would be so aristocratic-looking when he grew up to be a man. We boys called him 'skinny,' when we didn't say 'Red-Byrd'; his hair was so red—redder than yours, Eleanor." Concluding that his sister's recollection had been sufficiently refreshed, he added *musingly*: "And he is a *bird*!

"Well," he began again, "I became very friendly with Frank and another student from the Virginia Military Institute, named Tommy Riley. We exchanged lots of articles. A tract society was active in our army at the time, and their leaflets were quite thick in the camp, particularly the one about swearing." He winked at Paul. "I had a big bunch of the tracts," he went on, "and having no special use for them myself, gave them to my two friends, and was in a fair way to convert them, when my superior officers put a stop to my proselyting—only they didn't call it by that name—some of the words they used sounded decidedly like the language which the tract society was so strongly condemning."

Mrs. O'Neill and Paul were smiling; Eleanor laughed outright. Jack proceeded: "If you'll all cross your breasts and agree not to give me away, I'll tell you about my trip to Richmond." His mother was horrified, but Jack went on cheerfully: "Frank and Tommy smuggled me into the city in an ambulance, first making me promise on my honor never to reveal anything that I saw there which might benefit our side. The boys showed me the best time I ever had in Richmond; and, you know, Eleanor, the loads of fun you and I had, when we used to go there together." He stopped. Suddenly he added: "I attended a party at Frank's house, and danced with the prettiest girl I ever saw. She knows you, Eleanor," he concluded, quickly bringing the story to a climax.

"What is her name?" his sister asked, with interest.

"That I am not at liberty to divulge at present," he replied, with a wise shake of his head. "But I'll tell you this much, Eleanor: she is sixteen years old; she lives near the State House Square, and resembles John *Barnaby.*"

Eleanor's face crimsoned; she asked no more questions. But Jack continued, with a provoking smile: "And she told me that her brother was present at a wedding near here, at which you were bridesmaid, and a Yankee captain gave the rebel bride away, and had to make a desperate run to escape a hostile force sent to capture him. Now, can you guess who the girl is?"

Eleanor nodded, and Jack proceeded remorselessly: "And before I got away from the house, who should I see but John Barnaby himself, coming from his camp outside of the city." Changing the conversation abruptly, Jack went on with earnestness: "I wish you wouldn't marry him, Eleanor. He is a big pumpkin. Plenty of much better men would fall in love with you, if you would only allow them. Paul, here, is the kind of a man I think you should have." He looked boldly at his sister. With suppressed anger, Eleanor ordered him to stop talking. Mrs. O'Neill called him a boor, and in a cutting voice said that since he had passed beyond the pale of her influence, and into the care of his Yankee relative, he had learned the manners of a clodhopper.

During this time Paul was the most embarrassed of all. It is true his heart went out to Jack. The young man's expressions in regard to himself were gratifying. But Jack was only a boy, and had spoken with a boy's crudeness. Eleanor's chagrin rekindled Paul's dislike for Barnaby. For an instant half-formed in his mind arose the hope that Lieutenant Barnaby might perish in some battle, and forever disappear from his path, but the base thought vanished as quickly as it came.

The rebukes showered down on Jack so liberally did not ruffle him for an instant. When his mother and sister again became quiet, he took steps to calm the troubled waters. Going over to Eleanor, and taking her

by the hand, he said wheedlingly: "Let us have peace, sister. There is enough war around us, and we can't afford to have any fighting in the family. Forgive my thoughtlessness." With a whimsical smile he continued, speaking to Paul: "If I have flattered you, major, by associating your name with Eleanor's, please put it down to my youthful inexperience."

Every one smiled. The church-bells rang out their tranquil summons on the still Sunday air; the mother and her two children were recalled to their quieter selves, and harmony reigned once more. Jack asked Eleanor to accompany him to church. "I haven't been inside of a house of worship for ever so long," he urged, "and neither has Paul. It will be a treat for us both; besides," he proceeded, pinching his sister's arm playfully, "I would like to see whether any of my old girls are still about."

Mrs. O'Neill attempted to dissuade him from going. She desired him to remain at home with her, she said. She wanted to talk to him after his long absence. Eleanor assured her brother that all the pretty girls whom he knew had long since left the city.

But Jack persisted. He appealed to Paul, and Paul reluctantly agreed to go with him. Paul's motives were not wholly disinterested, for he secretly hoped that Eleanor would be one of the party; he was disappointed, however, for she decided to remain at home with her mother.

The worshipers were already arriving when Paul and Jack approached St. George's Church. Federal soldiers by twos, and in larger groups, were entering the edifice. Their uniforms were brushed clean, their faces shining. Religious zeal was depicted in the countenances of one or two, curiosity on those of the rest. There were few

civilians in the audience, and these were old and decrepit men; but women and children were there in plenty.

Instead of occupying the O'Neill pew, which was up near the pulpit, Paul and Jack sat down in the rear of the building, since Jack expressed a wish to watch the people come in. Shortly after the entrance of the aged rector, they were surprised to see Eleanor walk into the church. Paul's mind was so occupied with the young woman before him that he failed to notice a burly officer in blue walking awkwardly near her, until Jack suddenly nudged him and asked: "Who is that big dub to whom Eleanor is talking?" For a moment Paul could scarcely believe he saw aright. As the identity of the man was dawning on his mind, Jack gave him a second punch, at the same time declaring vehemently: "That's John Murphy, sure enough—our old fat Johnnie—did you know he was in the army, Paul? He looks as if he was afraid of Eleanor." Jack lapsed into wondering silence.

Paul was thoughtful also. What could have brought John Murphy to church? An unbidden smile flitted across his face, as he recalled the long face with which years before John had been wont to receive his good old Irish mother's order to attend the little Presbyterian meeting-house near their country home.

John Murphy was soon forgotten again. Paul feasted his eyes on Eleanor. The light was flowing softly through the stained-glass windows, casting an aureole about Eleanor's graceful figure. As she knelt and bowed her head in prayer, as she rose to her feet, as she sat down again, as she sang and read, she appeared, to the admiring officer, like a divinity worshiping at the shrine of the higher God.

Paul's eyes continued to be fastened on Eleanor, but

his mind began following the service. Although familiar with the Episcopal forms, he sat perfectly still, never once glancing at the open book in his hand before him. But he quietly drank in the sweet sounds of the music; the grand words of the hymns, the litany, the lessons, the collects. He began meditating on the probability of the minister offering up the prayer for the President of the Confederate States; but the frail old man prayed for no President at all. In this prayer he substituted the words, "those in authority over us." There was just a tinge of bitterness in his voice, as he touched carefully on the misfortunes of his State and country.

Paul again saw the O'Neill pew. John Murphy was fumbling hopelessly with the book in his hands in a vain effort to keep up with the service. Unmindful of the indignant stares of the other women, regardless of her own feelings of social superiority, Eleanor was doing her best to lighten his task.

At the church door the mystery of John's appearance was explained. After Paul left the camp orders had been received directing the Reserves to start the next day to join Pope on the upper Rappahannock. Aware of Paul's anxiety in this regard, John had hurried across the river, expecting to find him at Mrs. O'Neill's house. Instead he had been met by Eleanor alone, and told where Paul had gone. She had then volunteered to take him to the church. Now Eleanor insisted with earnestness that John go with them to dinner, which, much against his inclination, he consented to do.

The dinner made every one feel happy. The war had not left the stores of Fredericksburg overburdened with luxurious articles of food, but Mrs. O'Neill had done her best with the limited resources at her command. To

the three soldiers, with the recollections of the scanty fare of the peninsula still fresh in their minds, the meal seemed, as Jack remarked in classic phrase, a Lucullian feast. John sat beside Paul, looking about timidly, feeling isolated in the presence of the two ladies; he spoke scarcely a word, and then only in reply to remarks addressed to him. He looked on Paul as his mentor, and watched his every movement, imitating him as closely as he was able. He arose from the table with the modest consciousness of having acted like a gentleman; but his appetite was only half-satisfied.

When they had settled themselves comfortably under the shade of one of the ailantus-trees, Jack proposed taking the two visitors to see the points of interest in the city. He was met with a refusal from Paul, who pleaded the heat as an excuse. John looked as if he would gladly go, but remained silent.

"I want particularly to show you the place where Mary Washington lived," Jack pursued: "George's mother, you know. The old house isn't very far away. Washington was raised around here, and thought as much of Fredericksburg as of Mount Vernon." Meeting with no encouragement, he went on still more insistently, looking directly at Paul: "I know you would be interested in seeing where Mary Washington is buried, anyway. It is on a crag in the upper part of the city. She requested to be placed there, because, she said, the ground couldn't be plowed over. But I don't know why she should make such a request. Nobody would ever think of setting a plow into her grave." Assuming the air of a learned antiquarian, he concluded: "A good many years ago a monument was erected over it, which has remained unfinished for nearly thirty years, and is now overgrown with brambles and weeds."

His auditors continued unmoved, but Jack made one more effort. "There is another place worth visiting," he stated, "the Rising Sun Tavern. You remember what a historic place that is, Eleanor? Washington used to loaf there with Lord Fairfax. When Lafayette was in Fredericksburg, while on his second visit to the United States, a ball was given there in his honor."

This aroused Mrs. O'Neill, and she joined in the conversation with animation. "That was a great affair," she averred. "My mother was in attendance, and frequently spoke of it." She gave an elaborate history of the event. The distinguished visitor and his party had come in carriages, escorted by a long train of horsemen. They had reached Fredericksburg at sunset, and were received on the outskirts of the town by the school children, drawn up in the form of a battalion, which was called the Lafayette Guards. Mrs. O'Neill went on with enthusiasm: "At night the town was brilliant with illumination; the mayor made a speech of welcome in the public square; later a dinner was given, followed by the ball."

It was a favorite subject with Mrs. O'Neill. Jack, who had heard the story many times before, smiled slyly at Eleanor, as he interrupted the recital. "Mother," he asked, "did grandmother dance with Lafayette at the ball?"

"No," Mrs. O'Neill replied composedly, "the general did not dance at all, but watched the quadrilles and reels with deep interest. He complimented my mother on being the handsomest young married woman in the room. My father stood by, and was the proudest man there. My mother often told me about it."

And while his mother was relating that the next day, being Sunday, Lafayette went to St. George's Church, *attended by the* Freemasons in full regalia, Jack whis-

pered to Paul, with a grin: "Our grandmother was evidently not afraid to tell the flattering things that were said about her. Eleanor thinks she looks like her." He ducked his head suddenly, as he saw his sister pretending to aim at his head the book which she had taken from the table.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE BULLET'S PATH.

Months of hard fighting followed. At Gainesville the Reserves won imperishable renown; the next day they repeated the achievement at Bull Run. They were in the rain and darkness at Chantilly.

But at every turn the Army of Virginia met with humiliation, defeat, disaster. Pope had failed as signally as McClellan. McClellan's star was in the ascendant again. The Army of Virginia faded into history. The Army of the Potomac became powerful once more.

The Reserves had changed commanders again. Reynolds was in Pennsylvania, organizing the militia of that State; Meade, spectacled and courteous, commanded in his place. The First Corps was now under dashing Joe Hooker.

The army marched into Maryland; it gained the victory of South Mountain; it won in the bloody battle of Antietam. At Antietam the Reserves held the post of honor, and opened the fight, Meade leading the corps on the wounding of General Hooker. Again McClellan displayed lack of aggressiveness. The Confederates were permitted to escape into Virginia unpursued.

Procrastination followed. The season was waning; great flocks of birds darkened the sky on their way southward; the raw winds of November again whistled over the bleak hills and valleys. McClellan was still lingering at Warrenton, when the end came.

His farewell to the army must be dramatic. In a grandiloquent address to the troops he criticized the President by innuendo. Imperial Cæsar never rode along his legions with more pomp than this general down his blue lines. Bands played; salutes were fired; colors were dipped; there was sadness, tears, lusty cheering, ominous silence. The exit was complete.

General Burnside, the victor of Roanoke Island, was the next commander. He also received the order to move, and obeyed without question. Before many days he stood in battle array on the heights across the river from Fredericksburg, on the highroad to Richmond. And now the tide of battle which had raged for a year, to the north and south, to the east and west of Fredericksburg, was to roar and shriek and moan in its very center.

Again the peerless Lee recognized his opportunity. While Burnside was leisurely awaiting the arrival of materials with which to construct bridges across the Rappahannock, Lee was hurrying forward troops from every quarter of Virginia. From Richmond the railroad-trains were rushing in men; all the roads were dark with marching soldiers; eighty thousand ragged veterans soon barred the roads leading to the Confederate capital. Day and night they toiled on the high ground south of the city, throwing up earthworks, constructing entrenchments, creating impenetrable obstructions.

The Union Army, the greatest of the whole war, had been organized into three grand divisions. After a furious bombardment of the city, the immense forces were blindly pushed across the river at Fredericksburg, above, below. The First Corps, once more under General Reynolds, and the Sixth, comprised the Left Grand Division. *Its commander*, General Franklin, crossed it three miles

below the city. The next day the battle began in earnest.

It was a mild winter day. In the early morning the ground was covered with a light snow; a dense fog hung over the landscape. At ten o'clock, when several batteries were brought forward to silence the Confederate guns which had begun firing, the snow had disappeared. The fog also lifted under the warm rays of the sun. On the wide plain, where they had passed over the river, in full view of the Confederates, Franklin's forty thousand men were marshaled for the fight. From the woods on the elevations the rebels watched the moving picture, and listened to the drum-beats and bugle-calls.

For the second time in three months the Reserves were entrusted with the task of beginning battle. At one o'clock the skirmishing commenced; at two, the line advanced across the fields.

The Confederates were hidden from sight in rifle-pits, behind fences, walls, breastworks, in the woods. From all directions they poured out a murderous fire; but the steady advance and accurate aim of the Federals forced them slowly to retire.

Now the Reserves charged. The men leaped the ditch running along the railroad, they crossed the track, pushed up the slope, over the abandoned breastworks, and fell on the enemy in their second row of defenses. They struck the Confederates before they had time to reform, forced them across the road running along the crest of the elevation. They tore down a fence and spread out into the open ground beyond. The victorious Federals occupied the heights for half a mile back; they had completely pierced the enemy's line, were in presence of his reserves, in sight of his ambulances. They had cap-

tured the standards of two regiments, and had sent two hundred prisoners to the rear.

The Confederates recovered from their temporary panic. Dense masses of men in dirty gray and earth-brown came from the right and from the left. Those who had fled returned and attacked from the front. Meade looked back anxiously for the expected assistance. For two hours he had carried on the fight alone; there were two bullet-holes in his slouch-hat; his division was dwindling; still the tens of thousands in the rear were standing idly by. The Reserves fought on with hopeless desperation; the killed and wounded lay thick in their ranks, and their ammunition was exhausted. In overwhelming numbers the Confederates began charging down on them. The Reserves broke and fled—all but the eighteen hundred dead and wounded, and those who were already on the way to Belle Isle prison.

Ever since the close of Pope's campaign, Paul had been colonel of his regiment. On this sorrowful December day he was in active command. When the Confederate wave was dashing with such resistless fury against the devoted Pennsylvanians he was stationed on the left of the regiment. The shock would be terrific. He exerted himself to nerve his soldiers for the onslaught. At first he succeeded. The brave fellows responded nobly to his appeal, firing and reloading, and firing again, with the enthusiasm of boys. Then his horse was shot under him. Hardly a moment elapsed before he had extricated himself, and on foot continued to encourage the men in the performance of their duty, promising that help would soon arrive.

Suddenly he felt a sharp sting in his left arm. The sensation was like that produced by a fine red-hot iron

being thrust sharply into the flesh; then the arm became numb, and he knew he had been hit. He touched the wound with his right hand; the warm blood was soaking into his sleeve, yet he suffered no pain, and the excitement of the battle buoyed him up. The adjutant of the regiment, who had also lost his horse, pressed him to tie up the hurt. A volley heavier than usual was poured into the broken ranks. For the second time he felt a sting in his left arm, then still another, sharper than either of the others.

Automatically he started to follow the adjutant's advice, but a sickening sensation came over him, a cold sweat broke out on his forehead. He became sightless and reeled. He remembered no more.

When consciousness returned the battle was over; only in the distance, in the direction of Fredericksburg, heavy firing continued. He was dazed. He wondered how he came to be lying there, weak and helpless, on the damp, frosty ground. His wounded arm had ceased to bleed; this was another cause for speculation; it was bare, too, all the way to the shoulder; a ramrod was lying under it. Gradually his senses became more acute. A handkerchief was wound tightly around the arm; in some way the ramrod was affixed to it. His eyes brightened as he realized that the iron had been used in twisting the linen tightly about the upper wound; that it was now holding the ligature in place. The adjutant came to his mind. The officer had probably used this means of stanching the wound, and, being unable to carry him off, had retired with the division.

With great difficulty he raised himself to a sitting posture. All about him lay hideous forms, glassy-eyed. A chorus of moans indicated that among the dead were *many who* were living. A few of these were dressed

in gray, but the large majority wore new overcoats of light blue. Fifty feet away lay his own horse, still alive, and uttering pitiful cries. Close beside him, and he marveled that he had not noticed the figure before, was a soldier in blue, extended at full-length on his face, one arm thrown over his head, as if sleeping after arduous toil.

Paul's first thought was that, having become panic-stricken, the man had attempted to run away, and had been shot down from behind while flying. Something impelled him to take a second glance, but there was nothing familiar about the body. Just then the sun, sinking on the horizon, reflected the gilt of an officer's shoulder-straps. He saw the single bar, and like a flash came the notion that it was his own adjutant who was lying there stark and dead.

With an effort he staggered up and examined the corpse. His premonition was only too true. The hot tears came to his eyes, but he was not ashamed of them. It was for him that the young fellow had died. For a moment Paul looked gloomily at the still form before him. The dark-brown hair was clotted with blood. Brains were oozing from a round hole in the back of the head, freezing as they spread out over the ground. Death had come to this man while he was saving the life of another. Oh, the cruelty of battle!

Paul remembered how helpless he was himself. In the distance were the bivouac-fires of the enemy; gray-clad figures were everywhere moving about the field; some were bearing litters, searching for wounded and dead. But what troubled him more than the litter-bearers was the sight of persons whose mission was otherwise than one of mercy. Swarming over the open ground were men bent on rifling the pockets of the

dead, robbing them of jewelry, stripping them naked. There seemed to Paul no way of reaching his friends, however, at least until darkness set in, and he lay down again and waited.

Two men drew so near that he could hear them talk. He saw one of them stoop over a wounded Federal, and as he arose again, hold up a silver watch. The Federal protested with a feeble oath, causing the Confederate to laugh as he and his comrade passed on. The next plunderer who came along was not so considerate. Going up to the Union soldier who had just been deprived of his watch, he began divesting him of his overcoat, handling the man with such a degree of roughness that he yelled with pain.

Paul felt his indignation rising. If he remonstrated, however, he would likely meet with the same fate, perhaps be made prisoner besides. Nor could he see how his interference would avail the sufferer. But when he heard that sharp cry of anguish a second time, he called angrily to the brutal Confederate, denouncing him as a murderer.

The ruffian paused in his work. Fixing his eyes on Paul's recumbent figure, he walked rapidly toward him, muttering imprecations as he advanced. The clouds which had obscured the sun drifted away, and the light fell full on the tall, ungainly form of the rebel. He was dressed in ragged butternut; his beard was shaggy and yellow, his face almost as saffron. In his bony hands he held a musket with bayonet fixed.

Paul was sitting up now; he knew full well that his own life would become the forfeit for his rashness. He determined to fight to the last. With his cocked revolver gripped tightly in his right hand, well hidden in his lap, he bided his time.

"You Yank son-uv-a——!" the Southerner yelled. The point of the bayonet was raised high over Paul's head. Deliberately Paul raised the revolver; his hand trembled with the excitement pervading his whole frame. He took careful aim at the fellow's breast and fired. Up went the long arms, the musket dropped over to one side, almost grazing its intended victim's leg; the knees bent; the man fell over backward, giving an unearthly shriek, and then lay still.

The sound of the shot would no doubt cause an alarm and bring other Confederates on the scene. Paul stared anxiously about him. No one was very near, but more than one pair of eyes was raised in the direction where he sat. It would be unwise to run, even if he had the strength. He hastily dropped on his back again. A happy inspiration came to him. He would turn marauder himself. That would be much safer than to lie still, and wait until some searching-party found him. But first he must return the overcoat to the wounded Federal. This done, he would go over the field as if in search of booty. Picking up the garment which the dead Confederate had dropped, he walked up to the Union soldier, and as carefully as he was able wrapped it about his person. The man seemed childish in his helplessness, and demanded querulously to be taken away. The Confederates hovering about the field were now all wearing blue overcoats. Paul decided that he also must possess himself of an overcoat, in order to cover up the insignia of his rank. His own had been thrown aside on starting out in the morning.

The Federal whom he had just befriended watched him curiously, as he tugged and labored with his one hand to draw the greatcoat from a tall, stiff form lying near. When he finally succeeded in pulling it off, the

soldier remarked in surprise: "Well, I'll be d——d! First you shoot a man for taking mine, then you go to all that trouble to get another."

Paul remained silent. Explanations would be tedious; he was shivering with cold; he felt weak and faint again, having given his injured arm a wrench when the coat finally came off; he was really helpless himself; and he was anxious to get away. The warm overcoat was placed on his shoulders with difficulty. The battered old slouch-hat of the Confederate whom he had shot made the disguise complete; he congratulated himself on having become a rather respectable-looking rebel.

He held the overcoat in place with his well hand; the left arm hung helpless at his side; the ramrod still kept the bandage tight. He faced the biting wind, and moved boldly over to where he saw two litter-bearers. The men gave no sign that they saw him, and he passed on, bending his steps toward the wood, around the edge of which he had come with his division; he stooped frequently over prostrate forms, as he saw the others do. His weakness, no less than the fear of arousing suspicion, compelled him to travel slowly.

On every hand were evidences of the fierce conflict. Often he was obliged to make a détour to avoid stepping on the dead, or on those whose moans or feeble movements disclosed the fact that they were alive.

They lay singly, in groups, in frightful masses, the dead huddled with the living. Some were horribly mutilated, others with no outward sign of wounds. There were forms with every muscle strained in agony, and those whose hands were folded peacefully on their bosoms. Of the living, some were crying for help, for water, for food. A heavy-set man in a blue uniform, with an untrimmed black beard covering a sinister face,

was supporting himself in a sitting position on one elbow. He was cursing with the violence of one delirious; he was damning Lincoln, damning the war, damning Jeff Davis, all in one breath. But when two Confederate litter-bearers approached he began to sing in a harsh, exasperating voice:

> "The Union forever, hurrah! boys, hurrah!
> Down with the traitor, and up with the star!"

A squad of Confederates, under an officer, stopped Paul and demanded to know what he was doing there, and to what command he belonged. He had overheard passing Confederates talk of the losses sustained by the Seventh Tennessee regiment. Without hesitation, he replied that he was a member of that organization, and searching for a brother whom he had missed since the opening of the fight. He then walked unconcernedlv away.

The leafless trees were only a few rods distant; he was already feeling that a heavy burden had been lifted from his shoulders, when the officer called to him the second time.

Now he was in for it, he concluded, facing about sharply. Something in his accent or appearance had probably betrayed him. The officer was pointing in the opposite direction from which Paul was going. As he came up, the Confederate said: "One of my men tells me that some of the Seventh Tennessee are lying over there about a hundred yards away."

Paul was afraid the rebels would hear the sigh of relief which he heaved, as he thanked them for the information. Trying hard to look pleased, he turned in the direction indicated. When he had gone the proper

distance, he bent over the dead, but closed his eyes to shut out the repulsiveness of the mutilated forms that he saw lying on the ground. His informants were soon far away and scarcely discernible in the gathering gloom. Once more he moved toward the woods, now several times farther away than before.

He was fast becoming faint, and he staggered at every step. The wounds had become dry and hard and gave him intense pain; he dropped the overcoat which had become burdensome, and struggled bravely on.

At last the trees were reached; here the dead and wounded were less numerous. But now darkness set in in good earnest, obscuring everything from sight. He was no longer sure of the way, but continued in the direction from which the wind brought the sound of drums and the faint words of command. He stumbled constantly over the dead and over the débris of the battle. He stepped on a wounded man, who shrieked in agony, causing him to draw back so precipitately that his injured arm struck against a tree and he almost fainted from pain. Then his foot sent a drum bounding noisily away, and he stooped low, fearful of attracting some one's fire. For a time his pathway was illuminated by tall grass burning on the open ground to the right, set on fire during the afternoon by bursting shells, and fanned into flame by the wind. Now it was springing from blade to blade, lapping up the wounded in its path, who writhed in agony and made desperate efforts to escape.

The distant sounds of battle had long since ceased. The deep stillness was only disturbed by an occasional shot, fired at some battle-field prowler, the flash shedding a weird light on the scene of carnage. Suddenly the ground seemed to recede from under his feet, and

he had almost fallen headlong. He grasped a sapling and remembered the descent to the railroad.

Down this he cautiously picked his way, and then crossed the track and scrambled up the other side and into the woods again. He felt safer now; yet he knew only too well that he had reached the most dangerous place in the whole journey. Here he would be likely to come upon the pickets, thrown out by the Confederates to watch the Federals. Groping from tree to tree, he always kept where the shadows were deepest. More than once he was startled by a far-away challenge, and a sudden flash, followed by a shot, and a stooping figure speeding away in the gloom. The pickets seemed to be thick on both sides of him, but whether they were Federals or Confederates he was unable to tell. So far he was fortunate enough not to encounter any of them. Each moment he was becoming more faint, and his movements slower and more laborious.

The crackling of twigs on the ground close at hand aroused him anew to his danger. Then he heard the crunching of feet on the dry leaves, and the sound of footsteps. He saw black shadows moving slowly through the darkness. Crouching behind a tree, he waited. He could hear the murmur of voices now. As the persons approached still nearer he distinguished their words. One man was saying oracularly that General Franklin was a fool for not sending his whole grand division to attack, instead of entrusting the work to one weak division; another expressed the positive opinion that the fault was Burnside's. Satisfied that they were Federals, Paul called to them. Instantly came the click of firearms, as they halted and waited for him to draw near. Four men stood dimly before him; one was carrying an empty litter on his shoulder,

Paul asked whether they were Federals, and, for fear of meeting with a denial, abruptly stated that he was a wounded Union officer, and desired to be directed to his lines.

"Yes, colonel, we is. We're lookin' fur you's," was the quick reply.

Paul nearly collapsed for pleasure as he recognized the rough, kindly voice of John Murphy, and saw William Penn grinning behind him. The two privates with them were evidently the persons who had uttered the sapient observations on the conduct of the battle.

Joyfully they bore their wounded colonel back to the great bivouac. Slowly they wound through the masses of friendly soldiers, by blazing fires, past the batteries, and the horses munching their feed, between the rows of hospital-tents to the grove of chestnut-trees near the river-bank—huge in their winter nakedness—where Franklin's flag was flying, and Bayard, the commander of the cavalry, was slowly dying. And Paul felt as if he had received another wound when told of the mortal hurt of the brilliant young general whom he had known and loved ever since the days when the Reserves were encamped at Tennallytown.

John Murphy halted his party at the big stone mansion, bright with lights, which was overflowing with wounded.

CHAPTER XIV.

WOMEN GUIDE THE PLOT.

Paul had been taken to a large, high-ceiled apartment on the second floor. The candles in the chandelier were burnt down and sputtered in their sockets; the dim light had been reenforced by two old smoking army lanterns, placed on the mantel, one on each side of the alabaster-and-gilt Louis XVI. clock. In large panels, on opposite sides of the rooms, were frescos of the "Battle of Yorktown," and "Washington Bidding Farewell to His Army." Several small prints, also depicting scenes from the Revolutionary war, hung upon the walls. The white lace curtains were still on the windows. The mahogany four-poster, on which Paul lay, was denuded of its damask hangings, now a disordered heap under the bed. No other furniture remained in the room.

Surrounded by maimed and moaning men, stretched out on the mud-stained carpet, Paul was examined by the surgeon in charge, who wagged his head sagely and gave the attendant an order in a low voice. When Paul demanded information of the surgeon's intention, he was curtly informed that whatever was best under the circumstances would be done.

John Murphy was still standing by the side of the bed. He had indulged in several good-sized drinks of whisky out of the same flask from which he had revived Paul's drooping spirits when he met him in the woods. The odor was strong on his breath, and the effect was still apparent in the wildness of his eyes. Advancing threateningly toward the surgeon, he bawled out with an oath,

which startled the wounded men on the floor: "If you's don't give the colonel a civil answer at wonc't, I'll throw you's out o' the window."

The surgeon ordered him to quit the room instantly, but the tone was anything but menacing. He began a learned disquisition on the character of Paul's wounds, which was unintelligible to his auditors. He concluded with the blunt assertion that the arm must be amputated.

Paul had never doubted that he would lose the limb, yet it was no trifling matter to him; and he knew from experience that many of the surgeons were only too prone to use the knife, where a little more deliberation might have saved the member. He determined to obtain the opinion of the surgeon of his own regiment first, and requested John to send for Doctor Sägeknochen.

An hour later the German doctor arrived at the hospital. He also looked solemn, and frankly admitted that the arm should come off. The bone was badly shattered in two places, he declared.

The next morning Paul was taken out into the room from which so many shrieks of pain had already come. When they carried him back to the bed, the wounded arm was missing.

His system had become hardened by the rough soldier-life he was leading, and recovery was rapid. The following afternoon he was sitting in bed, the stump carefully propped up on the pillows at his side. Although suffering pain, he was enjoying a ludicrous story which a lightly wounded lieutenant, lying near his bed, was relating.

William Penn came in, and, waiting until the story had been finished, said, looking everywhere but at Paul, "*Cuhnel, yistehdeh, w'ile yo' were sleepin', I was obah de ribbah, tryin'* to fine out somethin' 'bout my ole miss's,

an' run'd 'cross Missee Elnah, an' huh muddah, an' Missee Blanche, an' Mahs Jack, an' tole dem 'bout yo'."

Paul's interest was awakened. He plied William with questions. The answers were not satisfactory, and he directed the negro to be more explicit, and tell him where he had been.

"I couldn' heah nothin' 'bout Miss' Lea, nohow," rambled William evasively, when Paul interrupted sharply, ordering him to answer the question.

William became confused and blurted out, "I were at de house whah Missee Blanche libs. An' dey is all werry ankshus to come heah."

Paul felt convinced that the faithful African had undertaken the journey solely to notify Mrs. O'Neill and her relatives of his master's condition. His face flushed with pleasant anticipation; he would find their visit very agreeable. But his hopes fell as quickly as they had risen. The crowded hospital, with its horrid sights and smells, was no place for sensitive women. He said positively, "William, you must go to Mrs. O'Neill, and thank her for her well-meant intentions, but tell her that I expect to be out of here shortly, when I will do myself the honor to call."

The black's face expressed disappointment. "But, cuhnel," he persisted, "Mahs Jack am down-staihs now; I could hawdly keep him fum comin' up; he wan's to see yo' drehful bad, so dat he kin tell his muddah 'bout yo', hisself."

There could be no objection to Jack, and William was told to invite him in. As Jack entered the room, William was admonishing him not to do much talking. "'Cause hit excitulates de cuhnel," he whispered. Jack almost tiptoed toward the bed; his face was as solemn as that of the *proverbial* owl, only its assumed character was quite

apparent. When he saw Paul sitting up, however, and looking much as he had always done, he turned on the servant, and exclaimed indignantly, "You lying old nigger! You told me he was almost dead!" William was already half-way across the room.

Lounging on the edge of the bed, Jack commenced encouragingly, "I'm so glad you're not hurt any worse." He looked Paul over for a moment, and then proceeded in a labored effort to cheer him. "Now, if you had lost your other arm, it would have been serious. Let me tell you the joke I heard the other day. It fits your case exactly. General Kearney got it off on General Howard. Kearney lost his right arm somewhere; Mexico, I guess; and after the battle of Fair Oaks visited Howard, whose left arm had just been amputated. 'General,' he said to him, 'you and I can both save money by buying our gloves together. You can wear the left, and I the right.' "

Paul smiled good-naturedly, but did not spoil the anecdote by informing Jack that Kearney had lost his left arm, and Howard the right, and that the story was going the rounds of the camps, applied to nearly every officer in the army who had lost an arm in the service.

Changing the subject, Jack went on insinuatingly, "Mother, and Eleanor, and Blanche want me to bring you to Blanche's home. They're all together over there now. Johnnie Murphy will make the arrangements here." He glanced inquiringly into Paul's face.

Paul felt grateful; his heart leaped at the thought of living under the same roof with Eleanor. Yet what right had he to burden his friends by entering their home in his present helpless condition? With keen regret, he assured Jack that it would be impossible for him to accept the hospitality of the ladies.

A torrent of remonstrances came from Jack. "Mother especially charged me not to take a refusal," he exclaimed. "Blanche wants you to come because you gave her away at the wedding. Even our Eleanor urged me to fetch you. She's cold, Paul, but next to John Barnaby she thinks you're the greatest man alive." His face crimsoned as he made the last statement.

Paul reflected. He was more convinced than ever that he must not yield. His meditation brought Eleanor more vividly to mind than ever, and he yearned to hear more about her. But he abruptly shifted the conversation, and asked Jack to tell him something of what he had seen of the battle.

The young soldier's eyes glistened. For the last two days the subject had been uppermost in his mind. It was the one topic in which he found most happiness. He immediately became so absorbed in his recital that he entirely forgot the purpose of the visit. "It makes me sick to think of it," he commenced deprecatingly. "You know I was in Hooker's Center Grand Division. We remained on the north bank of the Rappahannock until the fight was half over, when we were hurried across the river, we all thought, for the purpose of being shoved into the battle. But only a division or two was sent in. The rest of us were kept cooped up in Fredericksburg.

"The inhabitants had all skipped out," Jack proceeded, with animation, "but the streets were so packed with soldiers, artillery, ammunition-wagons, horses, ambulances, that our brigade could hardly get through Caroline Street, where Hanover Street crosses. Hanover Street was already filled with soldiers coming from the front. There were wounded men walking, and wounded men borne on litters; there were men who pretended to be helping the wounded along, where help was unneces-

sary; there were more men who were not wounded at all, and who made no pretense at having an excuse, but had thrown musket and knapsack away, and hurried from the battle-field because it was too hot for them. When we found we would not be allowed to fight, we broke ranks, and several of us climbed to the steeple of the court-house for a view of the battle."

Jack's eyes glittered with the intensity of his feelings; he seemed to have the battle still before him. "The crackling of the musketry was continuous," he proclaimed. "The cannon roared almost as constantly. All over the field were little clouds of dun smoke, which rose and grew larger, temporarily hiding the combatants, and then disappeared again. The dreadful wall at the foot of Marye's Heights was a sheet of flame; the rebel cannon on the hills in the rear were pounding away frightfully. Bodies of our men were continually pushing forward; here a soldier dropped down, there, three or four. Some were running away, and got behind the few houses that dotted the plain, or lay down flat where the rise in the ground afforded a fair degree of shelter. Others always took their places; and, above the dir every little while, came that terrible rebel yell.

"I don't know how long we would have stayed there," he went on, "but when the fight was at its height, two generals came up, and we were peremptorily ordered down." The recollection of this indignity caused Jack to frown.

Not only was Paul deeply affected, but every man within ear-shot was listening with eyes distended and mouth agape.

"And what did you see after that?" Paul asked, with ill-concealed eagerness.

But Jack continued, unconscious of any interruption:

"When it became dark, and all was quiet again, and there was no sound save the shouts of the rabble pouring into the city, I led the way to our house. All the houses we passed had been broken open, and were occupied by troops."

He paused, and his eyes flashed as he proceeded. "On the front lawn I met Jerry, our hostler, who had returned with the Union Army. He did not know me in my uniform, and was so scared at the confusion about him that his teeth chattered. When he finally recognized me, his face brightened for an instant, and then became as long as before. He pointed mutely to the open doorway.

"The loss of the battle had evidently not caused any dejection in the house," Jack continued. "All was hilarity. Some one was banging away on the piano. There was singing of vile songs, and from the rear of the house came several loud crashes, as if they were breaking up furniture. As I walked into the parlor, a young devil was standing on one of our best cushioned chairs, his shoes all muddy, cutting my grandmother's portrait from the frame."

Jack's face assumed a menacing look. "I didn't care what happened," he pursued, "but sailed into that gang for all I was worth. I swiped the fellow, who was playing and yelping at the piano, on the side of the mouth, knocking him over with the suddenness of the attack; then I pulled the chair from under the feet of the gorilla working at the canvas, tumbling him to the floor, where he struck his ugly face on one of the andirons, giving it a good, deep cut."

Paul shifted his position on the bed, and glanced at the upturned faces on the floor. The men had forgotten their pains in their deep interest in Jack's story of the battle. A personal encounter between their own comrades

would be almost equally interesting. Jack winked at Paul when he saw the sensation he had created, but went on with his former earnestness.

"There were at least a dozen of the fellows in the room," he said, "and seventy-five or eighty more were scattered over the rest of the house, while there were only six of us, all unarmed; we had stacked our muskets in the street, where we broke ranks. For a few minutes it looked very much as if we'd get badly licked. But one of my party, a quick-witted young corporal from Boston—they are all smart in Boston," he interjected parenthetically, nudging Paul, as he caught sight of the self-satisfied look on the face of one of the wounded men, which indicated to him that the soldier also hailed from the city of culture—"stepped forward and coolly told them that they were in a Union house. He pointed to me, stating that it was my mother's property, and admonished them to respect it accordingly. He made a deep impression on every one but the fellow whom I had struck, and on the one with the bruised jaw. Both of these tried to get at me, but were held back by their friends." Jack grinned satirically.

Here he stopped again, but when Paul insisted on his proceeding, he added, "They weren't bad fellows, only rough, wanton soldiers, who hated the rebels. They apologized, and offered to vacate the premises, and take possession of the adjoining house. But I told them to stay. I was afraid the next batch who came wouldn't be so considerate. After that they all behaved first-rate; nothing more was destroyed, and nothing stolen, at least so far as I know. But the house resembled my grandfather's pigsty, when they went away the following day. The mud was an inch deep on the floor."

His voice became more subdued. What he had still

to say was intended for Paul alone; the men on the floor strained their ears, and looked up regretfully, when they could no longer hear what was being said. Jack related that the same day his company was ordered to cross the river; he left Jerry in charge of the house. Having learned from Jerry before starting where to find his mother and Eleanor, he had first settled himself in the camp, and then tramped, late as it was, to the house on the Belle Plain Road. "Mother was very much frightened when she heard the rapping on the door at that unearthly hour," he went on. "But Eleanor came to the window, and recognized me in the moonlight, and let me in. Mother was awful glad to see me back unhurt, although she started in at once to abuse the Yankees; Eleanor was tickled to death, but tried to hide her feelings, as she always does."

Jack drew closer, and in a confidential whisper continued: "I can't understand what she sees in John Barnaby." The lines on the young face hardened as the next sentence was uttered. "He is a spy and a murderer," he muttered through his teeth.

Paul raised his hand disapprovingly. Secretly he was inclined to rejoice. At the same time he was ashamed of the selfishness out of which the thought was born, and he hastened to say to Jack, "You should not tell me this; your mother is the proper person."

Jack protested that this would be useless; his mother was too much prejudiced in Barnaby's favor. She had a notion that the sun rose and set in the young Confederate's immediate neighborhood. "If you'll allow me," Jack persisted, "I'll easily prove my allegations." And without waiting to receive the asked for permission, he went on: "A few days before the battle of Mechanicsville a Confederate officer rode up to where our

regiment was posted, waving a flag of truce. From the first his face looked familiar. As he drew nearer, I was surprised to discover that it was Barnaby. He was allowed to approach within a hundred feet. At this time my platoon was ordered away, and I lost sight of him. When I was told later that there had been delay in sending some one out to meet him, and that during the interval he was strongly suspected of having deliberately surveyed our position and calculated our strength, I explained that he was my sister's friend, and indignantly repelled the aspersions cast upon him. I thought no more of the incident until I came to be in Richmond on that little trip of which you already know. I was seeing the town with my friends, Frank Byrd and Tommy Riley. You understand what that means," he concluded significantly, his face flushing.

Paul nodded rather doubtfully, and Jack proceeded: "I didn't say anything about this before, because mother and Eleanor were present when I related my story." Again his face assumed the worldly-wise look, again he blushed deeply. "The house where we visited," he continued, "was crowded indiscriminately with rebel officers and privates. We were taken into a room facing on the hall. Directly opposite was another room, the door of which was standing wide open. Here some one was talking in a loud key. I knew the voice instantly as that of Barnaby. What do you think he was saying to those roistering men and women? He was boasting how he had imposed on the Yankees with a white flag. He admitted that he had approached our lines under its sheltering folds, pretending to bear a message from General Lee in regard to the care of certain Union wounded. He declared that he had obtained information which enabled the rebels to nearly annihilate one of our regi-

ments. Wasn't that murder?" Jack asked abruptly, looking intently into Paul's face. "But if he expected his remarks to be greeted with applause," Jack commenced again, "he was mistaken; even in that half-drunken crowd they were received in dead silence."

Jack's indignation had caused him to raise his voice; the men on the floor were listening again. Paul admonished him, with a look, to be more careful, and Jack proceeded in a whisper: "When I met him face to face a few minutes later I itched to draw the revolver secreted under my blouse, and shoot him on the spot. Instead I pretended not to see him. I thought he would denounce me then and there, such a vicious look came into his face. But he turned on his heel and left the house.

"It made me feel terribly bad to think how Eleanor is in love with the villain. But women are all queer," Jack concluded, with comical gravity.

Paul remained silent. Lieutenant Barnaby had never struck him as being more than commonplace, but he was possessed of a handsome figure and gentlemanly manners, and could readily impress young girls. Paul had never suspected him of being what Jack said he was. Would Jack's stand eventually change Eleanor's attitude toward himself? Perhaps after all there was some chance of his winning her favor.

Jack looked thoughtfully at the ceiling a moment, and then broke out again: "And that isn't all, Paul. Frank Byrd told me that Barnaby had once been engaged to a confiding girl; when his mother heard of the entanglement, she raised a row because the young lady's blood wasn't as blue as her own. Barnaby had no qualms of conscience about the matter, but cast the girl aside like an old worn-out glove, and she died of a bro-

ken heart. After this he commenced shinnying around Eleanor."

Jack glared savagely, and went on with boyish vehemence: "Mother favors him because she says he comes of such a good family. They have a crest, and a large estate in the tidewater of Virginia. But the estate won't be quite so large when this war is over. I'll never allow him to marry my sister!"

The two men had been so engrossed that neither noticed John Murphy's arrival, and they were both startled when he appeared, like an apparition, before them, withal a robust apparition, and related that an order had been received from General Franklin, directing the withdrawal, after dark, across the river, of the entire Left Grand Division; the wounded were to be sent away at once. "An ambulance is waitin' fur you's at the front door, now," was John's plump conclusion.

A suspicion flitted across Paul's mind that this was a conspiracy to get him to Blanche's home. He glanced keenly at John, and then at Jack. The first avoided his gaze, the other appeared to be as nonplused as himself. He answered that he was ready to go at any time.

John soon had William in the room. Paul was wrapped in blankets, placed on a litter, and carried out by the two men.

In front of the main door of the house, and winding about the grounds, and up and down the lanes between the tents, and through the chestnut-trees, was a long line of covered conveyances, flying little yellow hospital flags. Paul's suspicions were allayed. He allowed himself to be placed in the first of the wagons, which was soon being driven away.

His destination was unknown to him. From his place inside he could not see where he was being taken. Nor

was there any one from whom to obtain information. John Murphy had remained behind, and Jack and William were seated outside with the driver. The jolting of the vehicle gave him considerable pain, and the journey appeared so interminably long that he feared it would never come to an end. At length, after two hours, the pace slackened, and soon the vehicle stopped entirely. The driver yelled for the horses to back, and the persons on the front seat jumped down. Jack's face was radiant as he helped the driver lift the litter out of the wagon; William had disappeared.

Paul had no idea where he was, nor did he care, so long as he was away from the rough road. Scarcely looking about him, he soon found himself in a bright upstairs room. His litter had been set down beside a snowy-white bed, and a cheerful wood-fire was blazing in the open hearth. He missed William for the first time, and asked for him.

Jack called down-stairs to William, who came in flustered, the blood almost showing red through the yellow skin of his face. He soon had his master snugly tucked away in the bed, and quickly left the room again, a faint grin breaking out on his countenance as he closed the door. He had hardly gone when there was a light rap.

Paul looked questioningly at Jack, who smilingly answered that he supposed it was one of the ladies, adding, "Shall I tell her to come in?"

Paul was momentarily confused. He felt certain that the whole of the Left Grand Division was falling back to the north bank of the river, as had been told to him; but he quickly realized also that he had been tricked, after all, and was now in the house on the Belle Plain Road. Almost involuntarily he laughed, and called out, "Come in!"

The door opened, and Mrs. O'Neill entered with beaming countenance. Seeing Paul laughing, she also gave a cheery laugh, and said heartily, "I am so glad to see you here, colonel. We are three lone women, and will treat you kindly if only you promise not to scold any of us, or Captain Murphy, or William, for getting you here by what you military men call strategy. Jack knew nothing at all about it until told on the road here."

Paul promised readily, but said he must reserve the right of wreaking his vengeance on the negro. He added, "No wonder he did not show himself when we arrived. Where has the rascal gone to, anyway?"

He smiled drolly when Mrs. O'Neill answered that William was out of harm's way; he had ridden off to General Burnside's headquarters, where he had been sent by Captain Murphy, who knew what a great appetite his old captain had, and, fearing that there was not sufficient food in the house, had directed William to go for a more abundant supply.

Eleanor and Blanche came into the room, both looking happy. Yet both were seemingly afraid to talk, fearful of its effect on the wounded man. Paul smiled at their solicitude, and each began a lively conversation which kept him so occupied that he became entirely oblivious of his lost arm, and his dependent state.

Blanche amused him with an account of her wedding-journey. After her husband had become well enough to travel, she related, he had insisted on taking her to Richmond to see the sights. They arrived rather late in the afternoon, and found all the hotels crowded with refugees. Captain Baird had assured her that there would be no trouble in obtaining a place at which to stay, since, as soon as it was known that a wounded Confederate officer and his bride were in search of accommodations,

every door would be thrown open to them. Calling on several of their acquaintances, they were shown the politest attentions, unaccompanied, however, by the hoped-for invitation to remain. In deep chagrin they both sat down on a door-step, not far away from the last house visited.

"And I was seriously thinking of crying," Blanche said lugubriously. "While I was feeling my bluest, a tall, erect, slender man, with an emaciated face, a linen coat hanging loosely on his frame, and wearing gray trousers and a wide-brimmed soft hat came along. I determined to ask him whether he could not direct us to a lodging-place. He stopped, and his preoccupied air disappeared, and with the most stately courtesy he inquired if we were strangers in the city.

"I would not allow my husband to talk," she continued, "and made haste to answer that we had just been married; my husband was a captain in the Confederate Army, and we were on our wedding-journey, and could not find a place to lay our weary heads.

"The gentleman listened patiently," Blanche went on, "and a kindly smile came over his well-bred features. He asked us to come with him, and took us to his own home. Who do you think it was?" she asked breathlessly.

Jack had been blowing the smoke of a cigarette toward the ceiling, and listening attentively. He did not wait for Paul to answer, but blurted out promptly, "Jeff Davis! I saw him when I was in Richmond."

Blanche was plainly disconcerted. The climax of her story was spoiled; she did not expect any one to guess the identity of her hero. Paul asked Jack slyly whether anything still remained untold of that surreptitious visit of his to the Confederate capital, intimating that he had

already related more than enough to fill in the whole forty-eight hours which he had spent there, not allowing any time for sleep.

In the evening Doctor Sägeknochen called, and dressed Paul's wound. While he was instructing William how to perform the same service, Eleanor asked permission to come in. She explained that she wanted to be useful, and added, "I think, perhaps, I can treat the wound better than William." Observing the indignant look on that functionary's face, she said to him soothingly, "You can shave the colonel, and trim his hair and mustache, which have grown scraggy." This mollified William. Eleanor's action also won over the gruff surgeon, who went away highly pleased, leaving her in charge of the patient.

Paul was as thankful as the doctor. He had felt a thrill of happiness when Eleanor tendered her services, but was embarrassed also, and deemed it his duty to remonstrate. He said he did not wish to put the disagreeable task upon her. She replied that she would consider it a favor if he would allow her to do as she desired.

Every morning after this, when William had set the room in order, Eleanor appeared at the bedside, bearing a basin of warm water. To Paul she never looked lovelier than in her white apron, her shapely arms bare to the elbow. With skilful fingers she washed the ragged wound, and kept up a cheerful conversation while she worked. Her patient looked forward eagerly to these morning visits.

For two weeks Paul had been in a second heaven. The days came, and the days went, each being a repetition of the delights of the day before. Jack called on him frequently with John Murphy. Other officers of the Reserves dropped in. Once Mrs. O'Neill burst excitedly

With skillful fingers she washed the ragged wound.

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into his room and announced that General Reynolds and General Meade had just come into the house, and desired to see their subordinate officer.

Paul had so far recovered that he was able to be downstairs in the cheerful living-room. His first day on the lower floor was especially pleasant. He began by opening his letters from home. They were filled with congratulations, all his friends extolled his work. Mr. O'Neill wrote, telling of a letter he had sent to his old friend, Governor Curtin, of Pennsylvania, asking him to see the President, and have Paul appointed to a brigadier-generalship.

Pleased with this evidence of his old partner's friendly interest, Paul showed the epistle to Eleanor, who in turn handed him a copy of the *Pittsburgh Gazette,* containing a strong leading article, also advocating his appointment. Then she tore open another wrapper, and unfolded a copy of the *Zuschauer,* which was occasionally sent to Paul from Pittsburgh by the editor, his old friend, Doctor Goos. Paul took it up eagerly. On the front page, marked with a blue pencil, he saw staring him in the face the large head-lines, *"Ein Representanten des Deutschthums."* Following this was an account of his own adventures in the battle of Fredericksburg, and a résumé of the action taken by the various German societies of Pittsburgh, urging his advancement in the army. The whole German population had taken him up, the article went on to say. On the preceding Sunday afternoon a great joint meeting had been held in the Turner Hall, at which were represented, in addition to the Turners, all the singing societies of the county, all the German secret orders—the Odd Fellows, Red Men, Druids, Haru-gari. Protestants and Catholics, laying aside their mutual prejudices, had met together, and, shoulder to shoulder, were

fighting in a common cause. A committee had been appointed to proceed to Washington and interview the President in person. The motion for the committee had been made by the Reverend Mr. Meyer, and had been seconded by the Reverend Father Ignatius, the priest in charge of St. Anne's Church, in Allegheny City. Doctor Henrici and the Harmonist Society had agreed to pay the expenses of the committee to Washington.

When Paul finished translating the article for the benefit of the ladies, Blanche burst into peals of merry laughter, and began to make many irrelevant remarks. She had heard of the Odd Fellows, but had always been at a loss to know why they had adopted such an *odd* title. She wanted to know whether the Red Men acted like Indians at the meetings, or merely painted the town red at their conclusion? To whom did the Druids make sacrifices? Was it to Gambrinus, and were they themselves the sacrifices? What were the Haru-gari? Had Paul made a mistake, and should he have said hari-kari? She had always understood that the Germans were prone to commit suicide. Did the order advocate this particular mode of self-destruction? It seemed to her to be an unnecessarily barbarous method of putting an end to one's existence.

Paul smiled at Blanche's whimsicalities. He did not attempt a defense of his loyal fellow countrymen. He was intoxicated with his own happiness. With approval depicted on every lineament of her face, Eleanor had listened as he translated from the newspaper.

CHAPTER XV.

UNEXPECTED GUESTS.

At the end of the third week Paul put on his heaviest clothing, and strode out into the blustering January weather to try his strength. He walked up and down the road and around the house for half an hour. The exercise was repeated daily. Every time he left the warm fireside he remained out in the cold for a longer period than on the day preceding. His system was rapidly becoming hardened again. In another week his old-time strength had returned, and he felt that he was ready to enter the service again.

In the face of a threatening sky, against the earnest protests of the three ladies, he left the hospitable roof to report for duty. Scarcely had his horse turned out of the Belle Plain Road into the narrow lane leading east when it began to snow furiously. Soon the whole countryside was covered with a deep mantle of white. The few trees left standing were bending low under the damp weight. The winter quarters that were passed looked like Esquimaux huts. The air was so thick with falling flakes that William, who acted as guide, lost the way, leading first into the camp of one corps, then into that of another.

It was dark, and the lights were blinking fitfully through the fleecy veil, when Paul's horse waded through the snow, along the street—deserted by all but the sentinels—on which was located the headquarters of General Doubleday, now in command of the Reserves.

It was the time when the army was about to set out on another campaign. Burnside was attempting to retrieve his former blunder by surprising the rebels from above Fredericksburg. The folly of the undertaking, and the rain and the mud, conspired together to cause another failure. Four days later the blunderer was relieved of the command of the Army of the Potomac, and General Hooker was appointed in his stead.

A period of fruitful energy ensued. Corps and division commanders were changed. The discipline of the army became better, a new vigor was instilled into the ranks, the organization was perfected. The President worked in hearty accord with the new chief, at his request promoting old officers, and appointing new ones, carefully selected from the ranks of those known to have been tried and not found wanting.

Paul had been with the Reserves only a few days when he received notice of his advancement. In a batch of military appointments, which Mr. Lincoln sent to the Senate for confirmation, his name was included. Thenceforth, he was a brigadier-general of volunteers.

It was one of the saddest days of his life when he parted from the men with whom he had marched and fought, for so many trying months, to assume command of a brigade in one of the other divisions of the First Corps. The Reserves were ordered to Washington, and the evening before their departure, the men of his old company appeared before his quarters, and brought him a *Ständchen.* He felt the moisture creeping into his eyes as he heard the soldiers sing. The German songs had lost much of the old-time perfection; many of the best singers were absent. Mr. Droste, the director, had gone to his long rest, dying gallantly for his adopted country at Mechanicsville, a shining example to younger

men of courage and devotion. The bones of the sweetest-voiced tenor were bleaching somewhere in the White Oak Swamp; two of the basses were buried together in a ditch at Bull Run. Others had fallen in the campaign through Maryland, or were wounded and absent from duty.

But all was not sadness. Some one—nobody seemed to know who—had broken one of the strictest rules of the camp, and provided a plentiful supply of lager-beer; and the weather being mild, jollity and good-fellowship reigned supreme. Addresses were made, the burden of which was mutual admiration and mutual regret. Captain John Murphy made some original remarks in broken German, referring particularly to the friendship which had always existed between the Germans and the Irish. The historical allusion was incomprehensible to Paul until John switched off into English, and with a glass of foaming beer held high in front of him, albeit with a hand grown somewhat unsteady, explained. "Me an' you's has been friends ever since that Sabbath night" —John never lost his early Presbyterian habit of saying "Sabbath"—"w'en you's an' Mr. O'Neill's son, Jack's father, helped me to unhitch the horses after you's all got back from the trip to Economy."

The improvement in the army went steadily forward. When Hooker considered that it had reached a sufficient excellence, he sent word to the President. And one Sunday in the forepart of April, accompanied by his wife and young son, and a number of friends, Mr. Lincoln arrived in camp to see for himself.

Reviews of the entire army were instituted in honor of the event. The cavalry was inspected on Monday, the Second, Third, Fifth, and Sixth Corps on Tuesday. On Wednesday there was a suspension of proceedings;

the President and his wife were engaged to dine with General Hooker, and afterward visit some of the outlying camps. The review of the First Corps being delayed until the next day, Paul was at liberty, and in the afternoon determined to call on his friends and enjoy a few hours' relaxation.

His reception was cordial as ever, particularly as he brought a package of Confederate newspapers, smuggled through the picket-lines. His gift so aroused Mrs. O'Neill that she excused herself immediately, and retired to the privacy of her own room to enjoy the contents. He was left alone with Eleanor and Blanche.

Without committing herself as to how it reached her, Blanche told of receiving a letter from her husband, in which he gave a belated account of the part he had taken in the recent battle. "He was fighting against you down below Fredericksburg," she said to Paul, smiling quietly. "He is on the staff of General A. P. Hill, whose division was mainly instrumental in bringing about the Federal defeat in that quarter. Your other friend, John Barnaby, helped; he is also in this force now."

The mention of Barnaby's name always depressed Paul, and, when Mrs. O'Neill returned, and announced that there was a commotion of some sort on the road in front of the house, he welcomed the diversion with pleasure. The windows looked out on the highway. A squadron of cavalry had halted, and in their midst was an ambulance, with which something appeared to be wrong.

The President's itinerary for the day was well known to Paul. Mr. Lincoln might pass this way. He expressed his suspicions to the others, and asked permission to bring the President into the house should his conjecture prove to be correct, and the distinguished gentleman be found to be an occupant of the vehicle.

Mrs. O'Neill readily consented. She added gravely that as President of a great republic like the United States, Mr. Lincoln would certainly be welcome, even though that country was at war with her own. Blanche glanced demurely at Paul behind Mrs. O'Neill's back.

When he reached the ambulance, Paul saw that the tire of one of the wheels had come off, in consequence of which one corner of the conveyance had settled down close to the ground. General Hooker was in the act of descending, and after him, sure enough, came the well-known form of the President. Paul saluted. Both Mr. Lincoln and General Hooker were surprised at meeting an officer of his rank in that locality, but Hooker presented him to the President, who remarked, as he shook hands, that General Reynolds had introduced him on Sunday; then, too, General Didier had been a member of the committee of citizens which received him when he stopped in Pittsburgh on the way to Washington to be inaugurated. While Paul was marveling at Mr. Lincoln's wonderful memory, the President added quickly, "General Didier, what would you suggest in our present predicament?"

"Mr. President," Paul replied, "I have been calling on old friends, three ladies, who, though their sympathies are with the rebels, have asked me to invite you into their home. While you are resting there, another ambulance can be sent for."

"He is right, Hooker," exclaimed Mr. Lincoln, with emphasis. "I have shaken so many hands to-day that I feel tired, and a little quiet will not be amiss." Addressing some one inside the wagon he went on, "Mother, what do you say to this invitation? Shall we visit the secession animals in their lair?"

For answer the canvas-flap was thrust aside, and a lady

of average height, in the middle forties, inclined to stoutness, with dark-brown hair and bluish eyes, appeared. By her actions, rather than by words, she indicated her acquiescence in the proposal. Mr. Lincoln helped her down, and introduced Paul, saying briefly, "General Didier, this is Mrs. Lincoln."

From among the horsemen, a stuttering childlike voice now called out: "Mo—mo—mother—I—I—I'll stay—he—he—here."

Looking in the direction of the sounds, Paul beheld, mounted on a big gray horse, a chubby boy of ten or twelve. A soldier-cap was tilted on one side of his head, and he wore a man's blue army-overcoat, much too large for him; the cape was flapping in the wind, making the child look like a rosy-cheeked dwarf.

Mr. Lincoln explained, "That is our boy, Tad; he is very fond of the soldiers, and prefers to be with them rather than go with his mother and me."

Paul led the way into the house. The gaunt Illinoisan easily impressed the Virginia ladies. They had expected to see an ill-clad, ill-mannered frontiersman. Instead, here was a well-dressed gentleman in a high, shining hat, whose short black beard was trimmed with the utmost nicety, whose manners were Chesterfieldian, but free from artificiality. The three women soon lost the embarrassment which they at first experienced. Mrs. O'Neill was much interested in Mrs. Lincoln. In Richmond she had heard many tales of her overbearing disposition, her ignorance, her vulgarity. Yet this woman displayed the dignity and composure found only in the highest social circles. How gracious she was to everybody! And she talked French with Paul.

Mr. Lincoln was in a jovial mood. The cares and responsibilities of his position were thrown aside; his

words were unguarded and free from restraint; he talked as if enjoying himself among old friends, who would respect his confidences. He deplored the fact that the ruthless hand of war had so desolated the fairest portions of Virginia. "Here and there," he went on soberly, "I saw tall, naked chimneys, all that was left of once comfortable homes; and I was deeply affected, when I viewed the still smoking foundation walls of the beautiful house where so recently General Burnside had his headquarters. I have often wondered," he continued abruptly, with a twinkle in his eyes, "whether the people who own these estates are all descended from the nobility and gentry of England, and if the places have been named after their ancestral homes in the old country. Can you tell me, Mrs. O'Neill?"

Mrs. O'Neill's face became wreathed in smiles. With a pride which she did not attempt to hide, she elaborated a recital of the genealogies of all the old families of the neighborhood. "The estate best known to you Northerns," she declared, "is Chatham. It was built by a Fitzhugh; the Fitzhughs are of Norman extraction. Then there are the Pages, and Bernards, and Lewises, not to mention the Washingtons, all of the bluest blood of England."

"Tell me, Mrs. O'Neill," questioned Mr. Lincoln further, as if in search of information, but with the former humorous twinkle in his eyes, "is Chatham the estate that was bequeathed on condition that the slaves be freed, which was never done, but the will broken, after a contest, and the blacks sent south and sold? Tell me, is this the place?"

Mrs. O'Neill nodded, but without further elucidation proceeded calmly to finish what was on her mind when interrupted. "The owners of these estates have gener-

ally served Virginia and the country with distinction," she asserted. She ended with a brief, but particular, account of the services rendered by each family to the colony and to the State, during the Indian wars, in the Revolution, and in later times.

Mr. Lincoln appeared to be deeply impressed, and asked in his smoothest tones: "Your own family, Mrs. O'Neill, is it also of English origin?" Without waiting for a reply, he went on, "I always understood that the O'Neills were quite ancient. A number of years ago, in Springfield, I knew a business man of the name—Patrick O'Neill. He was the principal drayman of the town; he owned at least a dozen drays. He came from County Cork, in Ireland, within a stone's throw of Blarney Castle, so he often informed me. He was descended from a long line of kings. He had a son living somewhere in Virginia. It would be a delightful surprise, indeed, if I found a relative of my old friend here in the hotbed of secession. But that would be too great a pleasure to hope for. You belong to the English O'Neills?" The President's eyes looked tranquilly into those of his hostess.

Mrs. O'Neill was startled; she stared at Mr. Lincoln suspiciously. A look of indignation came into her countenance, but seeing the imperturbable face before her, she answered guardedly, "My husband, who is dead, was not a Virginian, but a Pennsylvanian. His father, a retired merchant of Pittsburgh, was born in Ireland, it is true, but in the north, in County Antrim, where his people had been gentlemen for centuries."

The dignified declaration caused Eleanor to open and shut her hands nervously; Blanche raised her eyes to her cousin's; a merry light gleamed in their depths. Paul was glad that Mrs. O'Neill had changed her opinion of

her venerable father-in-law, and announced to Mr. Lincoln that she had a young son serving in the Union Army.

The President appeared to be greatly pleased, but before he could say a word Mrs. O'Neill hastily explained that it was not by any desire of hers that Jack was a Federal soldier. The boy was young, she said, and did not understand what he was doing, and had been led into committing the crime by his fanatical grandfather.

"Oh, I guess his crime will go unpunished," was Mr. Lincoln's mildly humorous comment. Turning suddenly to Paul, as if recalling something which he desired to say before it would be forgotten, he remarked: "I understand, general, that you were a rebel once yourself?"

Eleanor and Blanche laughed.

Paul replied that he did not believe he merited the title, his cause being very different from that of the Southern people. The citizens of his native state, he said, had obtained complete control of the governmental machinery, and were subdued only by the immense forces sent against them from other countries.

"Yes, I know a little about that," rejoined Mr. Lincoln. "General Sigel gave me an interesting account of the struggle." A droll smile came to his face as he inquired: "Did you know General Schimmel-pfen-nig"—dwelling on each syllable and accenting the last—"in Germany?" Receiving an affirmative answer, with the added information that Paul had again met the officer during Pope's campaign, the President continued: "I never hear of the movement without thinking of this leader of your revolution. I had made up my mind to appoint him to a brigadier-generalship, when Stanton suggested that perhaps Schimmel—what's-his-name, was not as highly recommended as some other German officers. I replied that he should be appointed, and told the

secretary that his name would make up for any other deficiency." Mr. Lincoln gave a chuckle of enjoyment.

Becoming serious again, he proceeded: "The execution of the young officers of this revolution, by Prussia, after they had surrendered as prisoners of war, is a dark blot on that country's history, and a wrong which would not be tolerated in the United States." He paused. "No matter how hard the rebels fight us in this war," he went on solemnly, "after we have finally won—and we will certainly win—we will forgive and forget and receive them back as brothers. The North is generous, and will tolerate nothing less." As he uttered the prophetic words, the lines on his face became deeper, the eyes more sorrowful, the countenance pitiful in its misery.

Mrs. Lincoln had spoken little, but seemed to be in complete sympathy with her husband's varying moods. Now she said quietly: "Father, why are you so sad, just after we have seen the army in its strength and its pride? No doubt the war will soon be over, and there will be no further occasion for sorrow. Why burden these kind people with our woes, when they have enough and to spare of their own?"

Mr. Lincoln seemed to deem an apology from himself necessary also, and added to his wife's appeal: "I beg the ladies' pardon, and yours, too, general, but to-day, as I went through the hospitals, and the camps, and by the lonely graves, I could not help feeling inexpressibly distressed."

He became silent, and gazed fixedly across the table into space. Like a flash the tense expression changed, the vacant eyes became animated. The black-bound volume, which had once helped Paul to pass an hour pleasantly, lay on the table before him. Pouncing on the book, Mr. Lincoln exclaimed eagerly: "So there is some

one in the house who reads this, is there? I have a copy in my desk at Washington; it is my solace and delight. Other people may rave about the higher forms of literature, but for me nothing is more enjoyable than a comic sketch or story."

Everybody laughed, when Blanche gave a ludicrous account of the effect that reading the book had produced on Paul, on a certain warm spring day, nearly a year before.

Mrs. O'Neill began a whispered conversation with Mrs. Lincoln, who was seated beside her on the sofa, about the latest fashions in women's dress, a subject that was much dearer to her than a discussion of books. Eleanor and Blanche talked to Mr. Lincoln and Paul of their favorite poets, and the novels that pleased them best.

Mr. Lincoln admitted that he did not find time for serious reading. "Outside of a few humorous works," he declared, "poetry is almost the only form of writing with which I am familiar, and that is mainly of the ephemeral order, which one finds in the newspapers. To me it is God's own language for expressing whatever is noblest in life." He added that he had never read a novel through in his life. "Once," he said, "I started in to read 'Ivanhoe,' but before proceeding very far I was interrupted, and never took up the book again, and all that I remember distinctly now"—the odd smile again lurked about the corners of his mouth—"is that when I returned the volume to the lady from whom it had been borrowed, she said she had several other of *Mr. Waverly's* novels which she would be glad to lend me."

The laughter which followed the last remark caused Mrs. O'Neill to stare inquiringly. Mr. Lincoln repeated what he had just said, when she ventured the assertion that while "Ivanhoe" had always been a favorite book

with her, she doubted the propriety, even in a work of fiction, of allowing a Jewess, however good and beautiful, to fall in love with a high-born personage like the knight of Ivanhoe. "It is a dangerous doctrine to teach," she declared.

Mr. Lincoln concurred, and asked gravely, glancing slyly the while at the dissenting faces of Eleanor and Blanche: "What would become of society if the humble were encouraged in marrying the great and rich? When I had more leisure than at present," he continued, becoming thoughtful once more, "I was a student of Byron, and would still rather sit down and read one of his productions than the best novel ever written."

In the years that he had passed in the solitude of the lumber regions, Paul also had spent many delicious Sunday afternoons with Byron. He and Mr. Lincoln were soon deep in a discussion of the poet's shorter productions, drifting gradually to those of more pretension, until the "Corsair" became the theme of the conversation.

Verse after verse was recited from memory by Mr. Lincoln; he displayed such an intensity of feeling that his wife, and Mrs. O'Neill, and Blanche paused in their talk, and listened in admiration. Eleanor, who had been drinking in the words with flaming eyes, was enraptured with the homely man, who could bring out all the wonderful beauty, emotion, pathos of the great tale. She went over impulsively and shook Mr. Lincoln by the hand, and thanked him.

Taking a chair close to his, in a voice of doubt and trepidation, she interpreted her own views of Byron's poem. "Of all the works of Lord Byron, the 'Corsair' has always been the one I liked best," she began, "and I consider the description of Conrad's passion for Medora

the most exquisite picture of wild, strong love that I have ever seen." In a low voice she repeated one of the lines which Mr. Lincoln had already gone over:

"Felt that for him earth held but her alone."

"And yet," she went on, a faint flush stealing over her face, "when Gulnare crosses his path, he kisses her just as ardently as he had kissed Medora, and takes her with him to his camp; and his fickleness is glossed over with Byron's brilliant sophistry. Heaven keep me from a lover like that!" she continued earnestly, the color deepening on her cheeks. "Give me a less passionate man, but one whose affection will continue while life lasts."

"And what kind of a husband do you expect?" interposed Blanche, laughing. "Do you want a man who will kiss you when he leaves in the morning, and kiss you again when he returns in the evening?"

"Yes, I do!" Eleanor answered firmly. "My father was such a husband to my mother until the day he died." She glanced questioningly at Mrs. O'Neill, who nodded, while a watery film gathered over her eyes.

"Does Captain Baird never kiss you at all, Blanche?" pursued Eleanor pointedly; but she received no answer. Blanche had suddenly become absorbed in something Mrs. Lincoln was saying. Eleanor smiled triumphantly when Mr. Lincoln assured her that she was right. At the same time he was casting a yearning glance at his wife.

All had become thoughtful, and the conversation lagged, until Mrs. O'Neill proposed that Eleanor sing. Mrs. O'Neill intimated more broadly than Eleanor cared to have bruited about, that singing was not the least of her daughter's accomplishments, causing the young lady to strongly demur. But on Mr. Lincoln and Paul uniting

in their solicitations, Eleanor consented to comply with the request.

Mr. Lincoln begged that she sing some of the quaint plantation melodies of the South. He said he had obtained more real pleasure at a negro minstrel show in Washington recently, than at any other entertainment in years.

Eleanor played her own accompaniments. She began with an absurd little selection, imitating the negro dialect to perfection. Mr. Lincoln received it with loud handclappings of approval. This was followed by a ballad, which accorded more nearly with Paul's sentimental state. Then she sang another negro song, and the ample smile again appeared on Mr. Lincoln's face; he emphasized his satisfaction still further by keeping time with his hands and feet. Eleanor finally sang:

"De massa run, ha, ha!
De darky stay, ho, ho!
It mus' be now de kingdum comin',
An' de y'ar ob jubilo!"

Mr. Lincoln went up to her, and, touching her on the shoulder, said kindly, "I don't know, but I reckon I hardly expected one holding your principles to sing that song."

Eleanor smiled and replied that everybody in Richmond was singing it. Mr. Lincoln sat down, declaring that he had enjoyed himself even more fully than at the minstrel show.

After Eleanor left the piano, imperceptibly the conversation again settled down to a discussion of the war. Mrs. O'Neill bewailed the fate which had brought her son into the army which was devastating Virginia, and making all her people paupers.

The somber look returned to Mr. Lincoln's face. Raising his hand slowly, he remarked, with impressiveness: "No one regrets this war more than I do, Mrs. O'Neill. Brother is fighting against brother, son against father; Mrs. Lincoln, herself, has two brothers in your army. But the war must go on to the bitter end." A smile broke out on his face, as he winked at Paul, and concluded, "Even though we hire more Dutch and Irish to fill up our ranks."

A loud knock sounded on the front door, followed by several vigorous kicks. Mr. Lincoln looked up, and asserted calmly that this was, no doubt, Taddie. Very likely the new ambulance had arrived. Glancing through the window he announced that his surmise was correct; the conveyance that was to take them away was at the gate.

Eleanor had gone out into the hall, and opening the door, invited little Tad into the house. But the boy hardly noticed her; he brushed by, and said breathlessly to his father, who was standing in the open parlor door: "Hu'-hu'-hurry up, p'-p'-papa, ev'-ev'-every th'-thing is ready—y'-y'-you mu'-mu'-must c'-c'-come right aw'-aw'-away!"

Mr. Lincoln smiled indulgently at the child's impetuosity, and pointing to him said, "This is our son, Thomas, usually called Tad. He is serving in the cavalry just now. In a day or two he will retire from the army and go back to his books."

All the time the boy was clutching at his father's sleeve, and by pulls and jerks of his head indicating his desire to get both his parents away.

Arising, Mrs. Lincoln expressed the happiness she had just experienced, and thanked Mrs. O'Neill warmly for the entertainment. Looking at her husband, she inquired abruptly, "Father, why not have these ladies at the review

of the First and Eleventh Corps to-morrow? Although they do not sympathize with our cause, they will at least be impressed by the sight of so many thousand brave men marching in battle array."

"Yes," added her husband enthusiastically, "and they can also listen to the music of the bands of the Eleventh Corps, which alone is worth coming miles to hear." His eyes rested on Paul and swept from one lady to the other. A curious smile passed over his countenance as he went on: "The men in this corps are nearly all Germans, and music with them is second nature. But I failed to see the appropriateness of the Dutch bands playing 'St. Patrick's Day in the Morning,' in my honor, when I visited the camp of their corps yesterday."

Eleanor and Blanche both agreed to go to the inspection. Mr. Lincoln promised to have an ambulance sent early in the morning to take them to the place where the review was to be held. Mrs. O'Neill pleaded the fatigue of the ride, as her excuse for declining to attend.

As the two young women sat in their vehicle the following day, and watched the battle-scarred veterans march by, and looked at the swarthy President, seated bareheaded on his mettlesome bay, with General Hooker mounted on a white stallion a few paces in the rear, they both pondered over the outcome of the struggle, in which they had friends on both sides. And Eleanor gazed with pensive eyes at the slender officer, with the finely cut features, and the empty sleeve pinned across his breast, who was riding like a centaur at the head of a brigade in the First Corps.

CHAPTER XVI.

AN IRRESISTIBLE CALL.

Another campaign against Richmond was contemplated. With the first signs of the early Virginia spring, the movement commenced; once more the Army of the Potomac crossed the Rappahannock.

A portion of the army collided with the enemy at Chancellorsville, ten miles west of Fredericksburg. The Federals were taken unawares, and routed before all the men could be brought into action. Again the wily Lee outmatched the Union commander. General Hooker's boast of "When I get to Richmond" proved as empty as those of his predecessors, and the campaign came to an ignominious end.

The First Corps had taken no part in the battle, only arriving on the field when the fight was nearly over. With the humiliated and beaten army it had recrossed the river, and on the north bank, in the old camp-ground near Falmouth, awaited the further will of its discredited chief.

A few days after the battle Paul rode to the house on the Belle Plain Road, followed by William Penn. He felt convinced that he would meet with much badinage from the younger ladies on account of the army's latest mishap; but he yearned to see them again, and determined to bear calmly whatever chaffing they might see fit to indulge in.

He was doomed to sore disappointment. The door of the house was standing wide open; the glass was broken out of the windows; feathers, and straw, and papers were scattered about in every room. Nearly all the furniture had disappeared. That a misfortune had befallen his

friends he did not for a moment believe. The house was well in the Union lines, and the occupants were under the protection of the Federal commander. A reasonable conclusion was that they had returned to Fredericksburg at the time General Sedgwick was fighting the rebel general, Barksdale, on Marye's Hill while on the way to join Hooker at Chancellorsville. The house had afterward probably been sacked by Union camp-followers or negroes.

Then Paul's reflections became disagreeable. "General A. P. Hill's forces are in Fredericksburg," he deliberated. "Lieutenant Barnaby is in that command. Perhaps the lovers are laughing and talking, and happy together at this moment. But why should they not be happy together?" he argued with himself. What right had he to speculate about them at all? Were they not engaged to be married? Nevertheless the unpleasant thoughts continued to surge through his brain. He had hardly begun smoking one cigar before it was finished, and was followed by another, and another in nervous haste.

He wandered aimlessly from room to room. On the floor of an up-stairs chamber were a number of half-torn letters. On the contents of one his eyes became riveted. It was written in a regular, masculine hand, and had been taken out of its envelope. He had picked it up carelessly, but when he saw the superscription, "My dear Eleanor," he turned hastily to the signature. Written at the bottom in bold letters was the name so fatal to his hopes. John Barnaby was evidently keeping up a correspondence with her.

He put the letter out of sight, behind his back, and a hungry feeling came into his breast. But its contents must remain sacred. Striking a match he lit the sheets, and watched them slowly shrivel away, and the white

paper turn to brown, crisp cinders. With a sigh he called to William, who was rummaging on his own account in the kitchen, and rode back with him to the camp and its dulness and drudgery.

The great Union Army lay becalmed once more. The advancing season had again painted the landscape a vivid green. The whereabouts of Paul's friends was still a mystery. Three dreary weeks had come and gone, when one morning he was called to General Hooker's headquarters.

General Butterfield, the chief of staff, handed him a letter and a packet, which, he said, had been received that morning from the war department at Washington. They were both from his old partner, Mr. O'Neill. Paul read the letter eagerly. It was quite long. There were bits of homely gossip; details were given of the daily life of the lonely occupant of the farmhouse on the Beaver Road. A few shrewd hints on business matters were thrown in. The last two pages were devoted entirely to Mrs. O'Neill and the writer's granddaughter.

"Tell Mrs. O'Neill," he said, "even though she does not desire assistance from me, that I feel it to be my duty to send her a little money. I understand from your last letter that she stands in need of it. I realize her circumstances better than she does herself. Whatever income she had has been cut off, not temporarily, as she thinks, but permanently by the freeing of the slaves. I leave to you, the dearest friend of my dead son, the task of persuading my daughter-in-law and Eleanor to come home to me here in Pennsylvania, where they can live in comfort, and be free from the harassments of war."

Mr. O'Neill then spoke of the packet which accompanied the letter. "In it you will find a thousand dollars in gold," he said. "With the high premium at which gold

is now selling this sum should meet their temporary wants, and be sufficient to bring them to Pittsburgh. They must accept the money. See that they receive it."

Placing the letter and the packet in his pocket, Paul returned to his own camp. On the road he pondered over the quickest way of finding Mrs. O'Neill, and the best method of getting the money to her, if she were really within the rebel lines. But no matter where she was or how difficult the task, he would find means of carrying out Mr. O'Neill's wishes, if only the army remained stationary a few days longer.

In the afternoon he ordered William to saddle the horses, and accompany him to the picket-line on the edge of the heights overlooking the river.

Obscured by trees and tall bushes, without danger of being seen and fired on from the other side, he gazed thoughtfully across the water into the enemy's country. He could not have told why he was there; he did not expect to see any of his friends promenading up and down on the opposite bank. Instead, he caught fleeting glimpses of musket-barrels, as the Confederate pickets moved about among the trees.

He was nearly two miles above the city. At his elbow was a summer-house of which Eleanor had often spoken. Many times she had described the view from this point. Every object before him was associated in his mind with her. At the foot of the hill was the ruined dam; the rapids swirled and murmured farther down the stream. In the middle of the river was the large island; a Confederate flag was flying from the spire of St. George's Church, just under the cross. Now he realized that he had come there to think. Subtle influences conspired to incite his brain to quicker action. His indecision gave way, and firm resolve took its place.

He had implicit confidence in William, both as to his trustworthiness and in his ability to execute difficult tasks skilfully. He would send him to Fredericksburg if at all practicable. Confiding to the darky the fact of having received a letter from Mr. O'Neill, he told him that it now became necessary to find Mrs. O'Neill, and that he must become the messenger, and in some way reach the city.

A frown spread over William's face, but he said nothing. Paul suggested that the river might be crossed in a skiff, five or six hundred feet above the dam. He pointed to a clump of sycamores growing close to the water, and explained that through this grove the stream could be approached without risk of observation from the farther shore.

"I were t'inkin' o' dat, myself, genawl," quickly responded the negro. "An' de groun' on de uddah bank am open, an' any dangah fum dat side kin be seen fum de trees."

Paul detailed his plan briefly. "I want you to see Mrs. O'Neill and Miss Eleanor, and get them to come to me over here, so that I can talk with them. You are not to start until dark the day after to-morrow, when my brigade begins three days' picket-duty on this line. You must return within that time, either with the ladies or alone. Mrs. O'Neill can most likely arrange matters so that the rebel pickets will not molest her and her daughter on their side of the river." Pausing, he added, thoughtfully, "You may also inform Mrs. O'Neill, as an additional reason for asking her to come, that her son Jack is encamped a few miles from here, and I will endeavor to have him on hand when she arrives." The sagacious African nodded and grinned knowingly.

The next day Paul despatched William with a letter to

the commander of the brigade to which Jack's regiment was attached, asking that the young soldier be allowed to spend a few days with him. He sent his own horse to carry Jack on the journey back.

Late in the afternoon Jack and the negro rode into camp. The younger man was happy and smiling, and at once broke out in his boisterous manner. "It was good of you to obtain this little vacation for me, Paul," he cried. "I've been trying to get off for some time to see you, and learn something of mother and Eleanor, but the old sour-face who commands our company wouldn't let me, because, he said, we might move any day. Now he'll wait till I get back."

Paul displayed Mr. O'Neill's letter, and informed Jack that it was accompanied by a packet of money.

Jack's eyes opened wide. "He doesn't send *me* any money, does he?" he questioned, and continued with a wry face, "My paternal ancestor formerly made me a remittance occasionally, but lately he seems to have forgotten me. The army pay is blamed small." He returned the letter without having read it more than half through.

Paul answered that Mr. O'Neill had given no directions to furnish money to the grandson, but added, "If you are in need of funds, I will supply them."

Jack admitted that his wants were not urgent, but thought if he had a little extra change, he would buy a present for his mother and Eleanor, and overwhelm them with surprise when they arrived. Paul silently handed him a twenty-dollar greenback out of his own pocket.

Jack lingered for an hour entertaining Paul with an account of a flirtation in which he was engaged, with a young girl living on a farm near his camp. "She's mighty interesting, Paul," he explained, "and we're having lots of fun, but, of course, I'm not serious. Can't stand the

family. Mother uses snuff. Old man's drunk most of the time." He waved Paul a good-by, and went away in the direction of Falmouth.

But in the morning, when Jack straggled into the camp near the river, where Paul's brigade had been moved during the night, and met its commander in front of the latter's tent, his eyes were red from loss of sleep; there was a ring of contrition in his voice when he related that the money was all gone.

"I fully meant to use it for the purpose for which it was borrowed," he related humbly, "but I got into a game of poker with some fellows, and when we quit, I was broke." He added, insinuatingly, "You know how that is, yourself, Paul." With an appealing glance, he concluded, "I'll pay you back out of the first money I get. You won't tell mother or Eleanor, will you?" Paul promised, and Jack looked relieved.

William had set to work repairing an old water-logged skiff, which he had found near the place where he was to cross the river. Several times during the day he came to Paul and reported the progress he was making; at sunset he brought the information that the craft was ready for use. In the early darkness, before the moon or the stars were shining, followed by his orderly, Paul went toward the river, Jack and William bringing up the rear.

. The boat was heavy and hard to handle; the rowlocks were new pins which William had whittled out of small branches of sycamore, the two pairs of crude oars had been cut from pine boards, and the crevices in the bottom of the boat were carefully smeared with pitch.

William seated himself in the stern. The orderly was to do the rowing, and, after landing William on the south bank, to return with the skiff. When the night shadows became dense, he pushed the boat farther into the water,

and, stepping aboard, waited for Paul to give the order to start. Cutting short the argument which Jack was making in favor of being allowed to go along, Paul signaled the orderly, and the boat shot noiselessly away in the darkness. So far fortune had favored the enterprise.

Paul and Jack had been in their concealment among the trees only a few minutes, when across the river they saw a sudden flash, followed by a shot, then silence again. They waited a long time for something further to develop; the stillness was only disturbed by the anxious exclamations of Jack.

An hour had elapsed, when from down the stream came the faint sounds of rowing. Slowly the sounds grew louder; a moment later Paul called out the orderly's name in a low tone.

"All right, general," was the subdued response sent back in the soldier's familiar voice. Almost instantly afterward the indistinct outlines of the boat hove into view, and quickly the boat grated on the sand. Paul and Jack pulled it ashore, and the orderly sprang out.

The orderly was a man of few words, and quickly told what had occurred. When about to land, they had been challenged from the shore. Neither answered, and William immediately jumped overboard into the water. The orderly had dropped down into the bottom of the boat, just as the shot was fired, allowing the skiff to drift down the river. After floating for many minutes he became fearful of going over the dam; he was satisfied that the picket, or whoever it was that had fired, must be too far away to be longer dangerous, and again took up the oars, and pulled cautiously for the north bank. He had rowed up the water until he heard Paul calling.

"*Your nigger*'s cute, general," the orderly said in con-

clusion. "I heard him swim down the river a little way; then I think he went ashore."

All the following day the orderly was posted among the trees, watching the other side of the Rappahannock, ready to report anything which might occur; Jack kept him company a good part of the time. Two other soldiers lay on the river-bank throughout the night, but no sign of any one seeking to cross the stream could be observed. At noon of the second day, however, as Paul and Jack were about to return to the tent for dinner, the orderly suddenly pointed to moving figures across the water.

Three persons, a man and two women, were coming from the direction of Fredericksburg. From a small hut where a Confederate flag was flying, another man, with a gun on his shoulder, was hurrying toward them. When the man with the gun came up, the other man and the women stopped, and Paul could plainly see their gesticulations. A few moments later a white handkerchief was waved by one of the women.

"Hurrah!" exclaimed Jack, "that's mother and Eleanor," and he flew out into the open and wildly waved his cap; he was followed more leisurely by the others.

Paul directed the orderly to row across, and bring the party over. Jack also jumped into the boat; but Paul told him firmly that he must not go. The craft was too small and barely capable of holding the four persons with whom it would be loaded on its return; he must be patient a short time longer. Jack grumbled, but soon recovered his usual good humor.

The boat was soon coming back, the two ladies sitting in the stern, keeping their handkerchiefs fluttering all the way. William was rowing; the orderly sat in the prow, holding the boat level in the water with his weight. The

rebel picket, now joined by three others, was gazing curiously at the little vessel and its occupants.

Mrs. O'Neill and Eleanor greeted Paul warmly, as he helped them to land. Their smiles became still brighter, when Jack rushed up and kissed them. Mrs. O'Neill talked eagerly to her son. She remarked how thin he was, and asked whether he was ill; she intimated that the unfeeling Yankee government did not give him enough to eat. Paul was grateful to Jack, when he drew his mother aside, and allowed him to converse with Eleanor alone.

There had been occasions, particularly when Lieutenant Barnaby was spoken of in connection with Eleanor, that Paul doubted whether she was really beautiful, but there was no doubt left in his mind now. He did not understand how he had ever come to contrast the glorious creature in the white dress and broad straw hat adorned with violets, who stood so close to him and looked confidingly into his eyes, with the heathen goddess of the Louvre.

He talked with her rather embarrassedly about the journey from Fredericksburg, and was provoked that his color changed so often without cause. She was all graciousness, and running over with vivacity. She and her mother and Blanche, she said, had been at the house in Princess Ann Street since the day Hooker marched to Chancellorsville. They had no longer felt safe on the Belle Plain Road with the Union Army so far away, and a horde of lawless camp-followers so near.

William had come to the house at dawn, the day before, and "nearly scared the fat cook white," Eleanor explained jocularly. His clothes were still wet from the bath he had taken when he swam ashore. He had related his story to her mother and herself, and her mother was for refusing to come until William told them that

Jack would be in camp, when she admitted that perhaps it would be as well to learn what Mr. O'Neill had to say; besides, it would be such a pleasure to talk with General Didier again. Eleanor smiled humorously.

"The next thing," she continued, "was to get through our lines. As you remember, John Barnaby is stationed in the city." The faintest tinge of crimson mounted to her cheeks. "I said to mother that he must see General Hill, and procure a pass permitting us to leave. At first mother objected to this plan, but being unable to suggest any other, finally consented. In the afternoon John called on us, as he has been in the habit of doing ever since we came back to Fredericksburg." Again Eleanor's cheeks flushed pale vermilion. "And when I told him what we wanted, he was very emphatic in advising us not to go among the Yankees. He insisted that they did not know how to treat ladies, as if I wasn't a better judge of that than he," she continued in a decided voice, looking straight into Paul's eyes, "At least I know some Yankees who do. John ended," she continued, "by declaring sulkily that he would not attempt to get the pass. But he changed his mind when I told him plainly that he was not the only officer in the city to whom I could appeal. Captain Baird would be glad to do me this favor. He abruptly left the house without replying. This morning he called with the coveted order. He had not been able to see General Hill until late yesterday afternoon."

Eleanor stopped, and then in a voice implying that she was sorry for having spoken so frankly of Barnaby, she continued: "He really had difficulty in getting us permission to leave. Even after the pass had been issued, General Hill did not seem to be quite satisfied. He sent his chief of staff to our house, who asked us several pointed

questions, particularly about William, but on our promising to be responsible for the negro, he agreed to let us all go. It took us only a few minutes to get ready, when Jerry drove us out the Falls Road.

"The sentinels were surprised to see us," Eleanor went on, "but treated us very politely when they saw General Hill's signature. William was a most efficient guide, except that I actually believe, when we stepped out of the wagon, and left the highway and tramped over the broken ground, he took us through the roughest country he could find. Mother nearly gave up several times with the fatigue of the unwonted exercise. I thought my shoes would be pierced, and my feet cut, when I was kept stepping on a long succession of jagged stones. But our troubles were soon over, and we reached the river, where you saw us as we were being stopped by the picket."

They had been walking slowly to the camp. Now they overtook Mrs. O'Neill and Jack, who had stopped in front of Paul's tent, where William was busy putting the finishing touches to the table.

When the meal was well under way, Paul broached the subject of Mr. O'Neill's letter, employing all the tact he was possessed of.

Both Mrs. O'Neill and Eleanor looked thoughtful. With all his boyish exuberance, Jack attempted to convince his mother and sister what a good thing it would be if they agreed to his grandfather's request. They might consider the money as a loan, he urged. He added, smiling, "Paul has already lent me some money. If I can borrow, I think you might do so also. I would even take more, if Paul would only offer it to me," he finished with a grin.

Mrs. O'Neill still hesitated, but Eleanor declared in a measured voice, "Mother, if I were you, I would accept

the money as a loan. General Didier can guess our circumstances; they are far from good, and we can be very frank with him. The question of going North can be decided more deliberately later on; at present I feel like staying in Virginia, don't you, mother?" she concluded interrogatively.

For a moment Mrs. O'Neill looked helplessly at Eleanor, and then acquiesced in her daughter's conclusion.

Another matter was on Paul's mind. This was the day of the fête at the headquarters of the First Corps, given in honor of the lady friends of the officers, most of whom had just arrived from Washington. He was anxious for the company of the two ladies to the festivities. Suppressing his eagerness, he inquired if Mrs. O'Neill and Eleanor would care to attend, adding as calmly as he was able, that it would furnish them with recreation, and give them an opportunity of meeting some charming people.

Jack's eyes sparkled with pleasure, as he asked, "Do I come in on that, Paul? I would be delighted to go. Will any privates be admitted?" Paul smiled his assurance, and then looked inquiringly at Mrs. O'Neill and Eleanor.

Mrs. O'Neill glanced doubtfully down at her gown, then at Eleanor, who, with some of her brother's ardor, said she would be only too glad to be present, if they could return to Fredericksburg before dark.

Paul promised to see them safely back, at least as far as the river, and Eleanor advocated an acceptance of the invitation. Being satisfied with the scrutiny of her wearing-apparel, Mrs. O'Neill also consented, and it was agreed that they would start immediately on the conclusion of the dinner. Without waiting for his guests to finish, Paul excused himself to go outside, and instruct the orderly, who was lingering in front of the tent, to go

for an ambulance, with which he expected to take the party to the headquarters.

To Jack and Eleanor, with anticipation of pleasurable excitement before them, the time passed slowly; it seemed as if the vehicle would never arrive. Many times Jack glanced impatiently in the direction from which the ambulance would come, and he asked Paul numberless questions about the cause of the apparent delay.

At last a big open wagon, drawn by two white mules, rattled up. Hardly had it stopped when the two vacant seats were filled; Jack and his mother occupied one, Paul and Eleanor the other. The drive to the fête began.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE FETE.

It was a great day for the First Corps. The fun had been fast and furious. On the drill-ground they had had games. The soaped pole had been climbed; the greased pig had been caught. A dozen soldiers, whose hands were pinioned behind their backs, and the lower portion of their bodies enclosed in sacks, which were tied about their waists, had run a race, and tumbled and rolled to the goal. A group of turners from a German company had given a marvelous gymnastic exhibition. There had been horse-races and mule-races. All these amusements were over when Paul and his friends arrived; and the officers and the lady visitors were assembling at the pavilion where the dance was to be given.

For days men had been out in the woods cutting down young evergreens; for days they had labored raising the rustic structure; and now, finished and beautiful, it was ready for a day of fleeting pleasure, to be quickly left again to fall into ruin and decay. The work had been artistically designed, and the design skilfully executed. The front and sides of the square edifice were a mass of elaborately interwoven boughs of cedar and pine, relieved at irregular intervals by the brighter green of the holly. The wide entrance was flanked by massive pillars, surmounted by a handsome arch, all constructed of the same aromatic materials.

From within came the strains of delicious music. Soldiers in bright, new uniforms, and clean, white gloves,

were pacing to and fro, the brass of their accouterments shining like burnished gold. When Jack, straggling behind Paul, attempted to pass in, a musket-barrel barred his way, causing him to grimace horribly. Paul announced him as his orderly, and he was permitted to enter.

Inside, the air was fragrant with the scent of the woods. The light, penetrating through the openings between the boughs, was mellow and restful; the effect was further increased by the canvas stretched overhead to keep out the warm rays of the sun. The pine floor had been waxed to the smoothness of glass. At the far end, on a raised platform, a score of musicians from one of the regimental bands were stationed. As a background to the orchestra, large, bright, new flags were gracefully festooned against the green boughs. Higher up on the walls, about the whole interior, many pairs of crossed muskets were fastened; to these were attached the corps badge, red disks, white disks, blue disks, each indicating a division of the corps.

A waltz was in progress. Moving gracefully across the surface of the glistening floor were young lieutenants, and captains, and officers of higher rank, all in their best uniforms, glittering in colors and gold lace. Intermingled were military attachés from the foreign legations at Washington, and civilians who had escorted the ladies from the North. And the ladies! Such beauty and elegance of carriage were rarely to be seen in a public assemblage. New York, Philadelphia, Washington, had sent their fairest daughters in exquisite toilets of white, and delicate blue, and pink, and deep red. There were stately creations from Paris and London, and simpler gowns of lawn, mull, organdie, lace, summer-silks; there were dresses with short sleeves, dresses with low

neck. And some of the ladies wore no ornaments whatever except flowers; on others, diamonds, and emeralds, and rubies, and sapphires glittered and flashed. There were women of refinement and taste, and women who ostentatiously paraded their wealth, wearing inharmonious garments and exhibiting vulgar manners. And some had low, musical voices, and others talked in loud tones, as though realizing that they were uttering valuable thoughts which must not be lost to their neighbors. The men were on a parity with the women. But the promiscuity of the crowd was not pronounced.

The scene was dazzling in its brilliancy. Eleanor gave little gasps of admiration as she noted this or that gown, or commented on some particularly handsome piece of jewelry. Her usually irrepressible brother was for once subdued; Mrs. O'Neill kept constantly glancing down at her own dress, grown plain by comparison.

As he and Eleanor moved along the outer edge of the dancers, Paul pointed out the celebrities. Lounging against the sides of the structure were most of the general officers of the corps, as well as many from other corps. In a group near the entrance General Hooker, gay and smiling, was talking animatedly with the taciturn soldier commanding the First Corps, and with two or three other officers, each of whom wore the double star of a major-general.

Reynolds was always first in Paul's thoughts, and he spoke of him before mentioning Hooker. "He is the bravest man I ever knew," he said with admiration, to Eleanor. "He fears death no more than most men fear trifling pains. His men adore him." The look of interest on his companion's face caused Paul's thoughts to flow more freely. He told her the story of his commander's conduct at the second battle of Bull Run. How

at the critical moment he seized the flag of one of the regiments, and riding up and down the line of his entire division in a rain of bullets, waved it above his head, imbuing the men with his own superb courage. "And," Paul went on, "he is considered one of the ablest generals in the Army of the Potomac, and there is talk of his succeeding General Hooker, should that officer ever be relieved." Glancing furtively at Eleanor, he continued, "As great a man as he is, he is said to have an affair of the heart, and to be deeply in love with a handsome young woman; and is only kept from marrying her because of a difference in religion."

"I never thought your icy general could fall in love," laughed Eleanor. Becoming more curious, she asked for particulars. Paul could only answer that according to report, the lady, who was a Roman Catholic, desired General Reynolds, a Protestant, to leave the faith in which he had been reared, and attach himself to her church.

"If she really loved him," Eleanor commented thoughtfully, "she would not ask this sacrifice—don't you think so?" She looked intently at her escort.

Paul blushed and stammered his agreement with her. They had made a circuit of the floor and were again passing the two most famous men in the pavilion, when Eleanor exclaimed with girlish enthusiasm, "What a handsome man General Hooker is; how tall; and his cheeks are as rosy as a woman's!"

"Yes," responded Paul, "when he was in Mexico during the war with that country, the ladies of the Mexican capital called him 'the handsome captain'; and," he added loyally, "he is considerate, manly, dignified."

"And vainglorious," interjected Eleanor, smiling.

"Not a braggart," rejoined Paul, "but a man who

firmly believes every word he utters; and he is as brave as General Reynolds."

"But not as brave as General Lee," Eleanor laughed.

"Yes," persisted Paul, but his tone was half apologetic, "he is equally brave, but, perhaps, inferior to him as a strategist." He warmly defended the brown-haired general, who, to him, was always "Fighting Joe."

The music had stopped; the dancers were promenading. Many an officer cast envious glances at the one-armed soldier with the strikingly handsome girl walking demurely at his side. Again and again Paul was halted to be presented to some beautiful lady—wife, sister, sweetheart, friend. Eleanor's bright smile won the hearts of all to whom he introduced her.

They were waiting for Mrs. O'Neill and Jack, who had become entangled in a crowd crossing the floor, to join them, when an elderly colonel, who was known to Paul only as the commander of a New York regiment, tapped him on the shoulder. Apologizing for the interruption, the officer introduced himself as Colonel Brevoort, and said a young lady wished to speak to General Didier whenever he could find it convenient to see her, adding that she would be near the musicians' stand in half an hour.

Paul was puzzled. What lady could he know in that gathering of fashion and war? But he desired the colonel to tell his friend that he would esteem it a great favor to wait on her presently. He told Eleanor that he had not the remotest idea who the lady could be.

The musicians struck up a schottische. Eleanor began keeping step lightly with the music, her eyes dancing in consonance with her feet. It was years since Paul had danced, but he became delirious also and asked for the dance.

The first few movements were failures. Momentarily Paul forgot the loss of the left arm, and guiding his partner with the right hand alone, produced a series of false moves. The pressure of Eleanor's firm fingers soon set him right, and together they glided over the floor in perfect unison. All too soon the dance was over, and they rejoined Mrs. O'Neill and Jack, who had been interestedly observing them. Paul invited them all into the enclosure, arched off on one side, where refreshments were being served, and ordered ices for the party. Jack had barely tasted his portion, the quality of which he pronounced excellent, when his eyes, always wide open and roving, rested on a group seated near-by. Nudging Paul, he exclaimed enthusiastically, "Over there to the left, at the second table, is an awfully pretty girl!"

Paul followed his glance. There, sure enough, sat an extraordinarily handsome young lady; an elderly woman was on one side, a young captain of infantry on the other.

At this juncture Colonel Norwood, the dashing commander of one of the crack regiments of the corps, a social leader in the city where he hailed from, came up. He remarked affably to Paul that he had envied him his little family party for some time, and had just mustered up sufficient courage to address him, adding with a doleful smile, "I feel quite lonely this afternoon. I sent invitations to several young ladies, but not one of them put in an appearance. The girls are all looking for younger fellows, and pass an old bachelor like me by." He laughed when Paul reminded him that he could expect nothing better, with twenty-seven years already sitting heavily on his shoulders.

Presenting him to his friends, Paul invited the young officer to a seat at the table, which he accepted with

alacrity. His pleasure was manifest. His wit and sprightly manners soon won him a high place in the good graces of the two women.

Colonel Norwood's arrival had only taken Jack's attention from the persons at the second table long enough to save him from the appearance of rudeness. Now his eyes again wandered to the young lady.

Colonel Brevoort was standing at the table, saying something to her, as he looked over at Paul. This appeared to excite her interest, for she followed the colonel's glance eagerly. She addressed a remark to him and he left her. Coming up to Paul he accosted him with old-time politeness.

"General," he said, "the lady of whom I spoke on the dancing floor, is sitting at a table quite near. If these ladies and gentlemen can spare you for a few moments, my friend would be very happy, indeed."

Paul had settled himself for a half-hour's quiet enjoyment, and felt a trifle annoyed at being called away from Eleanor's side so soon. Controlling his feelings, he begged his friends to excuse him; and commending them to Colonel Norwood's good offices, arose and followed the old officer.

Colonel Brevoort bowed in courtly fashion as he reached his own table. "General Didier," he said, "I wish to present you first to a friend of my wife's, Miss Livingston, of New York, who knew you when she was a child." Continuing, he introduced the elder lady as his wife; the officer was Miss Livingston's brother.

For an instant Paul was confused. He did not recognize the bewitching girl who was standing there smiling at him. Suddenly he recalled the journey across the ocean, thirteen years before, and the gentleman and the little girl and boy with whom he had struck up an ac-

quaintance. The gentleman had befriended him, and given the letter which had procured him employment on the railroad at Pittsburgh. He should certainly not forget any member of the family. He shook hands eagerly, all the time gazing entranced at the girl's high-bred beauty. She presented an enchanting picture of young loveliness; he sat down beside her, and saw no one but her.

Her black hair was brushed loosely above her forehead; her complexion was dark, but her cheeks were healthy and red. She was nearly as tall as Eleanor, but more slender, and perhaps a year or two younger. Her apparel was magnificent. Her dress was of matchless white lace; through the delicate meshes the shoulders and arms peeped pink and divinely proportioned. About her throat was a triple string of pearls; her head was covered by a large, round, black hat; splendid black ostrich-plumes curled down behind. On a chair lay a black silk mantle, lined with cream-colored satin. When she smiled she displayed even teeth of ivory whiteness.

"General," she remarked, toying with a bouquet of scarlet roses, lying before her on the table, and looking down under Paul's admiring gaze, "several times lately I read about you in the papers, and determined to look you up." She glanced across the room at Paul's friends, and proceeded: "You have not sent us any direct communication for so many years, and can hardly blame us if our memories of you became somewhat indistinct. But, apparently, we are not to forget you. Your rehabilitation in our thoughts came about in a strange way. At the beginning of the war, papa equipped a regiment, and wanted to go as its colonel, but as my brother Frank," nodding toward the young officer at the table, "had been *elected captain* of one of the companies, we persuaded

papa that he was too old. He concluded himself that one member of the family at a time was enough, and remained with us. That summer he took me on a short trip to Europe." Miss Livingston's black eyes became brilliant with animation, as she continued: "And do you know, general, while we were abroad, we met your relative, the Countess von Platen, at Baden-Baden. She was spending the season there. When she learned that we were Americans, she at once began talking to us about the war, and said she had a cousin in the Federal Army. When she mentioned the name, I told her you were an old friend of our family; after that she insisted on having us visit at her husband's castle on the Mosel, a few miles above Coblenz, where we spent a delightful week."

Several dances had been played since Paul left the dance-floor. Now the strains of a familiar waltz came dreamily from the ballroom. The desire to dance again became strong in his breast. Miss Livingston readily gave her consent, and he led her smiling among the dancers.

She moved with a heavenly grace. If Eleanor floated over the smooth floor, Miss Livingston seemed to be carried across its bosom on angels' wings. The calculating man of thirty-two was enraptured; the gates of Elysium seemed suddenly to have opened before him, and he had walked in. The warmth of her body, the subtle scent of the perfume about her intoxicated him. Even Eleanor's image which so long had been haunting him was no longer before his eyes.

But all pleasures end some time. With a crash the music stopped, and they found themselves once more moving out of the crush. They met Eleanor, flushed and bright-eyed, leaning on the arm of Colonel Norwood. As Paul came face to face with the stately Virginia girl, he

could scarcely retain his color. He wondered whether she read the abrupt change of sentiment in his countenance. For a moment he was dumb, then in a confused voice he introduced Miss Livingston. Colonel Norwood spoke a gallant word or two, and the young ladies exchanged a few commonplaces. Paul guiltily imagined that he detected the shadow of a frown on Eleanor's calm face.

When the next dance began, Colonel Norwood and Eleanor again joined the whirling throng, but Miss Livingston pleaded her promise to a friend of Colonel Brevoort's and declined to go on the floor with Paul a second time. She added that as she felt fatigued she would ask to be released from her previous engagement; they could then go into the refreshment apartment and rest, if agreeable to Paul. She had hardly finished speaking, when a dapper young lieutenant of artillery arrived, and bowed low, to claim his dance. In the gentlest tones Miss Livingston informed the officer of her resolution, declaring that the last dance had tired her exceedingly. The glint of her eyes, as she presented him to Paul, confirmed the latter in the opinion that the remark was not intended as a reflection on his agility in the pleasing art of dancing. She proceeded, with an irresistible smile, to say to the lieutenant: "Won't you come with us and sit down?"

An uncertain look came into the young man's eyes, and she added quickly that she saw he preferred to dance. Her voice implied that she did not intend her invitation to be accepted. The lieutenant discerned the truth; the bland and acquiescent smile but thinly veiled his knowledge. He expressed the hope that Miss Livingston would soon feel rested, and started away in search of another partner.

The far end of the refreshment enclosure was almost deserted. In a corner where the light was dimmest Paul and Miss Livingston ensconced themselves.

She told him about his old friends, Father Weber and Colonel Woynitzki. She had attended the former's church a number of times in the last few years, although she was a Protestant. The father was pastor of one of the largest German Catholic congregations in New York. Colonel Woynitzki had taught her German and French. She described the venerable appearance of the Pole; his hair and mustache and imperial were all white as snow, and he fully looked the seventy years that had already passed over his head. She went into particulars. "Colonel Woynitzki visited us regularly once a week," she declared. "Sometimes he brought Father Weber with him, and together they would talk about you. When Colonel Woynitzki received one of your rare letters, he was sure to read it to my father and me. He was so pleased when you wrote him of your great good fortune in striking oil on your land that he came early in the morning, immediately after receiving the letter, to tell us the news. Envy is no part of his loyal nature."

She glanced at Paul, as if expecting him to add some tribute to her own. As Paul smiled a silent assent, she proceeded: "When the war broke out, and he heard that you had gone to the front in command of a company, he was wild to go himself."

Paul admitted having read in one of the New York papers that Colonel Woynitzki had helped to raise a German regiment.

"Yes, he is major of it," Miss Livingston exclaimed. "He called on us the day before he left for the seat of war; and, oh, how enthusiastic he was!" She related that the regiment was attached to the Army of the Po-

tomac, and she hoped to see the old Pole on this visit; she confessed that she was astonished that Paul had never met him. In reply to Paul's sober assertion that among a hundred thousand men, scattered over miles of territory, such luck might not befall one, she admitted that this had not occurred to her, and then smiling archly, added: "But I did not seem to have any trouble in finding you."

Paul did not remember when he had been so happy. He was heedless of the passage of time, and had forgotten Eleanor, Mrs. O'Neill, Jack. He was aroused out of his dream by an aid standing suddenly before him. He was alert and listening in an instant.

"General Reynolds desires to see you at once, sir." The words of the officer were low, but sharp, and he paused for an answer.

Paul agreed to report immediately, and curtly dismissed the aid. Miss Livingston looked alarmed, but smiled gently when Paul promised to see her again shortly, and thanked her for the pleasure he had experienced in her company. He asked permission to take her to her friends.

Until the present visit Colonel Brevoort had not met his wife since shortly before Burnside started on his march to Fredericksburg. He had much to say to her now, and the two were still seated at the table, where Paul had first caught sight of them, when he and Miss Livingston came up.

For once Paul felt it hard to obey the call of duty, and hesitated to tear himself away. But the struggle was short. With a bow to the colonel and his wife, and a meaning pressure of the hand to Miss Livingston, he reluctantly turned about, and hastened to find his commander.

So deeply had he been occupied with his new-found friend that he had not noticed the suppressed excitement which had begun to pervade the whole interior. The music had ceased, the noises were hushed; there was an air of expectancy on every face. The dancers were standing about in groups, talking in awed whispers; the women were clinging with nervous anxiety to the arms of those they loved.

As Paul proceeded in his search for General Reynolds, he realized that something of supreme moment had taken place. He came on the commander of the First Corps talking earnestly with General Hooker. A strange officer, wearing two stars on his shoulder-straps, the dust of hard riding still thick on his fatigue uniform, was with them.

General Reynolds took Paul aside, and, displaying more agitation than was customary with him, whispered that General Pleasonton, the commander of the cavalry—pointing to the stranger—had come in a short time before, and reported having fought a sanguinary battle the day before at Brandy Station, south of the Rappahannock. During the progress of the fight, he had captured General Stuart's headquarters, and found despatches, which left no doubt that Lee, with the whole rebel army, was now on the march to the Shenandoah Valley. This, in Reynolds' opinion, clearly indicated that an invasion of Maryland, and perhaps Pennsylvania, was contemplated.

"Our army will, therefore, move north without delay," he continued. "Orders to that effect have already gone out to the Third and Eleventh Corps, as well as to my own." He related further that the three corps had been placed under his command, and would form the right wing, adding with smiling interest: "I have given you

this information that you may have plenty of time to bid farewell to the lady friends of whom you seem to be so abundantly supplied."

The news was startling. Paul's face was serious as he thanked General Reynolds, and moved off to find Mrs. O'Neill and her two children.

For the purpose of allaying the anxiety of the ladies, the musicians had been directed to start the music again. They were instructed to play the liveliest selections in their repertoire, but only a few couples could be tempted into the dance. The spirit of the earlier hours was missing. By twos and by threes, men and women stood about, discussing the rumors. Crowds were streaming out of the building.

In the refreshment-room Paul found Eleanor and her mother; Jack and Colonel Norwood were with them. The two ladies were looking grave, but Jack, smiling and happy as usual, was relating something to the other man which caused him to laugh heartily as Paul approached.

Norwood greeted Paul with mock seriousness. "General," he said, "you have as long a face as one of Cromwell's Ironsides. Did that beautiful lady jilt you?"

Paul smiled. "No, colonel, Miss Livingston is with her friends again," he replied. "I have been called upon to perform certain important duties, and have come to see these ladies safely away first."

The younger officer's face became serious also. "I have heard the report, general," he rejoined, "but that should make you rejoice."

Without replying Paul asked Mrs. O'Neill and Eleanor if they were ready to leave, and on receiving their affirmative answer, he bade Norwood good-by, and with the two ladies and Jack, withdrew from the pavilion.

Barely were they outside when Mrs. O'Neill inquired

uneasily: "Is it true, general, that the entire army is about to proceed to Pennsylvania—Jack, too?"

"That I cannot say with certainty," was Paul's evasive reply. "All that I know is that my own and two other corps have received marching orders. I must see to my brigade at once, but before doing so, I would again urge on you the advisability of going to Mr. O'Neill's home, while you can still get away on the railroad."

A cold expression had been on Eleanor's face ever since Paul's return. Now she spoke up, sharper than he had yet heard her speak: "Mother, how can we go to a place where they would call us 'rebels?'" Turning to Paul, she continued in the same chilling voice: "General, we thank you for your interest in our welfare; but our friends are here, while yours are in the North, or belong there. Here we must remain." There was a perceptible accent on the word *belong*.

Paul was stupefied; he could readily understand her reference to his friends, and his conscience pricked him. He recalled his own fickleness. Eleanor had been his ideal, yet when Miss Livingston appeared on the scene his feelings had undergone a sudden change. Many reasons welled up in his mind justifying his conduct, but he continued silent.

In a pleading voice Mrs. O'Neill addressed her daughter. "Eleanor, if Jack is going to Pennsylvania, and I feel sure that this will soon be the destination of the entire Federal Army, although General Didier will not commit himself on that point, why cannot we go to grandfather's place? You know how pleasant it is there in the summer, and if anything should happen to Jack we will be so much nearer to him there, than if we remained in Virginia."

Here Jack spoke up cheerily, saying that he was des-

tined never to be hurt, but he added soberly: "All the same, I'd like to see you both do as Paul counsels."

But Eleanor remained obdurate. Giving Jack a few parting instructions for his guidance at the riverside, where his mother and sister were to embark, Paul saw them all enter the waiting ambulance, and drive off. Eleanor hardly touched the hand which he held out to her, as he said good-by. Then he turned gloomily back toward the pavilion to say a last word to Miss Livingston.

She was already coming out of the building—a beautiful vision in black—her cloak enveloping her person, completely hiding the white dress. When she saw Paul advancing, she left Colonel Brevoort and his wife, and hastened forward, saying unaffectedly: "I was anxious to see you again, general, but waited at the entrance of the pavilion until I saw your friends depart. I wanted to shake hands with you before we separate. Every one is talking of the two armies meeting, and a great battle being imminent, and"—her voice sank lower—"in war, one cannot tell whether those who go away to fight will ever come back."

Laughing, Paul replied: "A very large majority always find a way of returning. Soldiers look on the bright side of everything. When I see you the next time, Miss Livingston, I hope it will be after we have won a great victory."

"I sincerely hope you do," she sighed. "Good-by, general." Hesitating and changing color, she glanced quietly into Paul's eyes, then lowered her head, and walked away without another word. His impulse was to follow; there was something he still wanted to say to her. But she was already half-way back to her friends before he had quite made up his mind. She dropped something. He

called to her, pointing to the ground, but she only turned her head and shook it, smiling. He hurried forward. A large, full-blown scarlet rose from her bouquet lay at his feet. He picked it up and pinned it carefully to his coat.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE PURSUIT.

In the darkness of the night the remoter bodies of troops were drawn into the main camps. In the hope of deceiving the enemy, and hiding the movement from their vigilant eyes, the pickets near the Confederate lines were ordered to make themselves as conspicuous as possible until the last moment.

The next day was balmy and beautiful. The trumpets sounded the general. The camp streets became thronged with eager soldiers. They shouted for joy, and sang deliriously at the top of their voices to the tune that the bugles played:

> "Pack up, pack up, you son of a ——,
> Pack up and git!"

They rushed about, packing knapsacks, rolling up blankets, throwing away superfluous clothing, striking tents, loading wagons, keeping up a running fire of jokes. At the switch, where the soldiers had embarked and disembarked so many times, long trains of freight-cars were being filled with wounded and sick, with supplies and materials of all kinds. In the afternoon the visiting ladies, and the women attached to the camp, entered the passenger-cars awaiting them, and presently were whirled away to Acquia Creek on the way to Washington.

Then a great conflagration arose. The camps, the hospitals, the supplies that could not be transported were set on fire. In a pall of smoke, amid the roar of flames and

the crackling and sputtering of powder strewn on the ground to carry the fire from one dismantled hut to another, the march began. The farewell cheers of the men rose high above the tumult of the destroying element.

The Third Corps was the first to leave, moving out of its camp at two o'clock in the afternoon. The First and Eleventh followed the morning after. By the close of the third day the whole army was in motion. Officers and men alike marched joyously over the level Virginia roads, grown solid again after the winter rains and spring thaws. The intense irksomeness of the camp had become galling. The destination was a secret, and the wags in the army kept repeating that they were on the way to the field of Bull Run to receive their annual beating. But the troops stepped forward, like children on their first journey from home, happy that they were going.

The First Corps marched and bivouacked for the best part of a week near the line of the Orange and Alexandria Railroad. This had been the track of the contending armies for two years, and the marks of fire and sword were visible on every side; but nature, ever kindly, was already covering the hideous work of man with its delicate mantle of green.

For miles the only sign of the former existence of a railroad was the level bed on which the track had rested, and the even rows of depressions where the ties had lain, overgrown now with coarse grass and weeds. Neither ties nor rails were anywhere to be seen. At rare intervals a telegraph-pole, overlooked in the general destruction, reared its solitary head. Where the road crossed the streams, the jagged ends of abutments were all that remained of bridges or culverts. Among scattered shot and fragments of shells were strings of broken car-wheels, of bent axles, of iron bands, of braces, of coup-

lings, of timbers three-quarters consumed, marking the place where trains of cars had been destroyed. A locomotive, battered out of shape and rusted, was lying on its side at the bottom of a gorge. Of the stations nothing was left but here and there a half-ruined water-tank, or the foundation of a house. Sometimes the road ran for long distances in the full glare of the hot sun, then passed through deep cuts into which the sun's rays could hardly penetrate, or it swept under the shade of trees. But in sun and in shade great clouds of dust raised by the corps in advance came rolling back on the men behind, covering them with brown powder, causing them to shut their eyes and stagger blindly on until the wave had passed and enveloped those still farther in the rear.

The men were prone to loiter. A soldier discovered a spring less choked with weeds than usual, and whole regiments, brigades, divisions found it necessary to stop and slake their thirst. The officers stormed and swore, but ended by laughing, and waiting in patience until the men returned to the ranks. Again an enthusiastic botanist espied a peculiar specimen of fern growing in a shady place near the road. Straightway all his comrades must halt and watch him, although ferns were as strange to them, and as uninteresting, as the language of the Hottentots. At a declivity sloping toward a small stream, the ground was covered for several hundred yards with ox-eyed daisies; wild sunflowers were growing so plentifully that they could be gathered by the armful. Ranks were broken, and a whole brigade was quickly decorated in deep yellow.

Spring was smiling her brightest. Field after field was blue with larkspurs; brown-spotted butterflies were busy among the flowers. Purple cockles bloomed in the abandoned wheat-fields. The roadsides were white and

yellow with daisies, and gold with buttercups, and pink with tar-weeds. The elders were in full blossom, and the pale blue of the chickory shed its effulgence over ground once occupied by camp or bivouac. Crumbling fireplaces were sentineled by gnarled old lilac-bushes. Around blackened chimneys lone roses and hollyhocks, and yellow lilies bloomed; honeysuckles trailed up the smoky sides. They reminded the soldiers of flowers placed about the forms of the dead.

One day a flock of quail flew suddenly across the road, followed by the eager exclamations of the men. Other birds were few, except those winged ghouls, the monstrous brownish-black turkey-buzzards, and the great crows which strode over and hovered about the carcasses of horses and mules which had broken down and been killed by the troops. The sight of the solemn scavengers recalled to mind the same birds fighting over the corpses of the fallen soldiers during the battles around Richmond.

The ruthless hand of war had come down heavily. Devastated farms spread out in all directions. Not a fence was left standing; fields were overgrown with weeds; wells had caved in, and were filled with rubbish. Faint outlines of garden walks, ragged stumps of orchard trees, abandoned houses, with roofs rotting, windows broken, doors gone, boards torn from the sides, alone marked the sites of prosperous farmsteads. And sadder still were the lonely spots rudely fenced in, enclosing the graves of soldiers who had died on the picket-line, or in the many unheralded skirmishes.

At Manassas Junction the army left the railroad and marched almost due north. Again it passed over the ill-fated field of Bull Run. Only the iron parts of the débris of the two battles were left; the rest had been consumed

by fire, or had rotted away, and gone back to earth again. The brambles and weeds, growing in profusion, failed to cover up the white skeletons of the horses, or to hide the fleshless hands of the dead, which protruded warningly from the shallow graves.

The march was now rapid, now slow. One day the army covered fifteen, twenty, thirty miles, never stopping until darkness set in, when the men would drop down anywhere, and sleep the sleep of exhaustion. On other days only a few miles were covered, the halts being continual, sometimes every few hundred yards, wearing the soldiers out by their tedious recurrence. For whole days it rained, and the deep dust turned into heavy mud, which became liquid with the continuance of the downpour, causing men and horses to splash and struggle as they proceeded, rendering the road a bed of impassable mire. At night the men lay down in their wet clothes, on the sodden ground, to snatch a few hours of fitful slumber.

The progress of the army was greatly impeded by the immense wagon-trains, sandwiched in between infantry and cavalry and artillery. The snorting of the horses, the braying of the mules, the shouts and oaths of the drivers, the rumbling of the wheels, were the constant accompaniments of an army almost equally noisy.

The officers, no less than the men, were leading strenuous lives. Paul was one of the hardest-worked officers in the right wing. His services had become invaluable. He had innumerable duties to perform. Away off to the left the Bull Run Mountains rose mauve and hazy in the distance. Here were passes from which guerrillas swarmed, picking up stragglers, and sending them prisoners of war to Richmond. The guerrillas must be guarded against, and the men kept well together.

From his former visits, from a careful study of the maps, from talks with cavalry officers who had scouted in the region, he had become quite familiar with the topography of this part of Virginia. He was constantly advising his division commander on matters requiring an intimate knowledge of the country. The commander of the right wing soon came to depend on him entirely whenever a difficulty arose on the march.

When the road became blocked, Paul was always posted at some conspicuous point, getting wagons, guns, caissons, which had broken down or become overturned, out of the way, enabling the teams in the rear to proceed. Again he would be engaged in directing the teamsters to the right road; or he would be occupied showing the soldiers how best to avoid the teams. In the evening, when the halt for the day was ordered, it was his duty to select a place for the bivouac. He leaped into popularity at a bound, because he always did his best for the men, and chose a spot where there was good water to drink, and a shady grove in which the heat of the day could be passed in comfort.

He was no idle dreamer, but when the duties of the day were finished, or he was riding along the hot highway, with no immediate call for action, his relaxation was to allow his mind to dwell on the two young women with whom he had danced on the joyous day of the fête. Before the war he had conceived a passion for a certain pleasing emotional poem. On the present occasions its diverse sentiments would come surging violently through his brain. They appeared appropriate to every phase of the distress he was experiencing, as he wavered between Miss Livingston and Eleanor.

Miss Livingston's rose had been carefully preserved, and scentless and withered lay between the leaves of the

little Prussian military prayer-book which he had picked up at Waghäusel fourteen years before and had carried about with him during the whole of his present military service. Often as he lay stretched on the ground, his saddle for a pillow, the fireflies flitting before his eyes, the whippoorwills calling in the neighboring trees, he would speculate about the rose. Had Miss Livingston dropped it accidentally, or had she designed giving it to him, and then lacked the courage to carry her design into execution? He remembered the queer look on her face when she left him.

The earlier lines of the poem were strangely fascinating. To his agitated mind they seemed to link his destiny with that of Miss Livingston. Without audible words the mechanism of his brain would repeat:

"And love must cling where it can, I say."

But the thought did not ring true. Some hidden second sense would recall to him a line or verse conveying a contrary idea. His determined eyes and tight-shut lips would formulate the conclusion:

"But I will marry my own first love."

The painful recollection of Eleanor's engagement to Lieutenant Barnaby followed, and he would ask himself if he were really in love with either girl. Nobody of whom he had ever heard or read fell in love in this prosaic way. Would it not be better for his peace of mind to forget Miss Livingston, to forget Eleanor? The tiny lights of the fireflies disappeared, the whippoorwills became silent, but his meditations continued. For the last two years Eleanor had been his idol, the goddess whom he had worshiped in season and out. Now suddenly to hurl her from the shrine which he had erected

for her in his heart, shocked him. He looked up at the few remaining stars, and shook his head sadly. Suddenly he changed his mind. He would write to Miss Livingston at once, and confess his love for her. Then he was reminded that the military post was not in operation during the march. Besides, Miss Livingston had informed him at the fête that on her return to New York she would proceed to a summer resort, the name of which he had forgotten.

On one occasion he was so disturbed by his reflections, that after brooding until nearly midnight he deliberately went in search of dissipation. He must cool his distracted mind with some other excitement. He hastened to the tent of the senior brigadier of the division, where he knew that this general and Colonel Norwood and other congenial spirits would be engaged in a game of draw-poker. When his friends saw him standing in the shadow of their flickering candles, they readily asked him to join them in the game. They were surprised when he accepted the invitation. For an hour he was an easy mark for the accomplished gamesters, but he astonished them still more when he remained until broad daylight, and rose with more than five hundred dollars of their money in his pocket. Freed of all thoughts of love he sauntered back to his own tent.

Once Eleanor was brought to mind more forcibly than ever before, and for days the image of Miss Livingston was entirely effaced from his memory. It occurred on the day that the corps undertook the long march from Manassas Junction to Herndon Station. The heat was stifling; the leaves were drooping on the limbs of the trees. Perspiration was streaming down the faces of the men; not a breath of air was stirring to fan their heated bodies; many were falling from exhaustion. The

ambulances were filled with those who were unable longer to walk; the shirkers found the desired excuse for lying down in the shade of the wayside tangles of blackberry, elder, and sumac, and under the young locusts and sycamores. To cap the climax a wagon broke down while descending a steep place in the road, and two others crashing into it entirely blocked the highway. The whole line was thrown into confusion.

When his brigade was compelled to halt by reason of the mishap, Paul was in front of an imposing mansion, the only one in a tolerable state of preservation that he remembered to have seen on the whole march. But what drew his attention more than the appearance of the building, was the sight of a well, apparently uninjured and giving forth an abundance of good water. The grounds were swarming with soldiers filling their canteens. Having directed his orderly to procure for him a supply of the desirable liquid, he was awaiting the soldier's return, when he was startled by hearing his name called out familiarly. Turning around hastily, he saw approaching with rapid strides a youthful soldier. A glance told him that it was Jack O'Neill.

"You didn't expect to meet me here, did you, Paul?' Jack observed, a broad smile of pleasure spreading over his face. "It's a good thing I disobeyed orders and stayed behind. Not that I expected to be afforded the pleasure of seeing you here, but because I couldn't resist the temptation of stopping at the house." Jack inclined his head toward the mansion. "When I saw we were coming to Smithfield—that's the name of the old rattletrap—I went up to our captain and told him the estate had formerly belonged to my great-grandfather, and asked permission to stop a few minutes to look it over. *But the* professor—he taught us Latin and Greek at

school—growled out that his orders were to allow no straggling. He looked straight ahead, and added, 'What I do not see, I cannot prevent.' I didn't need a house to fall on me, and quietly stepped out of the ranks with two of my file-mates."

Jack proceeded energetically: "My progenitor, the venerable gentleman who owned the plantation, was named Smith—Colonel Jack Smith—I'm called for him, and have always had a warm spot in my heart for his memory. He fought in the Revolutionary War; you've seen his picture. When we first came to Virginia, Eleanor and I spent several summers here with Blanche Smith's folks. Blanche's father owns the place now, although the family hasn't lived on it for five or six years." And Jack rambled on, relating some interesting details of the remarkable achievements of the Smith family.

Suddenly he seemed to remember that he was a soldier on the march. His regiment, he said, had passed the estate a good while ago, and he guessed that the three of them would all catch the devil for staying behind so long. His face, however, did not indicate that the form of punishment alluded to had any particular terrors for him.

He glanced in the direction from which he had just come. Seated on the ground, under the sparse shade of a sickly horse-chestnut, were two young soldiers about his own age. "I want to present Mary's little lambs to you," he laughed, calling peremptorily to the boys to approach. He smiled drolly, introducing one as "Miles Standish" and the other as "John Alden," fellow students of his at the Massachusetts school. He added with a chuckle, to the evident discomfiture of the persons spoken of: "Their fleeces aren't as white as snow just now, but that's because Mary isn't here to brush them." The un-

easiness of his comrades did not deter Jack from adding merrily: "You know the story of Miles Standish and John Alden, Paul? The two gentlemen before you have acted the parts of the two historic characters to such perfection, and have followed Priscilla—named Mary in this case—about so persistently that nothing remained for us but to christen one 'Miles Standish' and the other 'John Alden,' for obvious reasons giving them the collective title of 'Mary's little lambs.'" Jack grinned with mock seriousness at his friends.

Mary's little lambs were hulking young fellows, whose dust-stained faces gave them a far from lamblike appearance. They seemed to be considerably impressed by the easy familiarity with which Jack addressed the general officer. The effect was not lost on Jack, who remarked to them loftily: "General Didier is an old friend of our family, from Pennsylvania."

The young men moved off a few paces, and Jack again gave his entire attention to Paul. "You haven't heard from mother and Eleanor since the day of the fête?" he inquired. "It's more than a week now. I can never forget the affair. I rowed them across the river myself, and left them on the Fredericksburg side."

Paul's orderly came up with the canteen, and Jack concluded reluctantly: "We must be going." But there was no evidence that he had any immediate intention of leaving. Instead, he waited until Paul had taken a drink and fastened the canteen to his belt, when he continued quite diffidently, something that was foreign to his usual manner of speaking: "Say, Paul, I wanted you to introduce me to Miss Livingston at the fête, but owing to the sudden breaking up of the affair I didn't get a chance to ask you. I suppose, though, she wouldn't have cared to speak to a private soldier, anyway, when gen-

erals were around. I have intended to ask you about her the first time I saw you." Jack had become more confident as he proceeded, and was now staring earnestly into his companion's face.

Paul smiled at Jack's eagerness, yet his own interest in Miss Livingston was far from being impersonal, and he flushed slightly as he gave the young soldier an account of how he met the Livingstons at sea while on his way to settle in the United States. He promised to bring about a meeting with Miss Livingston at the first possible opportunity. "But that may not be until the war is over," he added, "and Heaven only knows when that time will come."

"Of course," replied Jack, with his usual grin, "I didn't expect to have her find me on some battle-field, wounded nigh unto death, and all that sort of thing, and nurse me back to health again, and fall in love with me during the process. That kind of romance only happens in novels. Then I don't think she'd care for me, anyway, as long as I'm a mere private. But I'm determined to be an officer—a captain at least—then I want you to arrange that I become acquainted with her, if we're in the same neighborhood. I'll depend on you." Jack placed his musket on his shoulder preparatory to starting away, and then suddenly set it down again. "I had almost forgotten," he declared, fumbling a moment in his pocket, and drawing out a small round object wrapped in a handkerchief, which he unrolled quickly, exposing to view an ivory miniature, despoiled of its setting. "I found it in the cellar of the house," he said. "It's Eleanor's picture."

Paul was dumfounded. It was, indeed, Eleanor's face. There was the well-poised head, the full cheeks, the flaming red hair, the brown eyes. But the hair was done

up high at the back, and hung down the neck in round, soft ringlets, and was loosely curled over the forehead. Eleanor never dressed her hair in this fashion. A string of beads was about her throat. He had never seen Eleanor wear beads. The bust was encased in white, as usual. A moment ago he had experienced a jealous pang when Jack displayed an interest in Miss Livingston, now at sight of Eleanor's pictured face he was once more madly in love with Eleanor.

He gazed in speechless perplexity at Jack, but Jack only laughed. He finally explained, with the laconic brevity that he often indulged in: "It's my great-grandmother, Colonel Smith's wife. Often saw the picture in the old days. Blanche's father wouldn't have parted with it for any price. A soldier must have stolen it, and gone down into the cellar out of sight of his comrades to take off the gold frame, and then thrown the picture away. Hope he was a rebel. Don't like to think of any of our fellows doing such a mean trick." As Paul continued to stare hungrily at the face, Jack went on impulsively: "You can have it, Paul."

Would it be right to take the miniature? No, it would be wrong. Paul's irresolution lasted only until Jack had insisted that he keep the picture, arguing that it would be much safer in Paul's possession than in his own. Jack added that in case Paul desired, he could return it to the rightful owner, when the war was over, or before, if that became possible.

Deeply grateful, Paul wrapped the precious article in his own handkerchief, and placed it in the inside pocket of his jacket, beside the book containing Miss Livingston's rose. Jack lingered a moment longer, and shaking hands, moved off, crying out gaily in the only German he had mastered: "*Auf wiedersehen!*"

Paul called to him to stop. He pressed him to accept several bills, but Jack declined, giving as a reason that nothing could be bought in the God-forsaken country, anyway. He halted, however, and eyed the money with longing, and retained it, when Paul persisted in thrusting the roll into his hands. With his musket thrown carelessly over his shoulder he marched away, enlarging to his chums on the extraordinary adventures of General Didier in the battle of Fredericksburg.

The road was clear now, and Paul was ready to rejoin his corps. He cast a last lingering look at the two white gate-posts, standing like skeleton guards at the wayside. His eyes swept along the long avenue of stumps leading to the porch, with its tall Doric columns. He conjured up the ghosts of the stately old trees, and the family coach of Eleanor's great-grandfather, with its liveried negro coachman and footman, swinging and creaking down the path. In imagination he beheld the Revolutionary soldier peering out of the open carriage-window, with the beautiful woman at his side, whose picture was next to Paul's own heart, who was dear to him because she so resembled the person whom he could not banish from his mind. He followed his command with a feeling of depression.

The march became slower now. The destination of the Confederate Army was still in doubt, and Hooker must keep his forces well in hand. He must be able to strike the enemy wherever found. He must also bear in mind his instructions, and not allow himself to be drawn away from the line which kept the safety of Washington in view.

The landscape was changing. The dark pines and scrub-oaks were giving place to great black oaks and red oaks. Devastated farms were no longer the rule; culti-

vated fields became common again. There were fewer scowling faces and spying eyes in the open doorways.

The news was still tediously monotonous. The rebels were said to be on the far side of the Blue Ridge Mountains, marching down the Shenandoah Valley on a line almost parallel with that of the Union Army. Then came a disheartening change, and it was reported that General Ewell, Stonewall Jackson's able successor, had driven General Milroy before him, and captured half the Federal division. It was rumored that a cavalry force was already ravaging the rich valleys of Maryland and Pennsylvania. But the nearer the army came to the North, the more enthusiastic became the men. The dejection of months gave way to a new hope. "They beat us in Virginia," the soldiers admitted, "but we whipped them last year in Maryland, and can do so again on our own soil." Their faces were washed, their clothes brushed, their accouterments polished, and they marched on more proudly than ever.

The lovely valley of the Potomac was reached, and it became definitely known that Ewell had crossed the river the day before. Two days later information was received that Hill and Longstreet were then in all likelihood in Pennsylvania. The Union Army was not slow in following. At Edwards' Ferry, thirty miles above Washington, pontoon bridges were laid down, and all day long the quivering structures were crowded with men, guns, horses, wagons moving over to the Maryland shore.

For a week the army lingered in Maryland, proceeding cautiously, attempting to fathom the intentions of the crafty enemy, who was marching with uncertain tread through Pennsylvania.

The dusty blue lines were now passing through a land of plenty. Fields were yellow with ripening grain; the

meadows were vividly green. It was a country of old apple-orchards and great haystacks; a country of ugly red barns, and substantial brick houses, of an architecture as unesthetic as the tastes of their stolid owners. The commands marched through the villages with bands playing and flags flying. The houses were decorated with Union colors; children sang patriotic songs; everywhere the soldiers were received as deliverers. In the country the people lined the roadsides, waving flags and handkerchiefs. Out of farmhouses standing back from the road, women and boys brought water, and fresh-baked bread, and cakes and pies. Farmers living miles away hurried forward to see the army pass, their wagons loaded down with dainties, which they distributed with a lavish hand. Fatigues and hardships had not dampened the spirits of the soldiers. Boys could not be happier. They joked with the farmers, flirted with their daughters, mimicked those who spoke the native mongrel German.

But on that famous last Sunday in June every face became serious. From the headquarters at Frederick came the startling announcement that Hooker had been relieved, and General Meade given command of the army. The fears were soon allayed again. With calmness, the new commander took up the reins so suddenly thrown down to him, inspiring confidence by his very deliberateness. He began making new plans to circumvent the enemy, whose whole force was now to the west and north of him.

Early on Tuesday morning the First Corps reached the Pennsylvania line. As it crossed the border, the fact was announced from the heads of the regiments. Speeches were made by the officers. The men were told that the rebels were on the soil of the loyal State of

Pennsylvania. On them devolved the task of delivering it from their hated presence; their homes, their firesides, their domestic altars were involved.

The dust-covered veterans yelled until they were hoarse; they cheered for "Old Abe Lincoln," for General Meade, for General Reynolds, for Governor Curtin. The bands struck up "Yankee Doodle"; the march continued amid shouts of enthusiasm, the men began singing:

> "Tramp, tramp, tramp, the boys are marching,
> Oh, cheer up, comrades, they will come."

This was quickly followed by one song after another until some sentimentalist started to sing:

> "When this cruel war is over."

The words were taken up by one battalion after another until the song went down the line of the whole corps. For many a poor fellow singing happily in that great chorus the war was, indeed, soon to be over.

CHAPTER XIX.

GREEK MEETS GREEK.

The North recognized that the crisis was at hand. Two weeks before, the President had called on the menaced States for a hundred thousand men to assist in repelling the threatened invasion. Pennsylvania was in a state of panic. At Pittsburgh the iron mills, and foundries, the glass factories, railroad shops, coal-mines, were shut down; the stores were closed. Thousands of workmen, and clerks and business men were out on the surrounding hills, throwing up earthworks. About Harrisburg, rifle-pits and forts were being built. Secretly, in the night, the State archives were loaded on a train, and taken to Philadelphia for safety. The hills and valleys of the border counties resounded with the notes of the fifes and drums of the emergency men—half-grown boys, and middle-aged men—undisciplined levies without uniforms, carrying muskets of antique pattern, suddenly called from college or school, workshop or farm by Mr. Lincoln's cry of alarm.

The first intimation of the actual approach of the Confederate Army was brought into Pennsylvania by flying contrabands from the Shenandoah Valley. Soon afterward came the portion of Milroy's wagon-train which had escaped capture. This was closely followed by an endless stream of human beings, of every age, size, and condition, with horses, cattle, and wagons innumerable. On the heels of this hejira were the Confederates. Flushed with the easy victories of Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville, their army reorganized, its numbers larger than

ever before, they advanced unopposed into the North. They dreamed of taking Philadelphia; they had visions of their ragged regiments marching up Broadway in New York City, of levying rich tribute on the metropolis of the North; of the recognition of their independence by the European powers; of the end of the war.

The fates decreed otherwise. The Army of the Potomac had been carried close to the Pennsylvania line. The First Corps was already across the boundary; its scouts were scouring the country far and near, in search of tidings of the enemy.

The corps was resting at Marsh Creek, after the exuberant entry into the State an hour before. The infantrymen were lounging in the shade of the trees, the artillerymen were watering their horses in the creek, when far ahead a great cloud of red-brown dust arose over the highway leading north. All eyes were strained in that direction. Nearer rolled the dust, hiding the light of day, as it moved onward.

General Reynolds clattered to the front with his staff; glasses were leveled. The head of a long line of cavalrymen and a battery emerged from the obscurity. The Federal commander breathed a sigh of relief, as he distinguished the blue uniforms and Union pennants.

A horseman galloped forward, followed by several others. Reynolds watched them eagerly, and a smile of satisfaction lit up his features, as he remarked to the nearest aid: "John Buford, as I surmised." Giving spurs to his horse, he was soon abreast of the cavalryman.

The two officers dismounted, and, throwing their horses' bridles to orderlies, stepped over to the side of the road and engaged in earnest conversation. Ten minutes later Reynolds beckoned to Paul, who had stopped with the staff a short distance in the rear.

"General Buford has just informed me," he said, as Paul rode up, "that this morning at daybreak he ran into the rebels near Fairfield, only a few miles west of this spot. He feels confident that to-morrow they will head for Gettysburg, a town of some size, five miles to the north. I have instructed him to proceed to that place, and hold it until I can come up with my command, my marching orders not permitting me to move until to-morrow." He deliberated a moment and continued: "I must obtain a description of the country about Gettysburg. I must also receive the earliest possible information of the progress of the fight, should General Buford be attacked to-day. I have, therefore, selected you to accompany him. You will investigate the entire situation, and report to me this afternoon or evening. I will take care of your brigade."

Paul saluted and hurried toward Buford. The heavy-mustached, wiry cavalryman had remounted, and was already well on the way to rejoin his men. Before Paul reached him the bugles rang out, and cavalry and artillery wheeled around and started up the road again.

They were soon on friendly terms. Buford's reputation as an able soldier was well known throughout the Army of the Potomac, and Paul rejoiced at finding him so agreeable a companion. The cavalry general confessed genially that General Reynolds had spoken in high terms of Paul's skill as a topographer.

Buford was gay; the momentous events foreshadowed seemed to give him no concern whatever. He laughed merrily as he puffed at his cigar, and watched the lugubrious face of a fat trooper who was making an awkward attempt to manage his fractious horse. For the farmers who came out into the road to greet him or deliver some piece of information, of real or fancied value, he had a

cheery smile. He questioned them with keenness, received their tales blandly, and in his own mind separated the wheat from the chaff with fine discrimination. To the country children gazing in open-eyed wonder at the soldiers he had ever a kindly remark.

An hour before noon the brown roofs of Gettysburg came in view; then the belfry of the Lutheran Theological Seminary, sitting high on the left. Beyond the town the round dome of the college shimmered silvery-white. The entire population appeared to be in the streets, and the dusty riders were greeted with tumultuous cheers.

A brief halt was ordered. The townspeople were still nervous with excitement. Only an hour before a strong body of rebels had been seen on the crest of the ridge on which the seminary was located. The pickets had even penetrated into the outskirts of the town, but discovering Buford's approach had quickly retired.

They must be followed. A gaunt, dark-complexioned old man, carrying a gun, who said his name was John Burns, and that he was the constable of the borough, offered to show the way. Walking beside Buford's horse, he led the division through the streets, and over the Chambersburg Pike, out into the open country to the seminary. A crowd of curious men and children followed. About the high red brick building the troops halted again, while Buford ascended to the belfry to take observations. In the Chambersburg Pike, away off to the west, the enemy's wagon-train was rapidly disappearing.

Placing his signal-officers in the belfry, Buford gave them instructions to report every movement of the rebels. That done, he threw his force out on both sides of the pike, a mile beyond the building, on the line of Willoughby Run. He disposed them, so that they would be able

to watch all the roads leading into the town from the west and north. Then he established the bivouac.

The rest of the afternoon Paul spent riding over the country, examining into its natural defensive advantages, studying the character of the ridges, the valleys, the woods, the converging roads, fixing the whole firmly in his memory. In the evening he was ready to return to General Reynolds and make his report, and carry back with him the suggestions of General Buford.

"Tell General Reynolds," the cavalryman said, "that I now feel certain Lee is concentrating his army at this point. I am fully persuaded that he will be here early in the morning. Explain further that I am convinced no better place could be selected by us for a battle." He bade Paul Godspeed in the Chambersburg Pike, where it descends into the town.

Reynolds was seated on the porch of the brick farmhouse on the left of the Emmetsburg Road, just beyond Marsh Creek, when Paul returned. For an hour Paul talked with him. He repeated Buford's words, related what he had seen and heard himself, answered questions, expressed opinions when called upon. At the end of the interview he was bruskly dismissed by his chief, with directions to go back to Gettysburg at once, and await the coming of the First Corps in the morning.

Long before daybreak Buford's cavalrymen were astir. The glimmer of the enemy's camp-fires had been visible all night, and no one doubted that the attack would begin with the dawn. The men were to fight dismounted, and took their places as the rebels were already advancing.

As early as six o'clock occasional shots were exchanged between the Confederate pickets and the Union videttes. At nine o'clock Buford and Paul repaired to the belfry

to observe the movements. The morning was clear; every object could be distinguished. To the west and north the four thousand cavalrymen were stretched out in a thin line, a mile and a half in length; they were sheltered behind the trees and bushes on the near bank of Willoughby Run. Two sections of the battery were planted across the Chambersburg Pike, the other in the field to the left. The videttes were far in advance. In the rear, back of the fluttering pennants, were the horse-holders with the horses. Behind the horses, and slightly in advance of the seminary, a large crowd of towns-people had gathered, intent on seeing the anticipated battle.

A score of troopers moved rapidly toward the non-combatants, and ordered them out of danger, insisting that they return to their homes. The boys scampered back readily enough, but the adults required to be reasoned with. A woman carrying a babe in her arms refused indignantly to move. A cavalryman quietly bent over his saddle, and seizing her by the arm led her after the rest of the idlers, who were already on the way to the town, vigorously urged forward by the other troopers.

Now the Confederate skirmishers came in view. Following closely were dense masses of men in nondescript uniforms of gray and brown, bearing tattered crimson battle-flags. They advanced cautiously along the pike, and across the fields. The Federal videttes retired slowly before them to their own main line. Buford had been watching the movements eagerly. Presently he remarked with grim humor to Paul: "If the toll-keepers hadn't run away, what a harvest they could have reaped, collecting toll from all those rebels."

Scarcely had he finished speaking when a puff of smoke, followed by the report of a shot, came from the

enemy's skirmishers. It was replied to almost instantly by three single shots from the Union side. Then another shot rang out, and another, and another, and the whole line crackled and blazed.

The Federal batteries opened fire, and the neighboring woods resounded with the long-rolling echoes. Soon the guns were answered by twice the number of Confederate cannon. A few minutes later the movements of the combatants were swallowed up in the clouds of smoke which enveloped the field.

For once Buford's hopeful face was clouded. His men were hard pressed by four times their own numbers. He expressed a strong desire for Reynolds' appearance, and requested Paul to descend and direct one of the aids waiting down below to put the last reserves into the front line. He followed almost immediately, and rode forward among the men to inspire them with his presence.

Paul was still lingering at the seminary door, when one of the signal-officers came rushing down-stairs from the belfry, and announced that Reynolds' corps was on the Emmetsburg Road, about a mile away; that the corps flag could be distinguished through the glass. An aid instantly dashed away to hunt up Buford.

Before the commotion occasioned by the news had subsided, General Reynolds himself galloped up from the direction of the town. He demanded sharply of Paul how the fight was going. His face continued cold and stern, as he listened to Paul's story. Buford arriving, he turned away without a word, and proceeded with the cavalryman to the belfry. Reynolds took in the prospect in a few hurried glances. As they descended again, he remarked tersely to Buford: "You can hold out until my corps comes up, John!" With the fire of battle in

his eyes, he advised that they ride out to where the men were fighting.

Reynolds was satisfied with Buford's judgment. On this field the advantage would be all on the Union side. Here the battle should be fought. But he must have assistance, and that quickly. To send an aid to hurry up the different divisions of his own corps, another to Sickles to bring on the Third with all speed, and a last to Howard of the Eleventh, who was following the last division of his own corps, was the work of a moment. As he finished speaking, he wheeled round toward the staff. Searching out Paul, he said, in the strained tones that he had employed with him a few moments before: "Proceed to General Meade at Taneytown. Give him an account of what has already occurred, and say that I respectfully urge him to order up the whole army. A great battle is impending at this place. Do not return until General Meade comes with you. Take one of these men," pointing to a troop of horsemen just emerging from the seminary grounds, "as orderly." Paul started on his mission instantly.

At the seminary gate Reynolds left Buford. A few bounds of his blooded horse carried him forward to Paul's side. Together they galloped over the paved street of the town; then out into the open country. At the intersection of the Taneytown Road with the road leading to Emmetsburg, Paul saluted, and with his orderly was away toward Taneytown. He never saw his commander again, but the after events of that historic day forever silhouetted in his memory Reynolds' martial figure at salute, at the parting of the ways.

The distance to be traveled was fourteen miles. No relays of horses were to be obtained on the way; theirs must be handled with care. Paul's skill as a horseman

kept the animals pounding over the soft red clay with the steadiness of clockwork, never going too slow, nor yet breaking into a run. The farmers looked on with alarmed faces. Dogs rushed out, barking and yelping, then stopped breathless, glancing up at the speeding horsemen, as much surprised as their masters. Only two halts were made, to water and rest the horses, and to make sure of the road.

It was past noon when General Meade's headquarters were reached, and Paul stood in the large tent, in presence of the dark-haired, scholarly-looking commander-in-chief.

He had known Meade for nearly a year and a half, but had not seen him since January, a few days after Meade left the Reserves to assume command of the Fifth Corps. Yet it seemed but yesterday that he beheld the slouch-hat with the gilt cord, the dark-blue blouse, the buff gauntlets, the high top-boots. Meade's greeting was courteous as ever. Rolling up the map which he had been examining, and handing it to General Hancock, the commander of the Second Corps, who was with him in the tent, he took off his spectacles, and holding them in his hand, waited for Paul to state the object of his visit.

In the concisest language, Paul delivered his message. General Meade's brow darkened; Hancock was deeply interested. "I am disappointed at General Reynolds for bringing on the engagement," Meade began impetuously, "I had other plans. Along Pipe Creek, two miles south of here, there is an admirable location for concentrating our army and fighting a battle." His irritation increased every second, and he continued vehemently: "My engineers have already made a survey of the land, and located positions for every corps. I confess I am chagrined."

Paul remained silent. He was perplexed. He concluded that it was his lack of military education that rendered him incapable of comprehending the intricacies of a military science which led the commander-in-chief to take for granted that Lee, astute as he was, would be drawn into the trap so carefully prepared for him.

Meade proceeded as though arguing with Paul: "The relief of Harrisburg has been accomplished, and the enemy cannot penetrate east of the Susquehanna." Nervously taking a paper from the table, he went on: "I have just issued this circular, in which I direct General Reynolds to withdraw the First and Eleventh Corps from Gettysburg, and with the Third, which is at Emmetsburg, to cross Pipe Creek and march to Middleburg. Our army is too much scattered to fight successfully at Gettysburg."

Here General Hancock ventured the remark that possibly General Reynolds had failed to receive the circular, and in any event, being on the ground, was probably best able to judge of the advantages and disadvantages of the field. Hancock added suavely: "Perhaps, after all, general, your contemplated movement would produce a disastrous effect on the morale of the army."

Meade remained in deep thought for some minutes; then turning to Hancock, he said doggedly: "Before I send out any orders to the army I desire you to hurry to Gettysburg. Make an examination of the ground and report the result of your observations to me."

Hancock asked for no further instructions, desired no explanations. Taking his hat from the table, he simply said: "Very well, sir," and withdrew.

Intimating his desire to discuss the question at greater length on the arrival of General Butterfield, his chief staff, whom he expected shortly, Meade invited Paul

to remain and lunch with him. In a short time Butterfield came in, and Meade requested Paul to make a sketch of the field where the battle threatened, in order that they might judge for themselves of the correctness of General Reynolds' estimate of its strategic value.

A crude drawing was soon in preparation. With a few strokes of his pencil Paul made a profile, showing the gently undulating character of the land. He outlined the town, the roads intersecting there, the creeks, the wooded ridges.

Meade listened eagerly; he questioned Paul closely. When he fully grasped the details, he complimented him on his excellent memory. Laying the draft on the table, he engaged Butterfield in an animated discussion. With the trained instinct of a military specialist, Meade suggested movements and counter-movements. He even brought out matches, breaking them in two, grouping together the portions with the sulphur tips, and designating them the Union Army; the other parts, he said, were the rebels. He maneuvered one against the other. Somehow he always concluded that no satisfactory result could be obtained by the Union matches. He was looking at Butterfield, and shaking his head dubiously, when confused sounds arose outside of the tent.

A young lieutenant had dashed up, hot and perspiring, his horse white with lather. The sentries had given him a clear path to headquarters. Meade hastened out, and, standing under the open tent-flaps, beckoned to the courier.

The officer's acknowledgment was to gasp out that General Howard had sent him to say that a great battle was raging, and that General Reynolds had been killed in the morning.

The news staggered Meade. His face became ashen;

his former expression of irascibility gave way to one of deep sorrow, but his only comment was: "He was the bravest gentleman in the army." Butterfield added solemnly: "And a great soldier." Paul's eyes became moist.

The rider dismounted, and Meade elicited the information that the First Corps had been engaged since early morning; in the beginning one division had done all the fighting, and was decidedly successful. Having secured a good position in a wood east of Willoughby Run, the troops had captured the rebel general, Archer, and his brigade of fifteen hundred men, and had pushed the remainder of the rebels back across the stream. Farther to the north the Federals had driven portions of two Mississippi regiments into an abandoned railroad-cut, and taken them prisoners.

"Up to this hour," continued the lieutenant, "our men had been fighting against only two brigades of the enemy; now two other brigades advanced, and the combined forces greatly outnumbered our own. By the time the two other divisions of the First Corps reached the field, it seemed as if the whole of Hill's corps of the rebel army was upon us. Our men were hard pressed, indeed."

The Eleventh Corps had marched into Gettysburg at one o'clock, the aid stated. General Howard had assumed command of both corps, and immediately ordered one of the divisions of his own corps to take possession of the high ground east of the town, on which the cemetery is located. This had been fortified. The two remaining divisions he had sent through the town northwardly, whence they were to proceed west, and unite with the right wing of the First Corps. Before the junction could be effected, however, they had been attacked by a fresh rebel force coming from the northeast, supposed

to be Ewell's corps of thirty thousand men. They were fighting this new army when he left, the officer concluded.

All afternoon despatches continued to arrive. General Pleasonton brought a message which he had just received from Buford, who expressed the disheartening opinion that there was "no one directing the battle."

An aid, sent by Hancock, reported that the two divisions of the Eleventh Corps, ordered to assist the First Corps, had suffered fearfully in the exposed position where they had been caught; that the First Corps, overwhelmed by numbers, had been forced back to Seminary Ridge proper. At four o'clock the men of the Eleventh Corps had been completely routed, whereupon a retreat of both corps to the cemetery had been ordered by General Howard. The officer's eyes glowed with enthusiasm as he proceeded. The retrograde movement had teemed with deeds of valor, he said. A Pennsylvania company, comprising the headquarters guard of the First Corps, had particularly distinguished itself, holding the seminary for fully twenty minutes against a whole brigade of the enemy, enabling the remaining troops, the ambulances, and the artillery to retreat in comparative safety. "At half-past four," he concluded, "the roads leading from the west and north were packed with confused masses of retreating troops. Infantry organizations, with sadly thinned ranks, were inextricably intermingled with artillery, ambulances, ammunition-wagons. Drivers were wildly lashing their foam-flecked horses, urging them on toward the safety of the earthworks on the cemetery ridge. Smoke-begrimed cannoneers were clinging desperately to their seats on the caissons and limbers, which leaped with every bound of the maddened horses. Men were streaming through the fields and climbing the

fences. The two corps merged in the narrow precincts of the town and blocked every street. This enabled the rebels, who were in hot pursuit, to easily capture two thousand of the distracted fugitives, a majority of whom belonged to the Eleventh Corps."

Another of Hancock's aids brought intelligence of the arrival, at a quarter after five, of General Sickles, with most of the Third Corps. General Slocum, with the Twelfth Corps, had reached Gettysburg a few minutes later, coming at the earnest solicitation of General Howard. This officer related that General Hancock desired him to report particularly that he deemed the position a strong one, but that its disadvantage was that it might be easily turned.

In the intervals between the arrival of the messengers anxious consultations were held between Meade and his chief of staff. The latter maintained the necessity of fighting at Gettysburg, constantly urging the issuance of orders, directing the still distant corps to hurry to the place with all speed. Meade continued reluctant to give up his dearly cherished plan of enticing the enemy to Pipe Creek. But now that four of the seven corps were already on the battle-field, he at last yielded, and decided to fight on the ground selected by Buford and Reynolds. He sent his staff officers to notify the absent corps commanders of his conclusion, instructing them to at once march to the scene of action.

After dark, when Hancock returned, plans were perfected for the removal of the headquarters. At eleven o'clock Meade and Hancock, with General Pleasonton and the entire staff, except General Butterfield, set out for Gettysburg under escort of the headquarters guard.

The night was fair, the moon full. The cavalcade broke into a monotonous gallop. But for the clanking of

the swords, the whinnying of the horses, the dull pounding of their hoofs on the road, the movement was more like that of a company of phantoms than the ride of the commander-in-chief of the greatest army in the United States, with his entourage.

Mile after mile was passed in silence, broken only at rare intervals by monosyllabic whispers between Meade and Hancock and Pleasonton. The owls hooted weirdly; the distant dogs whose light slumbers were being disturbed gave ghostly barks.

Midnight was long past when the Union picket-line was reached. At last they came to the bivouac. The camp-fires were reddening the trees. There was the low murmur of men's voices; the odor of boiling coffee; the stamping of horses. There were the fresh earthworks, with the shadows of the guns behind, and rows of sleeping men lying on the ground. Then they came to the white tombstones in the cemetery.

CHAPTER XX.

A DRAWN BATTLE.

At gray dawn the tired officers arose to begin another day of intense effort.

Meade was displaying untiring energy. Before lying down after the hard ride from Taneytown he held a long consultation with Hancock and Howard; he had undertaken a reconnaissance of the field by moonlight, had established headquarters in the little white cottage on the Taneytown Road. As the sun again raised its great disk, fiery-red, in the east, he was once more in the saddle on another tour of inspection.

A defensive line was marked out roughly on the ground, positions were indicated for batteries; locations for corps, divisions, even brigades were pointed out to the aids.

Paul had been temporarily appointed a member of Meade's staff, without official designation of title, but holding the same rank as General Warren, the chief of engineers, and General Hunt, the chief of artillery. With two orderlies and a flag-bearer to indicate his presence on the field, he was constantly employed from Culp's Hill to Round Top.

All night long the roads leading north to Gettysburg had been filled with marching troops. The Fifth Corps arrived at six o'clock in the morning, the Second at seven, bringing with it the reserve artillery. General Sedgwick, with the Sixth Corps, having thirty-four miles to travel, did not reach the destination until two o'clock in the *afternoon.* Isolated brigades came in at various times.

As fast as the troops came in sight Paul sent orderlies to meet them and conduct them to the places already assigned, where they were at once set to work entrenching.

The afternoon was well advanced before he found an opportunity to visit his own brigade, back of the cemetery. The sight of the brigade sorely distressed him; only about two-thirds of the men were present, the others were dead, wounded, prisoners. Many had been his intimate friends; with a sorrowful heart he rode to the rear of Powers' Hill where the reserve ammunition-wagons were placed, and where, he had been told, he would most likely find William Penn among the servants and camp-followers.

The negro was fretting and disconsolate for the master of whose safety he was fearful. But he became radiant with joy when he beheld Paul advancing alive and well, and insisted on furnishing him the meal prepared in advance, in the vague hope of his really coming back to enjoy it. To the famished officer who had not tasted food since the evening before the repast seemed more like a gift direct from Providence than a mere mundane dinner. He arose greatly refreshed.

At four o'clock the council of the corps commanders, called by Meade, was to be held. It was nearly that hour now, and Paul galloped away to report at the house where the commander-in-chief's flag was flying.

But the warm summer day had not been spent in idleness in the rebel camp. The wise leader had considered the situation, had matured his plans, had disposed his troops, and was now ready to act. Before all the Federal generals had assembled he opened the battle, attacking, with his usual unerring judgment, where the Union line was weakest.

The Confederate guns opened fire on the Federal left,

where the Third Corps was posted. Sickles had made over the command temporarily to General Birney, and was hurrying away to attend the council, when the rebel cannon began to boom. A moment he watched the flash of the guns, then dashed away at full speed, reaching the headquarters as the other corps commanders, alarmed at the firing, were already hastening back to their commands.

Meade saw Sickles approaching. Apprehensive for the safety of the Third Corps, in the absence of its commander, he went out to meet him, and requested him not to dismount. He informed him that the meeting had been abandoned; and inquired anxiously how the fight was progressing. Receiving the assurance that nothing serious had yet occurred, he felt relieved, but urged Sickles to return to his corps, promising to ride over shortly himself.

With Warren and Paul, the staff, and a swarm of orderlies, Meade left the headquarters and rode down the Taneytown Road, and along the lane leading to the Emmetsburg Road. To the left, in the angle formed by the lane and the Emmetsburg Road, Birney's division was stationed. Against this force the Confederate fire was concentrating.

Observing the advancing cavalcade of the commander-in-chief, Sickles came up, and asked Meade what he thought of the position.

Meade was undecided, but expressed the opinion that it was too far in advance. "I am afraid it will be impossible for you to hold it," he concluded doubtfully.

"I can still withdraw, and move anywhere you designate," was Sickles' quick rejoinder. His manner was courteous, but there was a suspicion of irony in the tone.

Meade objected and promised to send reenforcements; he continued thoughtfully to regard the battle. For some

moments his eyes wandered rapidly up and down the ridge on which he stood. By some strange oversight Little Round Top, the rocky elevation rising behind the Third Corps, had remained bare of troops. When Meade once grasped a situation, he was quick to act. By intuition he realized the value of the rough hillock in maintaining the integrity of the line. It should be retained at any cost.

Telling Warren his conclusion, he directed that officer to occupy Little Round Top, requesting him with almost feverish eagerness to hasten away. He ordered Paul to the same destination, adding gravely to Warren, "You will find General Didier's advice invaluable." The commendatory words caused the elegant Warren to nod politely to Paul, as they both galloped toward the rear of Little Round Top to carry out Meade's commands.

The signal-officers were the only persons on the hill, and they were about to leave. Warren directed them to remain, and continue signaling to headquarters. The battle was developing fast down below on the Emmetsburg Road. Warren started his aids in all directions to hurry up troops. To Paul was allotted the task of selecting positions for the men on their arrival.

At the foot of Little Round Top, passing along the right, was the cross-road in which Sickles had met Meade. Three miles away, to the left of the cross-road, where it ran athwart the Emmetsburg Road, was an orchard of peach-trees. Here a battery had been placed, which was firing vigorously on the enemy's advancing line; it was supported by a brigade of infantry.

The Confederates were being formed over on Seminary Ridge, some distance to the right of the peach orchard. Their cannon, in interminable numbers, were soon replying to the Federal fire in voices of deep-toned thunder.

The air became thick with screaming shells, whizzing shot, screeching grape. For a half-hour the roar of the guns continued; then out of the woods, through the drifting smoke, advancing rapidly, came two compact columns of infantry. Closer and closer they moved, the division of McLaws going straight forward, falling with fearful yells on the brigade of General de Trobriand, holding the left of Birney's line.

Hood's division of Confederates had swerved to the right, and was marching toward Little Round Top. Hood had reason to believe the rocky fastness to be unoccupied. He was attempting the turning movement, predicted the day before by Hancock as being much to be feared. Impatient of resistance, his gray masses pressed forward, sweeping the Union skirmishers back all the way to the lower slopes of the ragged masses of rocks and boulders, fantastically named Devil's Den, just across Plum Run from Little Round Top. Though their ranks were torn by artillery and musket-fire, the determined rebels pushed boldly on until the blue line in front wavered, broke, disappeared among the trees and rocks. Yells of triumph rent the air.

But their exultation came too soon. Warren's work was accomplished. From the direction of the Taneytown Road troops had been hurried up the ascent. A battery of six guns was brought through the pathless woods and over the rocks. The artillerymen had thrown away their blouses; their shirt-sleeves were rolled up; they calmly awaited the Confederates. Behind every tree, and every boulder, down the precipitous sides to the very base of the hill crouched the men from Maine, from Vermont, from Michigan, from New York, from Pennsylvania.

At last the gray uniforms came in view. At double-*quick, with* fixed bayonets, the men dashed across Plum

Run. Suddenly a sheet of flame burst out, flashed in their faces, mowed them down, swept them back, threw them into disorder and confusion. Again they pressed up the smoke-enveloped elevation, fresh troops in places of the fallen, only to be thrown back, shot down, broken, bloody. Then the assault moved more to the left, where it was momentarily successful, when, assistance reaching the Federals, the enemy was again checked. But the cost was frightful; brave General Weed was shot dead; young Colonel O'Rourke went down at the head of his regiment; Captain Hazlett fell directing his artillerymen; General Vincent received a mortal wound.

With courage born of desperation, the Confederates advanced again. This time they were met by the clubbed muskets of the thoroughly maddened enemy. With deafening cheers, the Pennsylvania Reserves charged; they took five hundred prisoners, they drove the rebels from the elevation, they pushed them on through the valley, across Plum Run and back into Devil's Den.

The fight was not likely to be resumed at Little Round Top. Warren left the hill. The men settled down into some degree of calm; they succored the wounded, and coolly discussed the battle. The storm of bullets had left Paul unscathed. One of his orderlies had been shot down at his side, the other was somewhere in the cross-road, with his horses. He had become separated from the flag-bearer before the battle began.

He was alone when he started out of the crush in search of his remaining orderly. The way was difficult, progress slow. At one point the Confederate wave had dashed high up the elevation. The ground was thickly strewn with dead. The wounded, white and weak, were crawling from behind the trees and rocks, where they had lain after being struck.

Paul had been moving carefully over the rough ground, when his heel caught in a projecting root, causing him to stumble, his body coming close to the ground before he stopped its descent by clutching at a near-by tree. The fall gave him a start. Before him lay the body of a dead Confederate. The Confederate was dressed in a gray uniform, dirty and worn; a bright red sash was about his waist. The two bars on the collar of his coat indicated a first lieutenant. The features, sinister in death, seemed familiar. Instinctively Paul thought of Lieutenant Barnaby. He had not seen Barnaby since Blanche's wedding, now more than a year before, but he had thought of him so often with a jealous gnawing at his heart, during that time, that he felt reasonably sure of being able to recognize his face again. He gazed at the dead man long and hard. He was satisfied that it was, indeed, Lieutenant Barnaby. But perhaps he was still mistaken. He would search the pockets for some article of identification. Ah, yes! here were two letters, addressed to "Lieutenant John Barnaby, Headquarters Staff, Third Corps." The handwriting was Eleanor's; he knew it only too well. What further proof could he desire?

He put the letters back. But there was no sign of sorrow on his face as he adjusted the coat about the stiffening form. The man to whom Eleanor was engaged was dead, and she was free again. With a feeling of relief he took another look at the corpse, and began speculating on Eleanor's probable course when she learned her lover's fate. Would she mourn for him disconsolate? For her sake, however, he determined to fix the location of the body in his memory, and care for it at the first opportunity. Two stunted red oaks grew where the head rested, the exposed roots of the trees being twisted in the crevices of great rocks. To the left, fifteen or twenty

feet distant, was a dead maple, its bare trunk pointing dumbly toward heaven. He would not forget the spot.

Amid the press of artillery and infantry, and of lightly wounded men making their way to the field-hospitals to have their wounds dressed, he discovered his orderly holding the horses, and patiently awaiting his commander's coming. Paul had mounted and was about to ride away, when some one called to him from among a group of litter-bearers resting in the road almost at his side. He turned, and, from the expression on a tall young soldier's face, judged that this was the person who had called. The man stepped aside and disclosed Jack O'Neill lying on a litter.

Jack now addressed Paul, and his voice was weak and low: "Saw you getting on your horse, Paul. Was so glad to see you that I couldn't help having one of 'Mary's little lambs' call to you—you remember 'Mary's little lambs'?" Jack glanced up at the tall soldier, and proceeded sadly, "The other lamb'll never gambol around Mary any more; his body lies over there alongside of one of the guns of Hazlett's battery; Mary's eyes'll be red with weeping after she hears the news. I guess I'd be crying myself if I hadn't my time somewhat occupied with this bullet in my thigh." Jack tried to smile in his old cheerful manner, but the attempt proved a dismal failure. He became silent, his face became paler, and a paroxysm of pain seemed to pass through his frame.

Paul dismounted and asked the litter-bearers whether Jack had received surgical attention, and was told that he had been temporarily cared for. By this time Jack appeared to feel easier again, and commenced talking about the battle. "It was a great fight, Paul. The rebels can't say now that our men won't fight." He was about to continue when Paul interrupted him to say that he was

afraid that the delay in having his wound attended to properly might be followed by injurious consequences; the litter-bearers had better carry him to a place beyond the Taneytown Road, a quarter of a mile or so across the fields, where they would find hospital tents; his orderly would show the way. The orderly would afterward hunt up Doctor Sägeknochen, who was about somewhere with the First Corps, and who would make a careful examination and redress Jack's wound. Paul declared that he would himself ride over at the first opportunity. Jack gave an unwilling consent to being taken to the place indicated by Paul, and his litter was soon swallowed up in the throng moving in the direction of the Taneytown Road.

The fierce fighting on the left was over when Paul approached the cottage on the Taneytown Road. Little Round Top, the key to the position, was saved, but Sickles had been terribly punished. The peach orchard had become a veritable shambles. Back and forth and through the woods adjoining, and into the field on the east, golden with waving wheat, the contest had surged; the grain was trampled down, soaked with blood, covered with dead and dying. The Union losses had been heavy, cannon were lost, men taken prisoners, more were killed and wounded. General Zook was dead, General Graham was wounded and a prisoner, General Brooke and General Sickles were wounded. The Union forces had become disorganized. At six o'clock General Birney, commanding the Third Corps, had given the order to fall back to the base of Little Round Top. There was still spasmodic firing, but the Confederates were no longer making a concerted effort, and the council, which was to have sat in the afternoon, was about to be held.

All was animation about the headquarters. The road

and the enclosure about the house were crowded with officers and privates. Hitched along the rude paling fence was a long line of saddled horses, the sweat and foam of recent exertions scarcely dry on their bodies. A group of officers were leaning against the porch earnestly discussing the battle. Each man expressed bright or gloomy views, according as he had seen the fighting. Servants were flitting to and fro, carrying food to their masters.

For the last two hours William Penn had been roaming up and down the Taneytown Road, searching for his "genawl." William had come to the conclusion that it was his duty to furnish Paul with supper. His supply of provisions was limited, and the small store was soon ready to be served. Borrowing a basket from the servant of another general officer, with whom he had become sufficiently intimate for the purpose, he set out for the headquarters. Here, he argued, Paul would finally turn up at the close of the battle, if still able to do so.

The two hours had been very uncomfortable. William was rent with anxiety, the road was infested by marauding soldiers, who robbed darkies such as he with a laugh. He found it necessary to execute a series of adroit maneuvers in order to retain possession of the basket. He saw Paul conversing with Meade at the cottage gate, and when his master became disengaged, he edged his way through the crowd. Getting quite close, he surprised Paul by saying softly, "Heah I is, genawl, wid yo' suppah." His mouth opened wide in a grin of pleasure, as he held up the basket.

Paul was grateful for the negro's thoughtfulness, but did not dismount to eat the simple meal. A sandwich or two, a draft of clear water from the canteen which William brought, partaken of while astride his horse, constituted the repast. He hurriedly told William of

having seen Jack O'Neill, and that the young soldier was seriously wounded. He informed William where he would find Jack, and directed him to hasten to the spot and render such assistance as he could.

The negro deplored the cruelty of the rebels. "Dey might hab shot an older man," he wailed, "one who hain't got no muddah. His muddah'll go crazy if Jack dies. Jack were de bestes' boy she had. Missee Elnah's on'y a girl." He would have continued in the same strain, had not Paul interrupted him to say that Lieutenant Barnaby had been killed, and he minutely described the place where the body lay.

Wiliam's face fell lower. He shook his head sorrowfully from side to side, and moaned, "Missee Elnah'll feel bad!" In an instant his face brightened, and without moving a muscle and looking innocently at Paul, he proceeded, "But I had 'spected fah some time dat she wah gitten obah huh lub fah Mahs Bahnaby."

Paul understood the veiled meaning of the African well enough. The words were intended to encourage him to hope. He felt himself growing indignant. What right had his servant to divine his feelings toward Eleanor, feelings which he supposed were so well masked from observation that no one would suspect their existence? He cut short further comment by ordering William away to find Jack.

As William turned away, out of the stillness on the right came sudden sounds of heavy cannonading. Paul listened attentively, then hurriedly sought General Meade. He was ordered to at once proceed in the direction of the firing and ascertain the cause.

When he arrived at the cemetery, the batteries north of the Baltimore Pike were replying furiously to a number of guns which the rebels had placed on Benner's Hill, to

the northeast. While he watched the duel, the Federal guns obtained the range, and the enemy's cannon were soon silenced.

The long summer twilight was coming on. With its first shadows, two Confederate brigades stole from the town, moving southeasterly toward Rock Creek. The Union batteries opened fire, but could reach only a part of the line, the rest being hidden by an intervening rise in the ground. The rebels now changed their course. Turning to the right, they marched up the depression between Cemetery Hill and Culp's Hill, and, abruptly facing toward the eastern side of Cemetery Hill, rushed forward to assault the Federal position.

Lying behind a stone wall on the lower level of Cemetery Hill, was a division of the Eleventh Corps, consisting of two brigades, much weakened in the battle of the day before. They opened an effective musket-fire on the Confederates as soon as they came within range; the slaughter was terrible.

The rebels believed themselves invincible. The Louisiana Tigers were in the lead. Leaping the wall at a bound, they forced the Federals up the slope, among the guns of the batteries in the rear. A hand-to-hand struggle ensued. For a time the Federals held their ground superbly. With shouts, cries, oaths, they plied clubbed muskets, handspikes, rammers, fence-rails. A Confederate lieutenant dashed up boldly, and seized one of the guidons of Wiedrich's battery; he was shot dead by the bearer. Another lieutenant charged into the battery at the head of his men, demanding its surrender. He, too, was killed. The color-bearer of the Tigers rushed forward, waving his flag as he advanced. A Union officer, revolver in hand, sprang into the Confederate ranks, shot the color-bearer, and seized the flag. Wounded and reel-

ing, he was dragged back to his regiment. He still grasped the captured standard.

But the fight was unequal; the Federals were overwhelmed by numbers, but they yielded their ground only when all hope was gone. They made desperate efforts to prevent the capture of Wiedrich's battery, but failing in this, succeeded in spiking two of the guns of Ricketts' before they allowed them to fall into the enemy's hands.

Paul had viewed the struggle anxiously. The Eleventh Corps was composed almost wholly of Germans. These panic-stricken soldiers were his countrymen. Their ranks were dissolving fast in the gathering darkness. He must make a personal effort to turn the tide.

Riding rapidly among the men, he tried desperately to check the retreat. He addressed them in English, pleaded with them in German, scolded them in both languages, swore at them, derided them. He reminded them of the taunts which they had endured since the rout of their corps at Chancellorsville. Now was the time to redeem their lost reputation.

Some of the officers recognized the one-armed man on horseback. Then the men saw the empty sleeve through the flashes of light made by the falling shots, and a whisper ran through the crowd: *"Des is 'de' General Didier, Er is' a Deutscher. Er hot under 'em Sigel in Bade' g' fochte."*

They stopped. Despair gave way to irresolution, irresolution to confidence. The privates themselves called out, "Fall in! Fall in!" In a whirlwind of enthusiasm the cry was carried all over the field. Assistance began pouring in. General Schurz sent help from the other divisions of the corps; one of Hancock's brigades arrived on the double-quick. Paul grasped a flag from the nearest color-bearer, as he had seen Reynolds do at Bull Run,

Riding rapidly among the men, he tried desperately to check the retreat.

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and with his horse's bridle between his teeth, amid deafening cheers, led the united forces forward. Like a cyclone they swept down the hill; they scattered the enemy before them; they recaptured the batteries; they reestablished the line.

Paul was the hero of the hour. The officers crowded around him, and thanked him effusively. General Howard shook him warmly by the hand, when he met him on the Baltimore Pike. The men cheered until they were hoarse, in all degrees of broken English. A sergeant of artillery, his face black with smoke and powder-stains, the sweat streaming down his fat cheeks, yelled after him, laughing, "We run mit Howard, unt fide mit Sigel, but, by Gott, we fide shoost so hart mit Shenerawl Didier!"

A young blond lieutenant, dressed in the dark-blue uniform, and peculiar soft felt hat of a certain New York regiment, rode up to Paul, and, after saluting ceremoniously, addressed him, speaking with a strong German accent. He said an old friend of Paul's had been severely wounded the day before, and having just learned of General Didier's presence, was most anxious to obtain speech with him.

"And who is he?" Paul inquired absently, his mind still occupied with the exciting events of the battle.

"Major Woynitzki, of the —th New York," was the reply.

Woynitzki, his old-time comrade! What a flood of recollections the name brought back. Paul was deeply concerned at once. "Ah, yes!" he exclaimed thoughtfully, asking the officer to lead the way. "I had almost forgotten that he is a major now."

A few hundred yards in the rear of the batteries were the field-hospitals. Before a tent, standing slightly apart from the others, they dismounted. Into this the lieuten-

ant entered, returning almost immediately, and inviting Paul to go in.

A candle was stuck on a cracker-box; its weak flicker shed a greenish light about the form lying on the blanket; another blanket was thrown loosely over the slender figure. Woynitzki's hair, that had been coal black when Paul saw him last, was now silvered, but there was no mistaking those striking and almost handsome features.

His eyes were wandering. When the visitor darkened the tent-opening a look of doubt appeared on the classic countenance; a moment later recognition dawned bright and clear, and a smile of almost childish pleasure overspread the wan face. A sigh of intense satisfaction escaped Woynitzki as he held out his hand.

"My dear Paul," he began in German, "when I heard the cheering a while ago, I speculated as to the meaning. I wondered whether the Eleventh Corps had at last won a victory, notwithstanding the incompetent leadership with which it is cursed. Soon every one was repeating your name, and oh, how glad I was to listen to the story of your brilliant achievement; Paul," he went on, smiling proudly, "the fellows who were driven into Switzerland are making something of a military record, after all." Paul was about to protest, and Woynitzki proceeded hurriedly: "Do not interrupt me. I did not send for you merely to flatter you. I wished to see you because I have something to ask for myself. I am selfish in my old age."

He waited a moment, and then continued abruptly: "My wound is mortal. You need not shake your head; the priest has already been here. I have a daughter living in Paris. You have no knowledge of her existence. No one in America has except Weber, and the time is too short now for explanations." He drew a long breath and went on: "When this war is over, and you survive, hunt

her up. Perhaps she will be interested to learn something of her father's end. She is familiar with the history of my race. My sainted father fell by the side of our great prince, Poniatowsky, at Leipsic. Tell my child that I also fell like a true Polish noble, fighting for freedom, and in a foreign country.

"You have never seen the picture of my daughter Marie?" he asked in haste. "Here it is, Paul," and he drew from under the coverlet the photograph of a beautiful young girl. Seeing the look of admiration on his companion's impressionable face, he added with pride, "She is of the best blood of Poland. Her mother was a princess of the house that brought forth the last king of my unhappy country."

He paused again. Until now his voice had been strong; when he next spoke it sounded weak and hollow. "I have loved you like a son," he continued, "and when I learned that you were wounded at Fredericksburg, I wept like a child. They tell me that you have acquired great wealth. I know you have earned much glory in this war. Take my advice, Paul; do not waste your time and talents in this country of barbarians. Here you are nothing but a despised foreigner, after all. Return to Europe, to your kindred." A bright pink spot appeared on either cheek, as he proceeded, "Marry Marie! I have often written to her about you. Rear a race of nobles. Be the gentleman whom you can never become among these parvenu Americans."

His voice had gradually sunk lower. Now he clutched Paul by the arm. "Did you understand me? And, further, Paul, she has an estate. Her mother left it to her, but I would never accept assistance from either her or her mother." He stopped, but a moment later he whispered, "Take this cover off, Paul, it oppresses me." He

became silent once more. Suddenly he inquired with eagerness: "What are those drums beating for?" His face brightened, as he called out in a quick tone, but low, "*En ligne, Polonaise! En ligne! En ligne!*" Changing to German again, he continued confidentially: "My old regiment is forming. The troubles in Poland are over. A new king has been elected. He is calling us home, and we must obey."

The fire died out of his eyes; he went on with difficulty, pausing after each word: "Before—I—go—Paul—I—want—to—leave—this — crucifix—with—you—for—my—Marie. It—is—all—I—have—to—give—her. It—was — found—on—my—dead — father's—body." His glance rested lovingly on Paul. His hand went weakly up to the side of his head, as if in salute, then dropped limply back on the blanket. There was a convulsive twitching of the muscles of the face and mouth; the eyes rolled and then became glassy; a hollow sound came from the throat. The color of face and hands changed to an ashy gray. The gallant old exile had gone home.

CHAPTER XXI.

VICTORY.

The night was well advanced when Paul was ready to return to Meade's headquarters. He had lingered sorrowfully beside the remains of Woynitzki. When the colonel of the regiment came into the tent and promised to care for the body, Paul stroked the silvery hair a moment in farewell, and strode mournfully out into the night.

With the blond lieutenant for guide, he rode away. All around were sleeping forms. Away off, down the slope of Cemetery Hill, shadowy figures, bearing litters, were groping in the gloom, searching for wounded. In the fields to the left of the Baltimore Pike was the reserve artillery; here the beasts were harnessed to the pieces; the batteries were ready to move instantly. Teamsters flitted about feeding horses, tightening braces, examining the running-gear of the cannon.

Only a few distant shots on the picket-line broke the silence. Paul was already in the midst of the throng of stragglers and camp-followers which ebbed and flowed along the pike, when the sharp crackling of musketry rang out in the southeast. Directing the lieutenant to report the occurrences on Cemetery Hill to General Meade, he turned back and galloped out the road.

In the darkness he ran into a large body of Federals slowly falling back from the fields on their right. It proved to be a brigade of Geary's division of the Twelfth Corps on its way to reoccupy the entrenchments on Culp's Hill, abandoned by it some hours before, when sent to the

assistance of the Third Corps. The men were confused. While crossing the cultivated ground from the pike, all unsuspicious of danger, they had received a volley in their faces, fired from behind a stone wall. A number had been killed and wounded.

General Geary was standing in the midst of a group of dismounted officers, stroking his long beard thoughtfully, and listening to an aid's account of the attack, when he became aware of Paul's presence. Turning round he explained in a troubled voice that they all believed the occurrence to have been the result of an unfortunate accident. General Kane's brigade of his own division was in the advance, and being under the impression that his was a rebel force had fired into it. The giant Pennsylvanian's tone became petulant. "Kane knew that I was following him closely," he complained, "and should have had sense enough to remember that the enemy could not have penetrated so far between his troops and mine."

Paul suggested mildly that the mischief might have been done by a force of rebels, and related how the Confederates had almost taken Cemetery Hill, a fact of which General Geary had not yet been informed.

Geary shook his head, but finally admitted that he might be mistaken. He added, meditatively, "General Kane is an experienced soldier, a most efficient officer. At all events I will run no further risk, and will march nearer to the cemetery before again attempting to reach my old breastworks." He ordered the brigade to move along the pike in the direction he had indicated.

A half-hour later he halted. Thirteen or fourteen hundred yards across the fields he should find General Greene, the commander of his remaining brigade, the only force he had left to guard the hill. Carefully throwing out skirmishers, he soon received sufficient information to

feel assured that the path was clear; he pressed forward boldly, and in a few moments stood on the forest-covered elevation, behind Greene's hastily built works of wood and earth. Here he learned that the entire eastern portion of the hill was in possession of the rebels.

Geary was astounded. His eyes swelled out as he listened to Greene's account of the operations of the Confederates. Simultaneously with the attack on Cemetery Hill, General Johnson, of Ewell's Corps, had crossed Rock Creek and advanced through the woods at the foot of Culp's Hill, and driven Greene's skirmishers back into the trenches. The rebels had recoiled when coming in range of the musket-fire poured into their faces from the Federal breastworks. Discovering that the abatis at Greene's right was unoccupied, Johnson had taken possession, and began an attack from that side. Fortunately, Greene had fortified his flank with earth and felled trees, and repeatedly hurled the rebels back with his destructive fire. Pushing farther to the right, the Confederates had passed over the abandoned fortifications, moving through the woods in the rear, and over the stone fences that skirted the cultivated ground to the south. They had almost gained the Baltimore Pike when darkness came on.

"This, then, was the force that fired on my men," was Geary's conjecture. "I must apologize to Kane for thinking ill of him." With the frank confession, he directed his men to be formed on Greene's right. General Ruger's division followed Geary closely into the trenches; other reenforcements arrived. The hill was strongly held once more.

The hour was late; there was a likelihood of heavy fighting soon—at farthest in the morning—and Paul determined to spend the remainder of the night on Culp's Hill.

In an hour the whole camp was wrapped in slumber. Sentinels guarded the bivouac. The pickets were far in advance, crouched behind trees and rocks, ready to report the least sign of a movement on the part of the enemy. The men rested fitfully; the alarms were numerous. The horses of a battery broke loose, and came clattering wildly among the sleeping soldiers. Every one sprang to arms. The drums beat the long roll; the rebels were said to be making a night attack. In the confusion a horse was shot and wounded. To the weary soldiers his unearthly cries sounded like the notes of an impending doom.

Paul fell asleep again, but his slumbers were disturbed by a dream, at once full of delight and foreboding. The war was over; he was at the white farmhouse on the Beaver Road. It was springtime; the roses were in bloom, and the grounds about the mansion were filled with well-dressed men and women. They all seemed to know him, and glanced at him stealthily and whispered. For some reason, which he could not fathom, he was unable to see their faces. Then his vision became clearer, and seated on the veranda—oh, joy of joys!—he beheld Eleanor O'Neill. Her mother was with her, and so was Jack. Moving about, beaming on the guests, was Mr. O'Neill, dressed in a well-fitting suit of black broadcloth, a new beaver hat on his head. His face was ruddier than ever. Paul thought Eleanor had never smiled at him so sweetly before. A voice at his elbow was saying softly, "She is about to be married to General Didier." A score of robins, hopping about on the lawn, took up the refrain, and chirped merrily,

"Married to General Didier!
Married to General Didier!"

He experienced a thrill of intense happiness. Suddenly

a great hound, brown and shaggy, with tongue protruding, and savage red eyes, was poised for an instant in the air, then sprang into the midst of the people. Eleanor, Mrs. O'Neill, Mr. O'Neill, Jack, all the persons collected there, even the robins, disappeared as if by magic. Veranda, house, grounds were void of life. In the oaks on the edge of the green a flock of crows set up a chorus of such malignant caws that Paul awoke with a start. His heart was thumping painfully against his side.

For a moment he was dazed. A dull pain oppressed him; all his hopes of happiness were shattered. He felt more utterly wobegone than ever before in his life. Then his full senses returned; he was wide-awake. It was only a dream. About him were stern realities; the war was still going on; he heard the crackling of musketry. It was already light enough to see. Men were springing up and grasping muskets. Some distance down the rough hillside the skirmishers were blazing away; General Geary was calmly giving orders. The firing became general, but the enemy remained hidden. Behind every elevation, every tree, every projecting rock, blue-clad forms were lying flat on their faces. Their muskets spat fire the moment a rebel exposed himself. The white smoke rose from the muzzles, spread out, became brown as it curled upward. The enemies' bullets whistled, "zip," "zip," clipping the leaves overhead, nipping twigs, tearing off branches, scattering bark over the soldiers, chipping the rocks, lacerating, killing. For two hours the firing continued, became deafeningly loud, then died away to a few desultory shots.

During the lull, Paul rode to the headquarters. He bore a message from Geary to Meade, in which the Pennsylvanian stated that he believed he could hold the hill against all the rebels opposing him.

Now that Paul was free from the exhilarating influence of the battle, his mind dwelt on more personal concerns. Try as he would, he was unable to shake off the memory of the dream. He was not superstitious, at least he so imagined. He realized that his weakness was the result of the nervous tension under which he had been laboring for the last two days, yet his depression was extreme. He felt ashamed. He was glad that none of the soldiers whom he passed could read his mind.

He started in to analyze the dream. He had a philosophy of his own on the subject of dreams. He recalled vividly that whenever in times past he had dreamed of things pleasant, ill-luck, or at least, worry over anticipated misfortune, was sure to follow soon after, in his waking hours. The present dream had at first been most agreeable. This alone would mean disaster; but it had ended unpleasantly. If dreams portend anything, he reasoned, then, according to his own past experiences, this one betokened good and not evil fortune. But the hideous dog! He had always been able to connect his previous waking thoughts with the night fantasy. Here he was lost. Was it an omen of his own undoing in the great battle that was sure to be fought in the course of the day? He was no coward, but he was singularly bewildered.

With a sigh of relief he entered the ill-kept country flower-garden surrounding the headquarters. It was quite early; only a few of the staff-officers were astir. The uncut grass was still covered with blue-uniformed figures stretched out in every conceivable attitude of dreamless slumber. Heads and feet extended promiscuously into the beds of incongruously intermingled sunflowers and *lady-slippers.*

The tireless chief was on the porch, fully dressed, wait-

ing for an orderly to bring his horse. He smilingly congratulated Paul for bringing about the victory on Cemetery Hill, and added earnestly, "You deserve well of the country, general."

Paul was modest, and blushed easily. The remark caused his face to redden, but he delivered General Geary's report coolly enough, and was relating further particulars, when a tall young man in civilian dress approached.

The stranger was strongly built, and dark-complexioned. His face was already clean shaven; his fashionable attire was faultless; the ends of his black mustache were carefully curled and sharply pointed. He had the appearance of having stepped out of a lady's parlor. Paul knew him as Raphael Robinson, an artist on the *New York Illustrated Weekly,* whom he had met at Falmouth after the battle of Fredericksburg.

Mr. Robinson's relations with the dignified commander-in-chief appeared to be quite intimate, and he was about to make some jocular remark, when, perceiving Paul, he pounced on him with the avidity of the news-gatherer, and exclaimed, with smiling abruptness, "General Didier, I must have your picture for my paper! The United States are clamoring for a likeness of the hero of Cemetery Hill. Will talk to you about it later." Without other explanation, he turned to Meade, and broached the subject of his visit.

"I desire to make a sketch of the council of war," he began, "and want to view the interior of the room where the session was held. I beg you to tell me who was present, and to describe where each member sat. You know, general," he continued, with a flourish, "my picture will portray this momentous event for the benefit of future ages."

General Meade was evidently impressed, and readily invited the artist into the house, asking Paul in also. Several aids, who had become interested listeners, followed unasked.

The artist was all animation. His questions were direct, his comments terse, his opinions expressed with breezy frankness. He declared that he was glad the council had decided in favor of the army staying and fighting. In fact, he didn't know why full-grown men should stop to deliberate about the matter at all; the inevitableness of the conclusion was too apparent for discussion. The Army of the Potomac would have been forever disgraced, had it turned tail and run away. The aids winked at one another.

"Sickles must be in the picture, too," Mr. Robinson went on. He was well aware, he said, that the general was lying wounded in the Throstle barn at the time the council was held, but that made no difference. Sickles was one of the corps commanders, and would have been present had he been able to come. Aside to the grinning aids, the portrayer of historic scenes acknowledged to having drunk a lot of the general's champagne at the entertainment which that officer gave at Falmouth. He added as his personal opinion that General Sickles was one of the few great soldiers of the war. Meade shrugged his shoulders.

"So it was on this little table that the declaration to stay and fight was drawn up," the young man proceeded, tapping the stained top with his finger. "I will change it some; it is hardly appropriate to the occasion."

He became absorbed in his own reflections, then turned abruptly to Paul. Would General Didier care to have a place in the picture? he asked. No? He knew that the general had not been in attendance at the meeting, but a

one-armed man would give such a soldierly finish to the whole. True, General Howard was present; he had forgotten about him. General Howard would do. Again resting his eyes on the aids, he imparted with refreshing candor, "Every man likes to see his picture and his name in the papers, but few of them care to admit the fact."

Here a waggish lieutenant remarked that Mr. Robinson should not forget to show General Warren asleep on a chair in a corner of the room. Meade raised his hand warningly, but the aid was a privileged member of the military household, and went on placidly, "And don't overlook the bed with the three generals lounging on it."

But the artist paid no attention to the interruption, and proceeded: "I will enlarge the room somewhat; I can then pose the officers to better advantage. It isn't always well to stick too closely to facts in historical drawings or writings. Neither painters nor historians ever do." He glanced solemnly at General Meade.

Later in the day, when the shells were bursting over the building, the blithe New Yorker was seated in the little room, with a cigarette between his teeth, working unconcernedly at his great picture. He remained there until Meade sent peremptory orders for him to retire to a safer place.

At ten o'clock Paul was back in the trenches with General Geary. Nothing decisive had been accomplished by either side. Now the rebels were marshaling for an assault. An attack was contemplated which was to sweep the Federals from the hill.

As Paul stood at the side of the burly commander, a volley came crashing into the Union ranks. Then fierce yells resounded through the trees, and the gray line, a thousand strong, dashed out of the smoke, and up the

rugged slope. And lo! to his amazement, leaping forward in front of the officer who led the Confederates, baying and barking at every bound, was the great hound of his dream.

Paul rubbed his eyes; but there was the dog, brown and vicious, as on the night before. For an instant the coincidence startled him. He shook himself, and gazed hopelessly at the advancing enemy.

A thousand Federal muskets belched forth a thousand balls of lead. The rebels reeled, hid behind trees and rocks; only the more desperate pushed on; the dog was still ahead. Paul's view became obstructed, and he moved forward a few steps. At his elbow a young soldier was saying to his file-mate, as he aimed his piece, "Watch me hit the dog!"

Paul looked on spellbound. He trembled and was inclined to lay a restraining hand on the soldier; he steeled himself for the result of the shot. He imagined he could distinguish the crack of that particular musket among the many that were sending their death-dealing missiles into the gray hosts. Then above the sounds of the musketry he heard a loud, sharp yelp of pain. The brute jumped high in the air, and dropped as abruptly back, an inert mass.

How he was relieved! When the soldier leaning on his smoking gun exclaimed triumphantly to the man beside him, "Did you see that!" Paul felt like exulting with him. A weight had been taken from his shoulders. He took a new interest in the operations going on about him.

The smoke became denser, swallowing the rebels in its sulphurous folds. The Union officers shouted orders for another volley; the shots rang out, and the volley flew into the opaque vapors. The smoke lifted. The Confederate ranks had melted away; wild cheers rent the air,

Slowly and defiantly the survivors fell back. The victorious men in blue began the pursuit. Down the side of the hill they poured. The enemy kept on retreating; they began to scatter; their numbers were becoming smaller. They disappeared entirely from the trenches; only the dead and the wounded remained.

Gettysburg saw no further fighting for several hours. A dead calm settled over the great Union Army.

The preparations for repulsing further attacks had all been made, the entrenchments thrown up, the breastworks completed, and stone walls and rail fences manned. Every officer and every private was tense with expectation. The broiling sun had already passed its meridian, when Meade rode from the headquarters to the crest of the ridge immediately in front of the cottage. A dozen staff-officers were in his train. Immovably the chief sat gazing at the rebel lines across the valley, less than a mile away.

After a few moments' careful study he handed his glasses to Paul, observing laconically: "They are running out guns, the prelude to an infantry attack."

Paul's eyes swept the ridge. Guns were being unlimbered all the way from the seminary to the peach orchard on the far left. He recalled a remark made by Slocum in the morning. The general had expressed the opinion that, having forced back the Union left, Lee would finally make a grand attempt to break entirely through the line. The great Confederate had unbounded faith in his lucky star, the commander of the Twelfth Corps had said. Paul informed Meade of what he had heard.

"Most audacious soldiers have a lucky star—for a while—then it sets in disaster," was the serene rejoinder.

The glasses of the officers were still raised, when from the town came the faint sound of a bell striking

one. Two signal-guns boomed ominously near the seminary. Meade hastily ordered the staff back. White puffs came from the muzzles of a hundred and fifty cannon. A mile of flame flashed forth. A tremendous roar followed, the earth trembled. Through the air shrieked, howled, moaned, whistled, crashed the messengers of death. Solid shot, chain-shot, shrapnel, came in torrents. Sometimes they seemed to groan; each shot appeared to have a different way of flying through space, each made a different noise from its fellow.

Meade had directed General Hunt to reply with as much artillery as could be advantageously placed. Now eighty guns on the Union side began adding their deafening noises to the general tumult, hurling their deadly charges to the opposite height. At sound of the first Confederate gun couriers had been sent along the whole Union line, notifying every one to seek whatever shelter could be obtained. Low on the ground, behind walls, fences, trees, the men lay. Scarcely an infantry soldier was visible. The gunners served the guns without flinching.

The rain of shells on the Federal center was unceasing. They burst in the air lurid red, scattering the deadly particles in the batteries and among the concealed infantrymen. Along the entire forepart of Cemetery Ridge the solid shot was falling like hail in a summer storm, plowing up the ground in long furrows, ricocheting down the slopes like a football, maiming and killing wherever it struck. Horses were torn limb from limb, caissons filled with ammunition were exploded, cannon dismounted, rocks splintered and hurled in every direction. The heavens became overcast. Clouds of powder-smoke, brown and red, rose upward, billowed hither and thither, floated over the two ridges, and settled in the valley be-

tween. The impenetrable masses were lighted up fitfully by the flashes emitted by the flying shells. The sun colored the edges of the rifts a fiery gold, a dull gray, a silver-white. The scene was appalling in its grandeur.

For a full hour the Union guns hammered away, then stopped abruptly. The rebel leader rejoiced; his first object was attained; the enemy's guns were silenced. For once his discernment was at fault.

Three-quarters of an hour longer the Confederate guns continued to fire, when they, too, became quiet. Every soldier in the Union ranks raised his eyes, and asked with bated breath: "What next?"

In the rear of the Confederate guns, covering the crest of the ridge, were heavy woods. Out of the smoke, from the shelter of the trees, poured dense masses of infantry. The Federal line became active again; the artillerymen sprang from the ground.

With mechanism perfect, with throats cool, with caissons crammed with ammunition, the cannon, which Lee supposed disabled, were rushed forward, unlimbered, trained on the gathering regiments. Hot and perspiring, the gunners stood by the guns. Tightly the infantrymen clutched their muskets, waiting for orders. Never had the men fought as they meant to fight now.

The rebels seemed to be numberless; the ranks were quickly formed. They extended for a mile and a half, three lines deep, parallel with the Emmetsburg Road. Muskets were aslant of their shoulders, bayonets shining, tattered flags flying. Skirmishers in front, with measured step, the march began. For a moment they were concealed by a rise in the ground, then the uniforms of gray, brown, blue, buff, all faded into shades indescribable, again burst into view. General Pickett, long-haired, desperate, sanguine of success, was in command, his division

of Virginians in the center. The brigades of Kemper and Garnett led; Armistead followed. Supporting on the right were the brigades of Wilcox and Perry, on the left, Pettigrew, with Heth's division, and Trimble, with two of Pender's brigades. The artillery brought up the rear.

The long line of Confederate guns on Seminary Ridge began to roar a second time, firing over the heads of the charging columns, attempting to cover their movements.

Several fences barred the progress of Pickett's artillery. These were quickly leveled. Then the infantry pushed through a field of ripening maize; now over a swale. When half-way across, Pickett's division made a half-wheel to the left. Wilcox failed to follow, but keeping straight on, broke the line, leaving a gap which grew constantly wider, as the two bodies continued the advance separately.

At last Pickett reached the crest of the rise opposite the Union center, where Hancock's men were in position. The Federal skirmishers began slowly to retire. Until this moment hardly a shot had been fired. Now Hancock ordered his impatient gunners to open, and the cannon began their deadly work.

As the solid shot fell into their ranks, the Virginians never paused. Then shell and shrapnel and canister are poured in from the front, from the left, from the right. Terrible gaps are torn in their lines; five and six men are knocked over at one shot. The ranks are quickly closed again; they press on, trampling the dead and wounded under their feet. Horses, maddened with fright, plunge and rear, or wounded, snort and writhe on the ground in agony. Riderless animals dash confusedly across the field, which is running red with blood.

Pickett's cannon are unlimbered, and fire through the gap in his line. The fences along the Emmetsburg Road are quickly cleared. Through the gray smoke and the dun, now dense, now melting into haze, then growing into thick volume again, they sweep on. They are within the range of the Federal muskets, and the rolling crashes of ten thousand discharges ring out. The rebel ranks become thinner still. For an instant the front line staggers, but recovers quickly, and presses on. The Confederates in turn commence firing, but the bullets fly away harmless, flattening themselves against the stone walls and shelving rocks; they are buried in the fence rails. They do little injury to the men in blue stooping close to the ground.

From the rebel line, near the peach orchard, a battery begins to fire, tearing a bloody passage through the crowds of Union soldiers who have ventured from their protected positions. Pickett halts; he gives orders to close the ranks for a final charge. Kemper reels in his saddle, and falls to the ground severely wounded. The rush begins. With the old yell they dash forward toward the clump of small trees, a few hundred feet in advance of Meade's headquarters. Now Garnett is killed. On the reckless men press, on to their doom, on over the rail fence surmounting the low stone wall. A few moments their flag waves in the Union line, a few moments there is a confused mass of intermingled rebels and Federals; a few moments victory hangs trembling in the balance.

From all directions the men in blue now bear down. The fight is at close quarters. Pandemonium prevails; the uproar is deafening, the fierce din, demoniacal. Murder is in every heart; every evil passion is loosed. Ten thousand voices are shouting; every cry is heard—rage,

fury, hate, pain, triumph, command, encouragement, appeal, entreaty. There is the dull thud of the clubbed muskets, the noiseless thrust of the bayonets. The yells, shrieks, oaths, curses, groans blend with the zip of the minié ball, with the pistol-shots, with the booming of the cannon on the flanks. One vast wave of sound rises high toward heaven.

The mêlée is soon over; the carnage has been frightful; the crimson battle-flags drop, becoming more crimson as they reach the ground. All but one of Pickett's generals are down; brigades have melted away; regiments are broken, have disappeared. The proud Virginians are humbled. Disheartened—instant death before them should they attempt to go forward, death still more certain, if they retreat—two thousand Confederates throw down their arms. Handkerchiefs, rags, coats are waved; hands are thrown up in token of surrender. The rest turn and fly, only to be swept with canister by a battery hastily run forward.

When Pettigrew broke on the left, and Wilcox and Perry on the right, and whole regiments surrendered, loud continuous, jubilant cheers went up from the Union ranks. And the shouts were redoubled when the rising smoke disclosed a frightened mob hurrying back to the Confederate lines. Here were large groups, wild with fear, there, men, disencumbered of muskets and knapsacks, running by twos and threes. Crossing the Emmetsburg Road was a color-bearer, carrying a folded battle-flag under his arm. In his rear were a few officers on horseback, threading their way through the wounded and the dead.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE DARK SHADOW.

During the night the Confederate force occupying Sickles' old position about the peach orchard, as well as the troops in the town, retired to Seminary Ridge.

On Saturday the two armies remained inactive, anxiously watching one another. The rebels were fearful of being attacked, while preparing to retreat back to Virginia; Meade was too cautious to take the initiative. Night came. With it long trains of wounded, and never-ending lines of ragged men in gray and brown, commenced moving sorrowfully southward; only the desperately wounded were left behind.

Hardly had the invaders disappeared across the State line, when, from all over the North, friends of those who had fallen on the Union side began to arrive at Gettysburg.

On Monday morning the single line of railroad entering the town had been somewhat repaired. At noon a train was enabled to get as far as Rock Creek. In the sweltering throng that alighted from the overcrowded cars were physicians of every degree and age; solemn-faced clergymen, black-robed nuns, young women, and old women, some gaily, some soberly attired; all were bent on missions of mercy. There were also many men and women who had had friends or relatives in the battle; many in the crowd were merely curious idlers. All had haggard faces; all had sat up in the cars overnight at Hanover, at York, at other points, anxiously waiting for the railroad, which the rebels had torn

up on their first appearance, to be again opened to Gettysburg. For a moment the people hesitated, uncertain where to turn; then, like a flock of sheep rushing after the bell-wether, they followed a tall, white-haired old man to the road paralleling the railroad, and which led to the center of the town.

Two persons remained standing alongside of the train, Mr. O'Neill, florid-faced as ever, and his granddaughter Eleanor. A melancholy expression was on Mr. O'Neill's face. Eleanor wore a traveling dress of light blue; the heat had caused her to throw her gray veil back over her hat, forming a hood about her face. The bronze hair and pink-and-white complexion made a rarely beautiful picture in the silvery setting. She looked bewildered.

Neither said a word; each glanced at the other irresolutely. Finally Eleanor spoke. "Did the telegram designate no place where we might inquire, grandfather?" she asked.

"Here it is," Mr. O'Neill replied, taking a blue paper from his pocket and passing it to her.

She scanned it over and read aloud: "Mr. Jack dangerously wounded. In hospital back of Little Round Top. Soldier meet you, Taneytown Road and cross-road which connects with Emmetsburg Road at peach orchard.

"WILLIAM."

"It is somewhat vague," she commented. "He does not tell when the soldier will meet us, or for what purpose, but I presume it is to show us where to find Jack. Let us follow the crowd, grandfather," she concluded abruptly, taking up a light bag, and pointing to another sitting alongside, for Mr. O'Neill to carry. She led the way in the direction taken by their fellow travelers, being obediently followed by her grandfather.

The town was swarming with blue-uniformed soldiers. The air was vibrant with martial music. In Chambersburg Street the infantry was swinging past, the straight rows of glistening musket-barrels rising and falling in unison with the beat of the many feet. The Army of the Potomac was at last following in the tracks of Lee.

With difficulty they made their way through the sightseers lining the sidewalk. Near the public square Eleanor pulled her grandfather's sleeve. "Let us go into one of these stores," she said, "and find out the location of Little Round Top."

Mr. O'Neill had walked along like one dazed, gazing at the passing pageant with unseeing eyes. At his granddaughter's touch he recovered himself, and without replying entered the open door in front of which they had stopped. Eleanor continued to watch the moving columns with keen interest. The letters of faded gold on the tattered flags told her the history of each regiment. Her cheeks flushed scarlet when the men cheered her good-humoredly, and uttered their over-candid observations on her handsome appearance.

On his return Mr. O'Neill reported that the storekeeper had at first denied ever having heard of Little Round Top, but, after deliberating, had concluded that it must be the offshoot of Round Top; this had never been known by any other name than "the big stone pile," but he believed the soldiers had christened it "Little Round Top." It was situated at least a mile and a half away. "And he tells me," added Mr. O'Neill, "that it will be next to impossible to secure a conveyance to take us there. They are all engaged."

"We must procure a vehicle of some sort, grandfather," was Eleanor's decided response. A new thought coming to her mind, she continued: "If no team can be secured

at a livery-stable, perhaps we can ride in an undertaker's wagon. The undertakers are no doubt constantly going to and coming from the battle-field."

Again Mr. O'Neill crossed the threshold of the store, this time accompanied by Eleanor. They were directed to a furniture-dealer a few doors away on Baltimore Street, who, they were told, was also an undertaker.

The man had just returned from the battle-field with a gruesome burden in his wagon. Mr. O'Neill stared aghast at the row of bundles lying on the floor. Wrapped in gray army blankets, the damp earth still clinging to the rough wool, were a dozen bodies recently taken from their graves on the field of honor. Eleanor was too preoccupied to shrink at the sight.

The undertaker stated that it would be impossible for him to take his visitors out to the battle-field; but when Mr. O'Neill declared bluntly that the undertaker could charge whatever he wished, he admitted that he would start out again in a few minutes; they might ride in his wagon, which was going to the field empty. He would carry them to their destination and attend to his own business later.

The start was made almost immediately, and with Mr. O'Neill and Eleanor perched on the seat beside him, and his assistant squatting down in the bed of the wagon, the undertaker drove off. Baltimore Street was jammed with marching men, but officers and privates alike, divining the purpose of the journey, or perhaps imagining that the occupants of the wagon were on their way to bring back the body of some dear one, silently made way, whenever there was a likelihood of the travelers being delayed.

On entering the Emmetsburg Road, evidences of the conflict became everywhere apparent. Houses were rid-

dled with shot and shell, windows were broken, holes were in the walls, balls were embedded in the wood. Farther along breastworks lined the road; the rail fences had all disappeared; the stone ones had been built higher to afford a better protection for the men who had lain behind them; great limbs had been torn from the trees, which lay on the ground, half-hiding the cannon-balls and exploded shells which had wrought the ruin. Knapsacks were piled near the highway, just as they had been unslung when their owners entered the fight; charred sticks marked the places where there had been camp-fires.

As Mr. O'Neill looked about, horror was depicted in every lineament of his countenance. Eleanor surveyed the scene of carnage like one fascinated. Every one was thoughtful; the conversation consisted mainly of the comments of the undertaker, when pointing out the spot where some special deed of valor had been performed. Once Eleanor broke the silence by saying wistfully to her grandfather: "I do hope the newspapers were mistaken when they said General Didier was mortally wounded. With Jack in such a dangerous condition, and John Barnaby dead, it seems as if all of our friends had been lost in this terrible battle."

Mr. O'Neill's answer carried a spark of hope to her heart. Rousing himself, he replied, with a touch of his old pomposity: "My despatch from General Meade"—emphasizing "General Meade" for the evident purpose of impressing the undertaker—"did not indicate that Paul would die."

Drawing a yellow envelope from an inside pocket, and adjusting his glasses, he proceeded: "This letter of General Meade's gives facts not contained in the telegram." He read with considerable animation: "We had ridden forward to the crest of the ridge, in front of the head-

quarters, in order to obtain a better view of the retiring rebels. Shouts of victory were already echoing over the hills. The prisoners taken were being marched to the rear, when the cannon-balls from Seminary Ridge again commenced filling the air. In an instant my son, Colonel Meade, and myself were dismounted, both our horses being shot under us. General Didier jumped from his own animal to assist me, when a shell came flying along. A tree was struck; the shell burst, tearing off a large limb, which in its fall grazed General Didier's head, laying him senseless at the feet of his rearing horse."

Mr. O'Neill blew his nose shrilly into his handkerchief, and continued reminiscently, with lugubrious enthusiasm: "Paul was the best business man I ever knew, and made more money for me than I ever did for myself in my whole career. And yet," he concluded, with a deprecatory shake of his head, "I would never admit this to him. I was always fearful of his becoming extravagant. He was somewhat inclined that way."

On every hand the grass was worn from the turf, the roots showing through the soil brownish-black and slippery. The air was thick with the stench of putrefying horses. Huge fires were blazing where the dead animals were being burned. Dotted all over the plain were little and big mounds of freshly turned earth, under which the dead soldiers had been buried, singly or in trenches where they fell. Wagons and persons on foot moved about among the graves, some of which had just been opened and the bodies removed. A crowd of sightseers was gathering around a corpse, black and swollen, overlooked when the burying parties made their hasty rounds.

The whole landscape was littered with the débris of battle. Far and near, broken gun-carriages, caissons,

wheels, caught the eye. The ground was thickly strewn with caps, hats, haversacks, canteens, cartridge-pouches, bayonet-sheaths, muskets, pieces of harness. The wind had scattered the contents of torn knapsacks, and newspapers, letters, blank sheets of paper, playing-cards, tracts, dime novels, were lying about stained with mud and discolored with rain.

A lane crossed the road. On the left, at the far corner, was the site of an orchard of full-grown peach-trees. Now it consisted of rows of dying trunks, in which cannon and minié balls were thickly embedded. Limbs were dangling to the ground, held on by mere shreds to the ragged ends, where the balls had torn through. Dead branches covered the débris on the ground.

William Penn's message was brought out again. Convinced that the lane was the "cross-road," and the dying trees the "peach orchard" referred to, the horses were turned to the left, and driven up the lane. On both sides the land was broken by the furrows plowed up by shells and solid shot; on both sides were innumerable footprints, hardened by the sun, where the contending forces had engaged in deadly struggle.

Pointing to the right, the undertaker remarked, with a show of pride: "There is where the last of the fighting took place. From the stone wall the Pennsylvania Reserves charged across that field, and on the crest yonder captured a cannon, and hundreds of rebels."

"Yes," agreed Mr. O'Neill, inflating his chest, and pursing his lips with importance, "we are all proud of the Reserves. My old partner, General Didier—of whom you have heard me speak—served with them for a year and a half." Becoming aware of the deference with which the undertaker now regarded him, he questioned

airily: "Is there any late news of the general's condition?"

The undertaker could give no information. But his interest was aroused. He had heard much of General Didier since the close of the battle, he said; and he began a fire of questions, asking about Paul's history, his appearance, his habits, adding with enthusiasm: "His feat of driving the rebels from Cemetery Hill has caused him to be more talked about in the town than almost any other officer except a few of the corps commanders." Mr. O'Neill smiled complacently.

At the Taneytown Road they found a young soldier, with his arm in a sling, who stared sharply at them. Apparently satisfied with his scrutiny, the private advanced a few paces, and, glancing from Eleanor to her grandfather, allowed his eyes to rest on the latter. Saluting with his free hand, he asked: "You are Mr. O'Neill?"

Receiving a nod of assent, the soldier told of having served as General Didier's orderly. He stated that Jack had been wounded in the second day's battle, and he had been directed by General Didier where to have him taken; there had been little hope of Jack's recovery until that morning. Doctor Sägeknochen now gave it as his opinion that Jack would probably pull through. The orderly related further that he had learned from William Penn of the death of Lieutenant Barnaby, and on Saturday he and the negro had buried the body. He glanced thoughtfully at Eleanor a moment, and then remarked awkwardly to her that he understood she was much interested in Lieutenant Barnaby, and if she so desired he would take her to his grave. But when Eleanor answered with mingled tenderness and anger at his presumption that she preferred not to go there now, he

flushed, and abruptly declared that he had written the despatch which Mr. O'Neill had received, signing William's name. He then went on to say that General Didier was in the same tent with Jack. Doctor Sägeknochen had had General Didier placed there so as to have both these patients immediately under his eyes; the doctor was a great friend of General Didier's, and the interest which he took in Jack was on the general's account. The soldier imparted such news as he possessed. In answer to Eleanor's inquiry, he described the nature of Jack's injury, and then volunteered what information he had about Paul.

"The general is still unconscious," he proceeded; "the nigger is with him constantly. Another soldier and I have taken turns watching here night and day since yesterday afternoon, awaiting your arrival." He declared he would now take them to the place where they would find Jack and General Didier; and he invited them to alight from the wagon and follow him across the fields.

The soldier was loquacious. He seemed to find great pleasure in talking about Paul. As they proceeded, he confessed that the army surgeons spoke discouragingly of General Didier's case. He related that General Meade visited the tent daily, and had himself sent a message to a New York friend of the wounded officer, apprizing him of General Didier's condition. This friend and his daughter had arrived in the morning, having come by way of Baltimore, driving the entire distance from Hanover Junction to Gettysburg, traveling most of the night.

"Yes," chimed in Mr. O'Neill, puffing out his cheeks, and looking with wide-open eyes at the private, "General Meade sent me a despatch at the same time—also a letter."

The orderly's story had a marked interest for Eleanor,

and, coloring faintly, she asked with assumed indifference for a description of the gentleman and lady.

"The gentleman is old and white-haired," was the reply, "and has side-whiskers of the same hue. The daughter is tall, rather slender, dark, and pretty. They are said to be very rich. General Didier is engaged to marry the daughter."

Eleanor raised her eyebrows with a slight movement of impatience. Her grandfather blurted out his surprise, and exclaimed with emphasis: "It is very strange that I never heard of this love-affair!"

They were entering an orchard of old apple-trees, where a number of tents were pitched in the shade. William Penn was seated on the ground before a large wall-tent. It did not require the statement of the soldier to inform Mr. O'Neill and Eleanor that this was their objective point. The entire front of the tent was open; the wounded men could be plainly seen, lying inside on litters. Paul was gray as death; Jack appeared to be very weak, but there was plenty of animation in his eyes. Seated on a camp-stool at his side was a young lady, whom Eleanor instantly recognized as Miss Livingston.

Miss Livingston saw the newcomers at the same moment, and rose to meet them. "I am so glad you have come, Miss O'Neill," she began earnestly. "Doctor Sägeknochen gives little hope of the general's recovery, unless an operation is performed, but papa thinks it is better to wait. Before we left New York, he engaged an eminent specialist to come on; and he is expected in the morning. Until he arrives nothing will be done. Your brother is making good progress toward recovery; he and I are already friends." She added, with hesitation: "I believe General Didier is a very dear friend of yours."

"He was a friend of my father," Eleanor hastened to

reply, "as he is of my grandfather. I have known him ever since I was a little child. However," she continued, "we came to Gettysburg because my brother was wounded in the battle. I must go to him," and she brushed past.

Jack saw Eleanor when she reached the tent-opening, and called out feebly in surprise: "Where in the world did you come from, Eleanor?—I thought you were still in Fredericksburg. Is mother here, too? I'm not very badly hurt." As his sister stood by his litter he added: "That's Paul over there, on the other litter. Poor old Paul! He had me brought here, and then the next day was carried in in far worse shape himself."

Eleanor glanced at Paul; he never stirred; his eyes were closed, he scarcely seemed to breathe. Turning to Jack again she questioned him about his own condition, and as he answered her at greater length than she thought his strength warranted, she advised him to cease talking, as the effect might be prejudicial to him.

"I might as well talk as think about the things that are on my mind, Eleanor," was Jack's quick rejoinder. "My mind's been full of a whole lot of thoughts since I was hurt, but there was nobody here to tell them to, and I felt a good deal worse with them unsaid than I do now. Ever since Miss Livingston came this morning I've felt better. I've been talking to her at every opportunity, although she didn't come here to see me," he ended lugubriously.

Miss Livingston had seated herself on a camp-stool beside the litter on which Paul lay. Now Eleanor also went over to Paul's side. As she did so, she heard a muttered exclamation in her grandfather's rich brogue. Glancing back in the direction of the sounds, she saw that he had tiptoed into the tent and had his eyes riveted

in pious abhorrence on a tiny gold crucifix, standing on the camp-chest which sat at the foot of Paul's litter. But the photograph of a beautiful young lady, lying beside the crucifix, had far more attraction for Eleanor. She wondered what other mysteries were connected with this man. With his Pittsburgh friends he had passed for a Protestant, yet he was evidently a Catholic. She had not been blind to his attentions; his every action had indicated a decided preference for herself, yet he carried the picture of this handsome girl about with him; besides, there was some tie which bound him to Miss Livingston. Coupled with what she had heard insinuated against her own dead lover, she was inclined to lose faith in the sex. Now, however, was not the time for repining. A helpless human being, who had shown her and her family many kindnesses, needed assistance. What little help she could give would be cheerfully extended. She asked Miss Livingston if she could aid he in waiting on General Didier.

Miss Livingston was only too willing to accept her assistance; but there was nothing that they could do now, she declared. They might, however, form a compact, she added, with a charming smile. They might agree to take turn about looking after the two wounded men, relieving each other at intervals. In this way they could each do better work and at the same time obtain some needed rest. Her father was away in search of an additional tent, which was to be pitched alongside of the one they were in. When the second tent was set up, they could live in it together. William would provide food for them.

Mr. O'Neill was now conversing in low tones with Jack; the tent was crowded, and Eleanor and Miss Livingston went outside and sat down on the grass. The

two girls soon became quite friendly, and began exchanging confidences. Eleanor told how she came to be in the North at this time. When the Federals followed so closely after Lee, from the vicinity of Fredericksburg, she related, and it became almost certain that a collision would take place between the two armies, somewhere in the North, her mother grew restless and finally ill. She talked continually about Jack, at last declaring that she was going alone to her father-in-law's home in Pennsylvania, if Eleanor persisted in remaining in Virginia. She had actually packed up a few clothes, and was ready to leave before her daughter consented to go with her. Her mother was now at Mr. O'Neill's farm near Pittsburgh; she and her grandfather had persuaded her mother to remain there when they learned that Jack was wounded, and they decided to come to him, because they feared she might excite Jack by some undue demonstration.

"I don't believe anything that your mother might do or say now would harm your brother," Miss Livingston declared enthusiastically. "I consider him quite a hero. He must be suffering a good deal of pain, but he never complains and is as cheerful as can be."

"Yes," agreed Eleanor, smiling, "He is so charmed at your presence and at the attentions which you have paid him, that he forgets for the time that he is wounded."

Miss Livingston laughed, but her face crimsoned slightly. "One would wish one's hero to feel that way in one's presence," she said. "My other hero," nodding toward that portion of the tent where Paul lay, "is not in condition to pay me any attentions, and I feel grateful that such a delightful personality as your brother shows such thankfulness to me for what little I have been able to do for him since I came here. Tell me something

about your lover who was killed," she asked suddenly, placing her arm affectionately around Eleanor's waist.

Eleanor was surprised at the abruptness of the question, but she realized also that this was Miss Livingston's impulsive way of showing her interest, and was not done out of mere curiosity.

"John Barnaby and I were never formally engaged," Eleanor replied calmly, "but we understood one another, since we were children, and if this war had not commenced, and if——" She hesitated, and then continued as deliberately as before, leaving the last part of the former sentence unfinished, "we would probably have been married before this. But it was not to be." She sighed, and her eyes filled with tears. "Of late," she added, "Jack did not like John, and tried to poison my mind against him, but I am glad that I remained loyal to him to the end."

"I cannot tell you how much I sympathize with you in your bereavement, Miss O'Neill," said Miss Livingston warmly. "I was never really in love myself, but have had many ideals since I was a very small girl." She laughed merrily at some droll recollection, and then proceeded: "Your friend General Didier was the first man to make an impression on my infantile heart. After we met him on shipboard, he gave me a little daguerreotype of himself. For years this picture was my greatest treasure. My ardor was reenkindled when I heard of him in Europe from his cousin. When I met him at the fête at Fredericksburg I almost fell in love with him in earnest. But I have now reached an age when one is apt to become fickle." She laughed with affected cynicism. "Since that time I know with certainty that the general's affections are elsewhere engaged," she continued, glancing significantly, yet in a kindly manner, at her companion.

For a moment neither spoke, then Eleanor threw her arms around Miss Livingston's neck and wept silently.

When she was calm again Eleanor protested that she was not in love with Paul. "That would be almost like sacrilege," she cried, "with John Barnaby hardly yet cold in his bloody grave. I will at least keep his memory green for a respectable period of time. But," she added passionately, "no one shall keep me from hoping and praying for General Didier's speedy recovery." She rose abruptly and entered the tent. Mr. O'Neill had gone out and was on his way to the town, to send a reassuring telegram to Mrs. O'Neill, and to secure lodgings for himself. Jack's eyes were closed and he seemed to be asleep. Going up to Paul, Eleanor bent over his motionless figure and imprinted a kiss on his forehead.

As she was moving out again, Jack called to her: "Say, Eleanor, I'm sorry for having spoken to you as I did about John Barnaby—under the present circumstances—and I hope you'll forgive me. You know I'm thoughtless," he went on, with an ingratiating smile, but seeing no responsive look on his sister's face changed the subject, and asked: "What do you think of Miss Livingston?" and without waiting for an answer, as was his custom, continued: "I never saw a young lady whom I liked better. Do you suppose she gives a second thought to a mere private like me?"

Eleanor had been annoyed at Jack's reference to his former disparaging remarks concerning Lieutenant Barnaby, yet his last question again brought a smile to her face. "Miss Livingston called you her hero," she laughed. "But seriously," Eleanor added, "I don't think the fact that you are a private soldier ever entered Miss Livingston's mind. She is too noble a girl for that."

A look of surprise spread over Jack's countenance. His

discerning young eyes had not been blind to his sister's actions at the fête, while in the presence of Miss Livingston. The sudden change of sentiment was incomprehensible to him. "Eleanor," he remarked, with his droll smile, "I'm glad you and I are in such hearty agreement about Miss Livingston. If we were in the same accord on the subject of a certain gentleman who shall be nameless, I would be still happier." As he saw that his sister did not flare up as usual when he referred to Paul, but took the insinuation in good part, he proceeded boldly: "I know what Paul thinks of you, sister." And he related the incident of the miniature of their great-grandmother, which he had given to Paul when he met him on the march to Pennsylvania. "Miss Livingston saw it this morning as it dropped out of the pocket of Paul's coat, while the orderly was putting the tent in order," he added. "She asked me whether it was your picture, and I lied to her and said I didn't know, and she put it down suddenly and went out. If she had any designs on Paul, I think she has given them up," Jack declared, with a laugh, and then added reflectively: "I'm glad of it; maybe now I'll get a show."

"Jack," said Eleanor severely, "I think you are treating a serious subject entirely too flippantly. If you weren't a soldier, severely wounded, I would feel like scolding you. Miss Livingston is not a person who would have designs on any one. That is putting a delicate subject entirely too coarsely. Besides, who knows whether General Didier will recover," she concluded mournfully, leaving the tent.

At the entrance she was met by Miss Livingston, who stated that her father had arrived, accompanied by two soldiers bearing tent-poles and canvas and litters to sleep on, and he desired to know where the tent was to be

pitched. The two girls surveyed the ground together, and at their suggestion the tent was soon standing alongside of the large wall-tent.

Early in the morning the New York specialist put in an appearance; Doctor Sägeknochen, who came with him, had already explained the case fully to the New Yorker. The distinguished practitioner agreed that the German surgeon's diagnosis was correct in every particular; in fact, an unbiased observer would have said that the New Yorker's knowledge of cases of the character of Paul's was far from profound. Nevertheless, he assumed a very impressive pose as he demurred to performing an operation in the tent. He explained to Mr. O'Neill: "The man should be removed to the town. He should be placed either in one of the military hospitals, established in the public buildings, where every convenience for properly performing an operation is at hand, or taken to some private house, which, while in some respects less desirable, has yet the great advantage of quiet, which is absolutely essential to the patient's recovery."

An anxious consultation was held. Mr. O'Neill spoke briskly. He had found an old friend living in Gettysburg at whose house he had lodged overnight. Here he felt confident Paul would be received. At Eleanor's request he hurried away as fast as his short legs would carry him, in search of an ambulance. Outside of the tent he found William, and despatched him across the ridge toward the Baltimore Pike, where the great field-hospital had been established, where he thought a conveyance might be obtained. Jack was the only one who looked on the new movement with disfavor. "Where do I come in on this shuffle?" he inquired moodily of Eleanor. "Are you and Miss Livingston going to desert me and leave me here alone with the orderly and the nigger?"

His sister promised to remain with him; it was not necessary for her to accompany Paul; there would be plenty of others in attendance on him. "Yes," broke in Jack, "but Paul and I oughtn't to be separated. I might be able to give you important advice as to the management of his case. Then, too, I'd like to be near Miss Livingston."

Miss Livingston, who had just come in, heard her name mentioned, and asked, with a smile, what Jack was saying about her, and when told by Eleanor what he had said, at once declared that she would insist on his being taken to the town along with Paul. And it was arranged by the two girls, to Jack's great joy, that he would not be separated from Paul, and incidentally from Miss Livingston.

Paul remained in the same comatose condition. Eleanor had left the tent and was outside waiting for the ambulance, when a stranger walked toward her. The stranger was of middle age, inclined to stoutness; his smooth-shaven, spectacled face was frank and open. His black dress and high straight collar proclaimed the Roman Catholic priest. Mr. O'Neill was in front of Eleanor. The stranger bowed politely to him, and, speaking with a slight German accent, inquired whether the tent was not the one in which General Didier was lying wounded.

Mr. O'Neill tossed back his head, and his face hardened into a frown. He answered in a voice as cold as that of his interrogator was cordial: "Yes! But General Didier is a Prot——" He stopped abruptly and glared silently at the priest.

Mr. Livingston was in the wake of the clergyman. Now he caught up, and addressing him as "Father *Weber,*" shook him warmly by the hand, saying, with

a smile: "All of General Didier's old friends seem to be hurrying to his bedside." He introduced the priest to Mr. O'Neill and Eleanor, telling them that Father Weber was one of the two friends who had crossed the ocean with Paul.

Eleanor conducted Father Weber into the tent. He greeted Miss Livingston with a friendly smile and walked gravely over to where Paul lay. "As much like death, without being dead, as any one I have ever seen," was his gloomy whisper. Sitting down on the camp-stool which Eleanor offered him, he gazed earnestly at the wounded man. "General Didier is the oldest friend I have in this country," he remarked tenderly. "When he was a boy, and I a young man, we were soldiers together."

He looked surprised when he saw the crucifix on the chest. He made the sign of the cross, and in answer to Eleanor's inquiring glance explained: "That belonged to my other friend, dear Colonel Woynitzki, who, I learned from the newspapers before I left New York, was killed on the second day of the battle." Reflecting a moment, he added interrogatively: "I wonder how it came to be in General Didier's possession."

Miss Livingston volunteered the information obtained from William, that the crucifix had been given to Paul by the Pole on his death-bed. Taking up the photograph, she handed it to the priest, saying: "He also gave him this."

Father Weber glanced at the refined face, and related with interest: "It is Colonel Woynitzki's daughter. He often showed it to me while visiting at my home in New York."

This, then, was the explanation of the crucifix and the photograph. What Eleanor had failed to understand be-

fore was clear to her now; there was nothing suspicious about any of Paul's actions, after all. He was really what he had always represented himself to be, and her heart felt lighter again. She took Father Weber over to the litter occupied by Jack and presented the priest to her brother. By this time the ambulance had arrived; and Mr. O'Neill, who had been waiting for it under an apple-tree, announced that all was ready for Paul's removal. When told that the two girls had decided that Jack also was to be taken away, he readily acquiesced, but was doubtful whether his friend would have room enough in his house for two wounded soldiers. He bustled about, however, as if there was no question about the reception of either man.

Tenderly Father Weber and Doctor Sägeknochen, assisted by Mr. O'Neill and William, lifted the unconscious man into the wagon. Jack's removal was accomplished much more easily. Slowly and carefully the vehicle was driven away, the doctor and the priest riding inside with the patients, the others following on foot. They proceeded directly to the tall brick mansion on the public square. The old judge who lived there was only too glad to make room for both of the wounded men in his home.

The operation was highly successful. The specialist had a thorough knowledge of men. He recognized Doctor Sägeknochen's ability, and depended almost wholly on his judgment. He was greatly pleased with the result of the operation; and, for the benefit of science and incidentally as an advertisement for himself, immediately dictated an account of the extraordinary work done, for publication in the *Surgical Review*. In the hurry of the moment he forgot entirely to mention the part taken by Doctor Sägeknochen. This accomplished, the great spe-

cialist hurried back to his clamoring clientele in the metropolis, leaving Paul in the care of the German surgeon.

For many weary days and nights the sufferer hovered between life and death. A low-voiced sister of charity sent out from New York by Father Weber, had charge of the sick-room. Eleanor and Miss Livingston lent their constant help. Jack's recovery was so rapid that he was hobbling about on crutches before there was any marked change in Paul's condition.

Evidences of returning consciousness finally became visible. At first there were slight movements of the body; then more violent twitchings of the hands and feet. Reason returned more slowly. Paul's first recollection was of an army of wan figures in blue and gray struggling across a dark river. The waters were dashing and roaring about them. Riding through the flood was his old commander, Reynolds; at one side were Bayard and Vincent, and Zook and Weed; on the other the rebels Garnett and Armistead. In the next line were scores of colonels, and majors, and captains, whom he had known in life. Like a man approaching unexpectedly out of darkness into the rays of a bright light, he beheld Colonel Woynitzki, then Lieutenant Barnaby, and all the dead who had belonged to his old company in the Reserves. From the farther shore came the strains of mournful music.

As the spectral army climbed the distant bank it was greeted by an innumerable host of heroes, soldiers of twenty periods, in the uniforms of twenty countries. Paul saw Lyon, and Kearney, and Sumner, and Stonewall Jackson; higher up, mounted on pale horses, were Washington, Napoleon, Blücher, Frederick the Great, Marlborough, Turenne, Prince Eugene, Gustavus Adolphus, Wallenstein, Tilly, Cromwell, Prince Rupert. With them

was a long line of Von Rochlitzs; he saw his grandfather, the baron, in the uniform of the Hussars who had fought at Berezina. He was beckoning to Paul. Paul attempted to fall in with the new arrivals. Something held him back. A barrier appeared to be in his way. Presently he saw a woman, young and fair and strong, blocking the path before him. Then came darkness, then the mellow light of a sick-room. He was lying on a bed, soft and white. The young woman who had barred the way to his friends was at his side. She held her fingers to her lips, motioning silence; but in a weak, low voice he murmured: "Eleanor!"

CHAPTER XXIII.

PEACE.

The storm died down at last. The war-drums ceased to roll; the bugles were hushed, and the battle-flags were furled. Peace smiled once more.

Upon recovering sufficiently from his last wound to be moved, Paul spent a few weeks with Mr. O'Neill at Emsworth. These were the most joyful weeks of his whole life. Jack was there rapidly regaining his old strength, his crutches already thrown away, and pining for a sight of Miss Livingston, about whom he was constantly talking. But what did Paul care for Jack when Eleanor was about? In the heat of the day he sat in the shade of the cool veranda, and if Eleanor was not with him his ears were constantly on the alert listening for her approach. In the evening he walked with her in the road over which she had often led him when she was a little child.

Her treatment of him had been cordial in the extreme, yet in Paul's eyes it lacked the warmth of love. When the time for his departure drew near, he determined to speak to her and open his heart as he had never yet done to woman. In the dusk of the evening, of the day before he intended to leave the farm to rejoin the army, they were strolling together out in the silent road. They had both been exceptionally gay. Eleanor had rallied him on the fact of his being obliged soon to forego the luxury of sleeping in a bed; he would be compelled to sleep on the ground again, she said, without a roof to

cover him. "Instead of sitting down before a table spread with dainty linen, and set with silver and fine glass," she laughed, "and eating the luxurious meals which you have enjoyed for some weeks now, you will be obliged to eat hardtack and"—she declared that she would not name the other article of food; it was not proper to use the word in polite society—"from a dirty cracker-box set down in the mud." They both laughed heartily at the picture which she had drawn.

"And I will not have you there to keep me company," he said half-pensively, half in jest. Then he became grave. "Eleanor," he went on, suddenly turning and facing her, and there was a tremor in his voice as he spoke, "I love you; I have loved you silently, hopelessly, for the last two years. The reason I have never spoken before must be perfectly apparent to you. The situation has changed now. Will you give me some assurance that I may hope for a successful issue of my suit?"

For a moment Eleanor shrank back, then placed her hand on his arm. "Paul," she said—she had never addressed him by his Christian name before, and the sound of his name as it fell from her lips thrilled him—"I must not entertain any suit at all at this time. Scarcely a month has elapsed since that fatal second of July—spare me any further answer." She looked appealingly into his eyes, and continued: "I will never marry any one but you—but I may never marry." Her answer was far from what he desired, but he embraced her and she offered no resistance, and he kissed her over and over again. With this he left her the next morning.

In the latter part of August he received a new command; he gave Jack a place on his staff with the rank of second lieutenant. Jack had repeated to him his desire to rise to the rank of captain, in order that he might

be more attractive in the eyes of Miss Livingston, and this was the first step in his advancement. When Paul's corps was detached from the Army of the Potomac, after the disaster to General Rosecrans at Chickamauga, he went south with it, and fought in the mists of Lookout Mountain, and at Missionary Ridge; he participated in Sherman's march to the sea. But on the march, in camp, or bivouac, or battle, the memory of Eleanor was always with him. For her he would win renown; for her he would climb mountains, ford rivers, sleep in the rain and the snow. She had long since formally consented to entertain his suit and had even decided it in his favor, but the wooing on his part still went on, albeit at long range. Her loving letters made his bed on the hard ground seem like a couch of eider-down. His fame became widespread. He won the two stars of a major-general. He bound his sword-hilt with crape for the President murdered, and rode in the last grand review; he saluted the new President, happy because the war was over. He bade his men an affectionate farewell before they were disbanded.

It was a joyous morning for him when he took the early train and turned his face westward toward the dear old Smoky City. Captain Jack O'Neill went with him. The young officer's affair with Miss Livingston, in his absence, had not gone as smoothly as he had desired, and he contemplated making her a hurried visit before going home, but was persuaded by Paul to give up the journey. It was then that Paul told Jack that he and Eleanor were to be married; the day was not far distant, and Jack would have ample opportunity of seeing Miss Livingston under circumstances very favorable to his cause.

Jack gave a joyful "Bully!" and slapping Paul on the

shoulder, declared that he would not go to New York. And Paul, in the exuberance of his own happiness, decided that Jack's joy was at least partly due to the fact that he was pleased at the prospect of Eleanor's marrying the man on whose staff he had been serving.

A warm welcome awaited the two soldiers at the white farmhouse on the Beaver Road. Mrs. O'Neill, her face radiant with happiness, met them at the gate and gave them each a hearty kiss. Mr. O'Neill, octogenarian though he was, came forward with sprightly step, and greeted Paul as the prospective husband of his granddaughter. To Jack he was more demonstrative; he embraced him, and, much to the young gentleman's surprise, kissed him, declaring that if there were twenty more wars he would not allow him to take part in any of them.

And Eleanor! As Paul saw her standing on the veranda, all dressed in white, her face slightly flushed, eagerly awaiting his coming, yet modestly attempting to suppress the desire, he wondered how he could ever have allowed his thoughts to dwell on other women. She wept for joy when he pressed her to his heart.

The wedding-day was glorious. The sky was a perfect sapphire. The air was sweet with the scent of the late June flowers. All morning carriages bearing guests were streaming down the new road from the city. Everywhere they were greeted by curious country people, anxious for a glimpse of the famous soldiers, whose names were still on every tongue. The railroad carried an even greater number of guests to the wedding.

There was not a man in the assembly wearing a uniform, yet about the rooms, and out on the veranda, talking and laughing with the handsomely gowned ladies, were men who had commanded armies, corps, divisions,

brigades, regiments, companies. The gay wedding-party did full honor to the veterans. They were the constant center of admiring circles. The women gazed wonderingly at the faces and hands marred by wounds, at the countenances burnt black and mottled with powder, at the crutches, at the empty sleeves. They hung on every word the heroes uttered.

All the old-time friends of the principals to the wedding had been invited, and nearly all were in attendance. Captain Baird was freely mingling with his former foes, and Blanche, his wife, grown into a buxom matron, was enjoying herself in the company of Mrs. O'Neill and Mrs. Thorne, Paul's landlady of Hay Street days. Mr. Livingston and his daughter had come in a special car along with a party of Paul's Eastern army friends, among them being genial Colonel Norwood. At Mr. Livingston's invitation Father Weber was also of the party. The priest brought the bride a fan of handsome design, saying that it was emblematical of love; in mythological ages fans had been presented to brides for the purpose of keeping the tender passion in a flame. The reasoning caused Captain Jack O'Neill to laugh behind the clergyman's back. It was the captain's opinion that Father Weber had overheard some of his frivolous young parishioners talking about fan flirtations, and in the simplicity of his clerical heart had imagined that fans had something to do with real love. It stood to reason, the captain observed to Miss Livingston, that if fans had anything to do with love at all, it was to cool the ardor of the passion, instead of inflaming it; fans were made for the purpose of keeping one cool. With all of which Miss Livingston agreed—she agreed a good deal with Jack now—but she referred the question to Doctor Henrici and Miss Gertrude Rapp, the Harmonists, who sat

near-by, and who, because they were celibates and were supposed never to have been in love, would be impartial judges. But they both shook their heads and smilingly declined to express an opinion.

With this group were Lieutenant Schneider, and the Reverend Martin Luther Meyer, the pastor of the Evangelical church on the canal bank, laughing and joking in German with Father Weber and Doctor Goos, the editor of the *Zuschauer*. In his inimitable manner, Doctor Goos told his well-known story about Frederick the Great of Prussia, and Blücher. "Frederick was desirous of learning the secrets of Freemasonry," the doctor related, "and instructed his marshal to join that organization, in order that he might tell him what the members did at their meetings. After Blücher had been initiated, Frederick sent for him, and demanded to know all that he had seen and heard. Blücher became quite confidential, and in the most deferential tone inquired: 'Can your majesty keep a secret?' 'Certainly,' answered Frederick, eagerly expectant. 'And so can I,' was the cool retort." They all laughed; the two Harmonists who had never heard the anecdote before gave noiseless gurgles of enjoyment.

Captain John Murphy was seated with Eleanor's childhood playmates. Nellie Corzoo was said to have won the burly soldier's warm heart. Mannie Cole was a widow, having lost her husband at Malvern Hill. For her benefit John gave a dramatic account of what he had seen of the battle. Mannie's sister Bessie, a strapping woman in a flaring red dress, listened to the story open-mouthed. William Penn was stationed out in the road, directing the drivers where to place their carriages.

The marriage took place at noon. The ceremony was performed by the Reverend-Colonel Rowelson, again exclusively a man of God, who had arrived in the morning,

from Virginia, with the Bairds. Miss Livingston was maid of honor, and Captain Jack O'Neill best man.

Two days later the bride and groom were in New York. In a week more they boarded the great ship and steamed away down the bay, and across the ocean to the Fatherland, which Paul had been forced to leave so many years before, but which he still loved with a devotion scarcely less strong than his attachment to the country for which he had fought on many bloody battle-fields.

The reception in Paul's old home was a triumph. His cousin, the Countess von Platen, and her husband, the general, could not do too much for the visitors. They instituted innumerable functions in honor of the returned soldier and his bride. With many laudatory expressions, General Count von Platen introduced Paul to the highest military officers of the kingdom, calling him his American relative. The king himself, by whom Paul had once been proscribed—who while still heir presumptive had commanded the invading army which put down the revolution in Paul's little native state—sent an invitation to one of his levees; and Eleanor was overjoyed at the interest with which the august monarch questioned Paul on his experiences in the war just closed. Even the king's great chancellor smiled affably, and remarked that he was glad Paul had not been captured during the stormy days of 1849, for then the United States would never have had his able assistance, and Germany would have had one son less of whom to be proud.

And after a while they journeyed to Paris. Paul had not forgotten the dying injunction of his old friend, Colonel Woynitzki, and now he intended to find the daughter and tell her personally the story of her gallant father's end, as he had long since written it to her. They found

Marie Woynitzki in a small hotel in the Faubourg across the Seine, and she was even prettier than she appeared in the pictured likeness, which Paul remembered so well. She received him as an old friend, and in her vivacious French manner remarked that she had waited for him for two years now, not, as her father had intended, to marry him—for she was already provided with a husband, the Marquis de La Roche, to whom, indeed, she was engaged at the time of her father's death, although the old colonel was unacquainted with the fact—but to hear about her father's last moments from the lips of his best friend.

After Paul had repeated the story of Colonel Woynitzki's death, and Marie had dried her eyes, she declared that her father had always been a mystery to her. She remembered very well, although she was quite a small child at the time, when he called on her mother after the German campaign, and told her that he had come to the conclusion that his life in Europe was a failure, and he was going to America with two young Germans to make a new trial in that country. Her mother tried every form of persuasion, even offering to share her fortune with him, but he went his way, and neither of them ever saw him again, although they heard from him frequently. "And in many of his letters he drew glowing pictures of his young friend, Paul Didier," Marie added, with a pretty smile; and then she insisted with all the earnestness of an intense nature, that Paul and his wife make their home in her hotel, during their stay in Paris.

Under the patronage of the Marquis and Marquise de La Roche, Paul and Eleanor were now the central figures in another round of gaiety. Theaters, operas, balls, receptions followed one another with bewildering rapidity, until one morning after a particularly fatiguing evening Eleanor remarked wearily to her husband: "One

becomes surfeited even with pleasure. What do you say, Paul, to our going home? I am yearning for the quiet and peacefulness of dear old Virginia—for it is quiet and peaceful now. You and I have light hearts and are very happy, Paul; we have one another to love and care for; we have wealth; for ourselves we can desire nothing more. I have relatives and friends in Virginia whose lives at this moment are full of bitterness and anguish; my heart aches for them——"

Paul interrupted her. "I know what you are about to say, Eleanor," he declared hastily. "We will go to them; we will share the burdens which are oppressing them. War-wasted fields must be reclaimed; houses and barns and fences must be rebuilt; seeds must be procured, and horses and cattle. The negroes must be taught to labor as free men. We will help your relatives and friends in all these things." They looked into one another's eyes; Eleanor kissed her husband. That night they left Paris, homeward bound.

THE END.

P.F.Klawonn